

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

No. 168, Vol. XXVIII.



DECEMBER, 1903.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

LONDON, Dec. 1st, 1903.

The Health of the Kaiser.

A grim shudder passed over the world on November 7th, when a bulletin was published announcing that the Kaiser had undergone an operation for a polypus on the vocal cord, the existence of which had until that moment been entirely unsuspected by anyone outside the immediate *entourage* of the Emperor. The doctors cloaked up the significance of the operation as best they could. It was an entirely benign polypus, consisting of a very soft connective tissue, containing only a few cells. At first everyone endeavoured to believe the doctors, but gradually as the days passed, and it was evident, despite the satisfactory progress which the Emperor was said to have been making, that he was really very ill, a sickening doubt began to find expression, privately rather than publicly, both in Germany and abroad. No one can forget the family history. Both father and mother died from that dread disease, which up to the present has baffled all the efforts of medical science. It was not, however, until the news came that the Emperor was still speechless, and had been ordered to Italy, that these forebodings became general. A private correspondent, repeating the rumours current in Continental courts, declares that it is an open secret that the Kaiser is going as his father went, and a statement was added that he is only too well aware of his own condition. We all hope that these stories may be entirely without foundation, but the haunting doubt casts a sombre

cloud over the future of Germany. Apart altogether from its political importance, it would be difficult to conceive a more tragic and pathetic figure than that of the Kaiser in the full vigour of his executive activity suddenly clutched at the throat by the inexorable hand of fatal disease. To everyone upon this earth Death cometh soon or late; but to see the strong man rejoicing in his youth and strength fall out just as he has got his work well in hand is enough to touch the most callous heart.

The Future of the Fatherland.

It is premature, and would be improper to speculate upon the consequences which might follow the prolonged indisposition, not to speak of the possible decease of the strong, capable, active ruler who, ever since he dismissed the old pilot, has taken Germany full steam ahead past all the rocks of foreign affairs, and through all the shoals and quicksands of her domestic problems. For the last dozen years the Kaiser has been Germany to such an extent that it is difficult to conceive of the German Empire without seeing him in the foretop of the State. His lithe, energetic figure, and his strongly marked features, with the turned-up moustaches, which serve the Continental caricaturist as well as Mr. Chamberlain's eye-glass serves our local artists, his ebullient self-confidence, and the gaiety of heart in which he attacks with the air of an invincible conqueror every problem in art, science, literature, and politics, are so familiar that even his temporary seclusion creates a void which is felt far beyond the



John Bull.

Viva Italia!

His MAJESTY (to Britannia): "Allow me to present to you, madam, another of my friends."

limits of the Fatherland. Germany, which has enjoyed the benefits, would, in the case of such a misfortune as his premature removal, suffer all the disadvantages of an autocracy. There can be no mistake greater than to imagine that autocracy only exists in Russia. It existed in the Liberal party for years under Mr. Gladstone. It exists at the present moment among the rank and file of the Conservative party under Mr. Chamberlain. Great individualities confer great services upon the nations and the parties whom they lead, but neither in politics nor in any other realm does Nature allow us to have anything for nothing. Everything has its price, and the price of a Gladstone or a Kaiser must be paid for heavily by his successors. The monopoly of initiative, the superb self-assertion of the dominant will, are very apt to leave those over whom these gifts have been exercised in a state of training very unfit for the responsibilities which they are liable at any moment to inherit. With the exception of Von Bülow and the Socialist leaders, there are singularly few German personalities visible

outside Germany. As for the heir-apparent, he is at present the darkest of dark horses.

The King and Queen of Italy.

In these days there is no danger of belittling even the titular office of Kingship. Of this we have another reminder in the visit paid last by the King and Queen of Italy to England. It was a return visit for that which King Edward VII. paid to Rome in the spring of the year. From a merely scenic point of view the visit was a great success, but no one, not even the greatest democrat, can deny that the presence of King Victor Emmanuel and his Montenegrin Queen brought much more vividly home to the mind of the average man the fact that Italy and Britain were on friendly terms, than the visit of half a dozen Prime Ministers in succession. Royalties, even if they have no other function, serve the purpose of national antennæ. When ants communicate they appear to converse by means of these sensitive filaments. No other parts of the body seem able to convey the ideas which find a channel of expression through the antennæ. So it is with the visits of monarchs. In the case of the King and Queen of Italy, their visit possessed somewhat more than ceremonial significance. The King counts for much in the direct government of his country, and he undoubtedly was impressed, and rightly impressed, by the enthusiastic heartiness with which he and his wife were received by every living being whom they met between Windsor and the Guildhall. Friendship for Italy is an old tradition with the masses of our people, and there was no mistaking the heartiness of the popular welcome given to the King and Queen as they drove through the gaily-decorated streets of the City.

The Anglo-French Rapprochement.

In Republics, which have for reasons good or bad divested themselves of their royal antennæ, nothing remains to be done but to make the best shift we can with such substitutes for monarchical ceremonial as can be supplied by the international picnics which have been this year so happily introduced into the recognised means of the fraternal intercourse of nations. Last month quite a drove of members of Parliament of both Houses, headed by Lord Avebury and Lord Brassey, descended upon France and spent a week enjoying the hospitality of the nation. They visited Paris, and were fêted everywhere, and then made an excursion to Bordeaux in the provinces, finding in every part of France the same warm welcome which they received in the capital. For years past a handful of stalwart friends of peace and

arbitration have visited countries on the Continent with messages of peace and goodwill, but it is only in our time that we have seen a whole regiment of ordinary M.P.'s such as Sir William Houldsworth hastening across the Channel for the purpose of expressing national goodwill. The English party which arrived in France on November 25th numbered 200 persons, including ladies, who formed a new and welcome addition to the international picnic. Baron d'Estournelles may be congratulated upon the success of the return visit which was entirely due to his public-spirited initiative last summer.

**Mr. Bryan
in
Britain.**

England had the opportunity of welcoming last month another distinguished visitor, who, although not a crowned head or the chief of the executive of a great nation, may nevertheless be regarded as a representative personage of the first rank. Mr. William J. Bryan, who spent some busy weeks last month in studying English institutions, and visiting English and Irish cities, may be out of the running as Democratic candidate for the next American Presidential election, but nothing can take away from William J. Bryan the fact that on two occasions he was regarded by very nearly half of one of the greatest nations in the world as its ablest leader, the man whom of all others they would have

elected to rule over them. Half the American people represent a popular aggregate almost equal in number to the whole population of the British Isles. Mr. Bryan told me that he enjoyed his visit immensely. He discovered with great delight that the American notion that Englishmen cannot enjoy a joke and have no appreciation of humour is entirely without foundation. He rejoiced especially in finding the solidarity of ideas which united the English-speaking people on both sides of the sea. Mr. Bryan made a very good impression in England wherever he went, not merely on account of his fine commanding personality and his sonorous eloquence, but still more because of the simplicity and fervour with which he expressed his belief in moral principles. It may make some of his followers squirm, but he reminded Englishmen much more of the type of the great American evangelists, such as Moody, than the politicians who have hitherto visited us from the Western world.

**Panama—
the
Latest Republic.**

Since our last number appeared a new sovereign state has been added to the sisterhood of nations. In such grandiloquent phrase may be described the result of the local revolution in the Isthmus of Panama which has led to the severance of Panama from the Republic of Colombia. The



Photograph by

DUKE OF
CONNAUGHT.

QUEEN
ELENA.

QUEEN
ALEXANDRA.

KING OF
ITALY.

KING
EDWARD.

PRINCE OF
WALES.

(Hill and Saunders.)

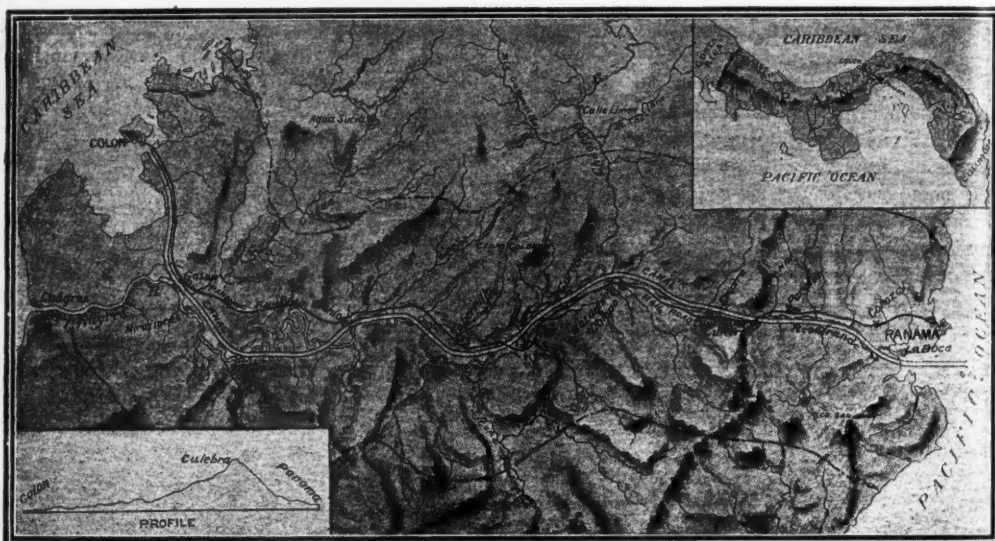
A Royal Group at Windsor.

new state contains a population of 300,000 persons, or fewer than the inhabitants of Sheffield. This handful of people, however, possess an importance altogether out of proportion to their numbers. For they sit astraddle of the route by which the United States Government proposes to dig the Interoceanic Canal.

Nothing more convenient for the United States could possibly have happened; and it was so convenient that cynical persons who believe that nothing ever happens conveniently for anybody unless it has been a put-up job, have been casting

The Cause
of
the Revolution.

announced that they would transfer their attention to Nicaragua. Seeing themselves left out in the cold, they promptly decided to make a revolution and set up a sovereign state of their own. They received immediate moral, and promise of material, support from the United States Government, which is bound by treaty to secure the safety of the railway across the Isthmus. The Colombian Government was unable to attack Panama except by sea, and the sea route being barred by the United States, the new republic came into existence on November 3rd. On the 6th Mr. Secretary Hay issued a statement claiming that the United States was entitled to exercise para-



By courtesy of]

The Panama Canal.

[Collier's Weekly.

odious doubts on the sincerity and good faith of the United States. There is, however, no reason to resort to any such sinister explanations of the success of the revolution. The Government of Washington had been negotiating a treaty with the Colombian Government by which the United States were to take over the Panama Canal, buying out the French Company at a price of eight millions sterling. The United States pledged themselves to raise all the necessary funds for completing the Canal. To the inhabitants of Panama, especially to those who lived on the line traversed by the Canal, the advantages of such a treaty were overwhelming. They were naturally chagrined when the Colombian Legislature refused to ratify the agreement, and the United States

mount control over Isthmian transit. This right, he declared, ran with the land, quite irrespective of the *personnel* or central location of the Government. Seven days later President Roosevelt received the diplomatic representative of the new Republic at Washington; a few days later Panama was recognised by the French Government—both governments having personal interests in the creation of a small State, with which they could deal, free from the complications of South American politics. On November 18th a new treaty was signed by the representatives of the United States and of Panama, which gives the United States supreme jurisdiction over a strip of territory several miles in breadth running across the Isthmus.

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The Role of the United States.

Some sarcastic comments have been indulged in about the share, moral or otherwise, of the United States Government in the hatching out of this chicken of a Panama Republic. The new Treaty, which practically secures to the United States sovereign rights over the belt of territory through which the canal is to be cut, is a long step towards the realisation of the popular view of the American people frankly expressed by Dr. Shaw in the current number of the *American Review of Reviews*, when he says:—

We have long maintained that there were sound reasons why Panama should be detached, freed from all future connection with wars and revolutions, whether in South America or in Central American states, and brought under the peaceful protection of the United States for its own welfare and for the good of all.

President Roosevelt, in his message to Congress, laid down very strong doctrine as to the rights and duties of the United States in its dealings with the Central American peoples who might presume to object to the construction of a canal through territory hitherto regarded as their own. He said:—

The United States should finally decide which is the best route, and should then give notice that it can no longer submit to trifling and insincere dealings on the part of those whom accident of position has placed in temporary control of the ground through which the route must pass. If they fail to come to such an agreement, we must forthwith take the matter into our own hands.

The phrase in which the rulers of a Sovereign State are described as "those whom accident of position has placed in temporary control of the ground" is superb. What a pity no one was clever enough to invent it for our own use when we "took the matter into our own hands" in South Africa.

The Raid on Thibet.

The warning note which I sounded some months since in these pages as to the probability of a new war in the heart of Central Asia has proved to be only too well founded. Lord Curzon, it is now announced, has ordered an expedition to advance into Thibet. The Grand Lama or his advisers in the City of Lhasa object now, as they have ever done, to the intrusion of the foreigner. There is not a scrap of evidence to show that they regard the Russians with more favour than they regard the English. But Anglo-Indian officialdom is uneasy. The Thibetans appear to regard foreigners bringing imports into their country much in the same light as Mr. Chamberlain regards the foreigners who dump their goods into Britain, and, therefore, they are to be brought to sounder economic views by Maxim guns and mountain artillery. For months past Colonel Younghusband with a small British force has



By Special Permission of the Proprietors of "Punch."

Forced Favours.

THE GRAND LAMA OF THIBET: "Now then, what's your business?"
 BRITISH LION: "I've come to bring you the blessings of Free Trade."
 THE GRAND LAMA OF THIBET: "I'm a Protectionist. Don't want 'em."
 BRITISH LION: "Well, you've got to have 'em!"

been encamped at Khamba Jong, eighty miles within the Thibetan frontier, waiting for envoys from the Dalai Lama, who were expected to arrive from the capital to discuss questions of trade. The expected envoys did not arrive, and so Colonel Younghusband, it is now reported, will advance ninety miles further into the country to a point within 150 miles from Lhasa. This is regarded as a menace of invasion, and the Thibetans are distributing rifles to the people in order to bar the passage of the invader. Thus questions of peace and war, of invasion and of conquest, are decided without any hint being given to Parliament as to what was in the wind. Yet we are supposed to be a self-governing people.

More Bloodshed in Somaliland.

Not content with meditating a campaign on the frozen housetop of the world in Central Asia, the Government has begun again the aimless, barbarous and perilous campaign against the Mad Mullah in Somaliland. The worst feature of this

renewed campaign is the extent to which we are not merely fighting ourselves but are stirring up the Abyssinians to fight also. Why should we embroil these African tribes in our quarrels? This time we are assured the Mullah is to be smashed once for all. But hitherto these confident predictions have seldom been justified by the event, and we had better not calculate too confidently that we shall be able to celebrate the festival of the Prince of Peace this Christmas time by mowing down the Mullah and his men by the rapid fire of our Maxim guns. On the other side of the sea, in the hinterland of Aden, we have been administering summary chastisement to Arab tribes who were accused of looting His Majesty's mails, by the simple process of blowing up the houses of their villagers with gun-cotton and destroying the crops upon which they had to live through winter, just for all the world as if the Royal Irish and Dublin Fusiliers employed in the task had been Turkish Bashi-Bazouks let loose in Macedonia.

**The Truce
in
Macedonia.**

The news from Macedonia is as bad as could be expected. The Turks having dealt with that province as we dealt with the Boer Republics, the unfortunate inhabitants are perishing of starvation and cold amid the blackened ruins of their former homes. Fighting is off for the present. Dying is now the order of the day. Mr. Balfour and M. Delcassé having both declared that the demands of Austria and Russia were an irreducible minimum that must be enforced, the Sultan, with many groans, has accepted the Austro-Russian Reform Scheme in principle. It will come to nothing. Accept or reject, it is all the same to the unfortunate Macedonians, for no reform is worth the paper on which it is written so long as the direct executive authority of the Sultan continues to prevail in Macedonia.

**Mr. Balfour's
Apologia.**

Mr. Balfour has done well to appoint Lord Esher, with Sir J. Fisher and Sir G. Clarke, as a triumvirate charged to remodel the administration of the War Office on the lines of the Admiralty. Sir T. Wemyss Reid, curiously enough, ascribes this to the initiative of Mr. Arnold Forster—much, probably, to the latter's surprise. But Mr. Balfour did not do well when, in attempting to defend his administration for the hideous maladministration of the war, he tried to shuffle out of it by laying all the blame—for his own misdemeanours—upon those horrid Liberals who, in their three years of office, left the Army in such a state that even after three years of Unionist Administration it was still unable to cope

with the Boers. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's retort is unanswerable. Speaking at Newport, he said:—

In 1896, after I had been out of office for more than six months, and they had had time to look about them, Mr. Balfour, this same gentleman who says I starved the Army, went to Manchester on January 15th, and said: "No, gentlemen, there never was a moment, I believe, in the recent history of this country when the British Empire was a better fighting machine than it is at this time, thanks to the energetic efforts of successive Governments, principally the Unionist Government, which existed between 1886-1892, and the Home Rule Government which succeeded between 1892 and 1895. Chiefly through their efforts in the last decade or more an addition has been made to the fighting power of the Empire, of which the Empire itself, I believe, is unaware."

Mr. Balfour made no attempt to explain away the two supreme blunders of the Government: (1) the refusal to recognise the fact that the Orange Free State was certain to join the Transvaal, and (2) the pettish obstinacy with which they refused to listen to the repeated warnings of General Butler, the British Commander-in-Chief in South Africa. As there was nothing to be said, as there could be nothing said in extenuation or mitigation of these decisive mistakes, Mr. Balfour said nothing, and he was right. But he allowed judgment to go by default, and that judgment is registered against him.

**"The
Rake's Progress."**

The papers continue to publish copious accounts of speeches on what is called by courtesy the Fiscal Controversy, but which in reality is little more or less than an exposure of the ranting rhetoric by which Mr. Chamberlain continues to endeavour to inflame the public mind. One gets a little weary and even impatient at having to treat seriously such arrant nonsense as the great demagogue serves up with curried sauce to his admirers. So far as argument goes, there is nothing more to be said. He makes promises which he cannot perform, repeats assertions which are proved to be false, and always winds up with suggestions that everyone who does not accept his lightest word as gospel truth is a "little Englander," and, therefore, little better than a traitor. He is refuted point by point next day, but the day after he gets up and repeats once more all his old fallacies, trots out all his exploded statistics, and tears passion to tatters in his appeals to the gallery not to "take it lying down," but to hit somebody somewhere. The fact that we should have to deal the hardest blow against ourselves he conveniently ignores. And he is equally oblivious to the fact that there is not a single Colony in the Empire which shows the slightest inclination to make the preference, about which he raves so constantly, a stepping-stone to closer unity. He adjures us to make sacrifices with one breath, and then

tells us in the next that if we do what he asks it will be money in our pockets all the time. He tells us that the Empire will promptly go to pieces unless we tax our children's bread, and waxes hysterical about dumping, and then, almost in the same breath, waves the flag in praise of Canadian loyalty, regardless of the fact that Canada dumps more manufactured iron into our ports, than any of the foreign nations whose imports he professes to dread. If any other man but Mr. Chamberlain were to make such an exhibition of himself habitually on public platforms, sensible men would give up listening to him, and would no more dream of wasting time in answering his nonsense than they would devote their leisure to demonstrating the rotundity of the world or the truth of the multiplication table.

**The Secret
of
His Strength.**

The only reason for this extraordinary condescension on the part of serious politicians is to be found in their timidity, not to say cowardice, and their utter lack of confidence in the common-sense of the average citizen. If our people are such imbeciles and dupes as to be led rainbow-chasing by any voluble stump orator who chooses to bawl out falsehoods at the top of his voice, then we are not fit to be a self-governing people. And why Liberals, of all people in the world, whose whole system is based upon confidence in the people, should pay the nation so ill a compliment as to assume that such a man, with such a record, dealing with matters of vital interest to every citizen, might possibly secure the support of the electorate, can only be explained by the demoralisation which resulted from the exploits of the same adventurer at the last General Election. But they forget two things: first, that the nation was then in the middle of a war into which it had been inveigled unawares; and, secondly, that the memory of the fraud practised upon it on that occasion is quite sufficient security that the nation will not permit itself to be befooled a second time. Once bit, twice shy. A nation which has just opened its eyes to the ghastly mess which Mr. Chamberlain made of one little war with a handful of farmers, is not going to give him *carte blanche* to declare fiscal war against all the world. If we cannot trust the sober second thoughts of the British public, where are we, and what becomes of our faith in democracy?

A Baseless Fear.

There would be some reason for this almost superstitious dread of Mr. Chamberlain if there were any signs in any quarter that any considerable section of the community, outside his own immediate

party following, showed any disposition to admit that two and two make five just because Mr. Chamberlain says so. Let us look at the matter dispassionately and see how we stand. Up to the present time every Conservative candidate who has faced the ballot box has found it absolutely necessary, in order to secure his election, to issue an emphatic repudiation of any desire to tax food, although the food tax is the very pivot of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Notwithstanding these disclaimers, the taint of Chamberlainism has been sufficient either to lose the seat or to diminish the majority of every Conservative candidate who has faced a constituency since last May. He has rent his own Party in twain from top to bottom, with the result that no fewer than seven or eight of his former colleagues in the Salisbury Cabinet felt themselves constrained to appear on a platform in support of the Duke of Devonshire's unsparing denunciation of Mr. Chamberlain's nostrums. While he has split his own party, he has united the Liberals; Lord Rosebery has fallen on the neck of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who has returned the embrace with enthusiasm. There is no longer a rift in the Liberal lute, and the rallying cry of all is "Down with Chamberlain!" The shipping interest, almost invariably Conservative, sees with reason in Mr. Chamberlain its most dangerous enemy; while as for the masses of the country, there has not in our time been any great political question upon which all the articulate representatives of labour were so absolutely at one as they are to-day in opposition to Mr. Chamberlain.

**The Evidence
of
His Failure.**

The timorous Liberals keep on talking as if Mr. Chamberlain has a ghost of a chance. The fact is, Mr. Chamberlain is a beaten man, and when the General Election comes, come it soon or come it late, the Liberals will marvel that they should have been so long hag-ridden by a nightmare. But the doubting Thomases exclaim: "What, then, do you make of Mr. Chamberlain's meetings?" What infants must men be to talk of a crowded and enthusiastic meeting as if it afforded any proof of the real trend of public opinion in a constituency. Over and over again in London elections it has been remarked that all the enthusiasm and all the great meetings were in favour of the Liberals, who were always at the bottom of the polls. Mr. Chamberlain is a very effective demagogue, he is fighting hard against tremendous odds with splendid pluck. He is fighting his last battle, and every hour brings him nearer to irremediable ruin. Under those circumstances, "E'en the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer." But

do these timorous folk imagine that there are no enthusiastic meetings on the other side? There has not been a Free Trade meeting held in any part of the country, addressed by any speaker approaching to Mr. Chamberlain's fighting capacity, that has not been just as crowded and equally enthusiastic as those which he addressed. Ask John Burns, for instance, who has been addressing two meetings a week up and down the country for a month past, and he will tell you that he has never seen such meetings as those great assemblages which with unanimous enthusiasm applauded his invective against Mr. Chamberlain and the food tax. As the result of his recent experiences Mr. Burns declares that, whereas last May he said he thought Mr. Chamberlain would be snowed under, now he thinks that "steam-rolled" over would be the more accurate description of the fate awaiting him. It is not meetings which scare our Liberals, for, as I have said, there are meetings on both sides, and many more meetings in opposition to Mr. Chamberlain than those in his support. What really hypnotises them with a kind of helpless terror is the fact that they have allowed the press of the country to pass into the hands of men who, for reasons of their own, have converted their newspapers into sounding-boards for Mr. Chamberlain. In Birmingham, for instance, we have within an area inhabited by two millions of people five daily papers, and not one of them Liberal; and the same kind of thing is to be found elsewhere. Liberals allow these lively oracles of the press to be tuned by their political opponents, and then, finding that they all sound the same note in horrid chorus, their hearts fail them for fear. But it will take more than all the newspapers who take their cue from Birmingham to induce the electorate of this country to follow the rabble rout of Gadarene swine who are rushing headlong down the steep way into the sea, where they will all miserably perish.

It is not necessary, in recording the progress of the world, even to tabulate the wearisome debates on the fiscal question. The whole bottom is knocked out of the Protectionist case if once it is admitted that the balance of trade is in our favour, and not against us, when imports exceed exports. Yet how obvious that is if, instead of nations, we speak of individuals. If I export from my pocket a £100 banknote, and Mr. Chamberlain imports that note into his pocket, giving me nothing in exchange, the balance on that transaction, as even Mr. Chamberlain would admit, is in his favour,

not in mine. If, however, Mr. Chamberlain were then to export from his pocket thirty five-pound notes, which I were to import into mine, it is equally obvious that the balance of £50 excess of my imports over my exports would be in my favour, not in his. Has anyone ever met any Protectionist who would consent for one moment to apply to his own pockets the doctrine which he declares to be essential for the prosperity of the nation? All those whom I know are as keen as any Free Trader in desiring to import more into than they export from their breeches pocket; and the greater the excess of their imports over their exports the richer they believe they become. They never seem to perceive that this is as true of nations as it is of individuals.

We shall this month have an opportunity of seeing how far Mr. Chamberlain's apostolate of Fiscal War and Taxed Bread has affected the constituencies. There are, at the time of going to press, four by-elections pending. Three of the seats were held by Unionists by thumping majorities. One was the Liberal seat for Mid-Devon, in which the Liberal majority varied from 251 in 1886 to 771 in 1900. Two of the seats—those of Dulwich and Lewisham—were such Tory strongholds that there were no contests in 1900, and in one of them—Lewisham—the Liberals did not even put up a fight in 1895. In Dulwich, in 1895, Sir John Blundell Maple polled 5,253 votes as against 2,176 recorded for the Liberal candidate. In 1892, Mr. Penn, the Unionist, carried Lewisham with a poll of 5,309 against 2,895 votes given to the Liberal. In both these constituencies, therefore, the Unionists outnumbered the Liberals by nearly two to one. In both these constituencies the Liberals have started candidates who base their appeal to the electors on their uncompromising hostility to Protection in every shape and form. The fourth election is at Ludlow, where the Unionist majority in 1892 was 3,819. It is as yet too soon to say how far the Unionist candidates will venture to commit themselves to the Taxed Food programme. If they come out into the open and fight under the Birmingham flag, the result will be interesting. But the odds are heavy that whatever they may have said before the election, they will issue placards before the poll repudiating as a Liberal calumny the statement that a vote for them is a vote for Mr. Chamberlain. Note that at Dulwich the Unionists have put up Mr. Rutherford Harris, whose services in holding his tongue before the Hush-up Committee certainly deserve this recognition from the friends of Mr. Chamberlain.

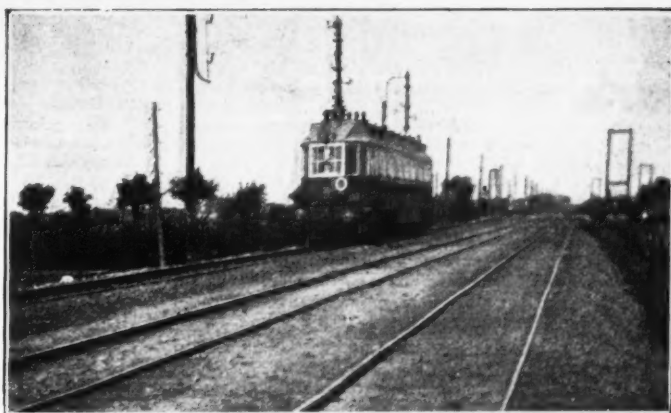
The Crucial Fallacy.

**The Duke
on
the War Path.**

The chief political event in home politics last month was the spirited and decisive attack which the Duke of Devonshire delivered upon the Government, of which he was so lately the most influential member. The Duke excelled himself in his speech at the Queen's Hall. The reasoning to which we are forced to listen, he said with characteristic scorn, "would prove that it would add to our prosperity if a ship which is approaching our shores and about to add to the volume of our imports were lost at sea. I cannot take either part or lot in a policy founded upon these inversions of fact. I am content," he continued, "to accept Mr. Chamberlain's description of myself as a drag on the wheels. More than ever is a drag necessary now, when the engine driver has got down and allowed another to take his place, and when that other is running the locomotive at full speed down the line and against all the signals." His final appeal to Ministers was excellent. "How long do they intend to sit still as silent spectators or listeners when their late colleague assumes all the duties, all the privileges, and all the responsibilities of leadership?" Listening to the Duke, after hearing Mr. Chamberlain, is like taking part in an intelligent conversation after being deafened by the persistent, monotonous beating of a barbaric tom-tom. Lord Goschen was also in fine form, and his ridicule of the pot-valiant Protectionist who scorned taking it lying down, but all the while refused to fight in the open, preferring to skulk behind a tariff wall, and to rely for the defence of our trade on the old Martello towers, armed with guns spiked sixty years ago by Sir Robert Peel, was telling in the extreme.

Swift Transit.

While the politicians are wrangling, the engineers are inventing; and the experiments recently made in Germany of the ease and safety with which electric cars can be driven at the rate of 120 miles an hour will probably do more to wipe out tariff walls than all the arguments of the Free Traders. Add to this excessively rapid transit, which will before long enable us to cross Europe between



129 Kilometres in One Hour (nearly Two Miles a Minute).

Railway speed trials have just taken place between Marienfelde and Zossen, Germany, when a speed of 129 kilometres in an hour was obtained, 12 kilometres more than has ever previously been reached. The current of 13,500 volts was supplied from a station 13 kilometres from where the trials took place.

breakfast and dinner, the possibility that the air-ship and the submarine will convert fortresses into dust-heaps and battleships into old iron; and it is evident that the eye of the statesman should not be so exclusively confined to politics or even to armaments. The philosopher's stone may be discovered yet—a few years ago radium would have been derided as an impossibility—and then?

**Wanted—
Manacled Chinese
for
the Mines.**

If the philosopher's stone were to be discovered, it would at least settle the vexed labour question in Johannesburg, for if everyone could transmute lead into gold there would be no need to work either deep or low level mines on the Rand. The Labour Commission has reported by a majority that no labour can be got in Africa adequate for the needs of the gold industry, and the way has thus been cleared for the much-dreaded importation of Chinese slaves. I call them slaves, because, in the admirable phrase of a mining magnate, the Chinese are to be "well manacled by indentures," and a manacled labourer is a slave to all intents and purposes. It remains to be seen whether Lord Milner, who is now on his way back to the land which he devastated by his policy, will saddle the nation with the responsibility of importing manacled Chinamen to work the mines of the land which thousands of Britons watered with their blood "to make the bounds of freedom broader yet."

DIARY FOR NOVEMBER.

PRINCIPAL EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

Nov. 1.—The National Union of Women Workers' Conference opens at Cheltenham ... Mr. Will Crooks receives a letter from Mr. Arnold Forster allowing the Borough Council candidates at Woolwich to submit themselves for election on certain conditions.

Nov. 2.—The King, as Master of the Bench of the Middle Temple, dines with the Benchers in Hall ... The elections to the Borough Councils of London and also of England and Wales take place ... The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress unveil the tablets over fifteen beds founded in the London Hospital in honour of the visit of the King and Queen during the summer ... The Bulgarian elections result in the triumph of the Government; the defeat of the Zankovists is complete ... A fire occurs at the Vatican.

Nov. 3.—The King lays the foundation-stone of the King Edward VII. Sanatorium for Tuberculosis at Lord's Common, near Midhurst ... The count of the London Borough Council elections is declared; the result is a Progressive majority ... The reply of the Porte to the Austro-Russian reform scheme is communicated to the Embassies. Barbarities by the Turkish officials still continue ... The new Hungarian Ministers take the oath at Vienna and return to Budapest.

Nov. 4.—Mr. McClellan, the Tammany candidate for Mayor of New York, is elected with a majority of 63,617 over Mr. Seth Low ... A revolution takes place at Panama; a formal proclamation of the independence of Panama from Colombia is made ... The United States sends cruisers to protect and keep open the traffic on the railroad across the Isthmus ... The Tsar arrives at Wiesbaden, and is met by the Emperor of Germany ... Count Tisza and his fellow Ministers appear before the Chamber of Deputies at Budapest, but owing to constant opposition are unable to set forth their programme.

Nov. 5.—The Canadian Government establishes a police post at the mouth of the Mackenzie river with a view of stopping depredations on the part of American whalers ... The Turkish reply to the Powers is one of obstinate resistance ... The States Department at Washington receives notice from Panama of the establishment of the new local Government ... Mr. W. O'Brien announces his intention of resigning his seat for Cork ... The inquest on Miss Hickman is resumed at Richmond and again adjourned ... The funeral of Professor Mommsen takes place at Berlin.

Nov. 6.—The Committee appointed to advise the creation of a board for the administrative business of the War Office is announced; it consists of Lord Esher, Admiral Sir J. Fisher, and Colonel Sir G. S. Clarke ... The Rev. Dr. Horton replies to the letter of the Archbishop of Canterbury suggesting a conference on the education question ... The Naval Defence Bill, providing for an annual contribution of £40,000 towards the maintenance of the Australian Squadron, passes the New Zealand Parliament ... The Colombian troops abandon Colon; the Panama revolutionists are in possession of both ports, and United States troops keep order along the railway route.

Nov. 7.—At a mass meeting held at Bethesda the majority vote in favour of returning to work in the Penrhyn Quarry ... The civic inauguration of the Liverpool University takes place ... The report on the French budget for the Colonies is submitted to the Chamber of Deputies ... The Emperor of Germany undergoes a successful operation for polypus of the vocal cord ... The Czech party in the Reichsrath issue their programme of national requirements ... The Sultan issues an Irade ordering disbandment of certain battalions and the mobilisation of others ... Mr. Secretary Hay issues a memorandum setting forth the considerations which actuate the United States Government in their policy with regard to Panama.

Nov. 9.—The Lord Mayor's banquet takes place ... An inquest is held at Peckham on the bodies of the two murdered Armenians ... The Panama revolution is quietly arranged and

America approves of President Roosevelt's policy ... Pope Pius X. holds a Consistory ... Count Tisza replies to the questions raised by M. Kossuth in the Hungarian Parliament ... The Russian confiscation of the property of the Armenian Church causes a revolutionary agitation among the people.

Nov. 10.—A special Session of Congress assembles at Washington; President Roosevelt's address is exclusively devoted to reciprocity with Cuba ... At a meeting of the United States Cabinet all the steps taken with regard to Panama are approved ... A party of Hottentot rebels crosses the Orange River at Ramend's Drift, but are driven back by the Cape Police.

Nov. 11.—Mr. W. O'Brien declines to withdraw his resignation ... A Committee of the New Zealand House of Representatives reports against the establishment of meat shops in England ... The Ambassadors of Austria-Hungary and Russia reply to the recent Note of the Porte by repeating the demand for the acceptance of the Mürzsteg programme ... The text of the petition which three important representatives of the exiled Finlanders presented to the Tsar is published.

Nov. 12.—The Archbishop of Canterbury replies to Dr. Horton's letter of the 6th inst. ... The inquest on Miss Hickman is concluded at Richmond; the jury find death due to suicide by morphia ... The Naval Agreement Bill passes its final stages in the New Zealand Legislative Council ... The trial by court-martial of Lieutenant Bilse, at Berlin, for libelling his superior officers in a novel, concludes with a sentence of six months' imprisonment and the destruction of all copies of his novel ... A conference of business men is held at Denver to ask President Roosevelt to mediate in the Colorado coal strike.

Nov. 13.—The King of Denmark is gazetted a General in the British Army ... Mr. Chamberlain writes a letter to Miss Milner of York, on "purity of Parliament" ... The Venezuela Arbitration Court holds its final sitting at the Hague. Notice when judgment will be pronounced will be given ... A motion for the appointment of a commission to inquire into the alleged complicity of politicians in the Humbert frauds is carried in the French Chamber ... President Roosevelt receives M. Bunau Varilla as Minister from the Republic of Panama ... Mr. Green, a prominent citizen of New York, is killed by an insane person.

Nov. 14.—The Bulgarian Sobranje is opened by Prince Ferdinand in person ... The Home Office issues a memorandum to County Councils calling attention to the powers conferred on them by the Employment of Children Act, 1903 ... The Penrhyn Quarry strike is formally declared to be ended ... The Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress issues a manifesto against Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal policy.

Nov. 15.—Lord Kitchener, while riding, meets with a severe accident near Simla.

Nov. 16.—Mr. Grosvenor Lee, a Birmingham Liberal Unionist, resigns his connection with the Liberal Unionist Association, as it has declared itself in favour of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals ... The report on the Budget for Foreign Affairs is presented to the French Chamber ... The King and Queen of Italy arrive at Cherbourg, where the British Squadron meets them ... Mr. Seddon introduces into the New Zealand House of Representatives proposals for additional duties on foreign goods ... Sir W. Harcourt writes to the *Times* on Mr. Balfour's import proposals.

Nov. 17.—A Yellow Book is published in France on the Arbitration agreement with Great Britain ... The King and Queen of Italy arrive at Portsmouth; they are met by the Prince of Wales and proceed to Windsor ... The French Government instruct their Ambassador in Washington to recognise the Republic of Panama ... The Austrian Budget is presented to the Reichsrath; it shows a small surplus ... The Cape elections result in a majority of one for the Progressives.

Nov. 18.—The King and Queen of Italy are entertained at a State banquet in St. George's Hall, Windsor ... Mr. Chamberlain attends at the Colonial Office in order to take leave of the

Colonial Agents-General ... At a Board of Trade meeting at Montreal an amendment favouring free trade within the Empire and reciprocity or retaliation against the rest of the world is not seconded, so is dropped ... The first Dragomans of the Russian and Austrian Embassies at Constantinople proceed to the Porte in order to demand instant acceptance of the memorandum delivered on the 10th inst. ... Count Tisza has a warm reception on appearing at the Liberal Club at Budapest ... The Hay-Bunau Varilla Canal Treaty is signed at Mr. Hay's residence at Washington; it differs from the Colombian treaty in favour of the United States. Panama is to receive 10,000,000 dollars on the ratification of the treaty ... Lord Curzon arrives at Muscat.

Nov. 19.—The King and Queen of Italy pay a visit to the City of London and lunch at the Guildhall; they have a warm welcome ... An appeal for financial support, signed by the Duke of Sutherland and Mr. Chamberlain, is issued by the Tariff Reform League ... The Boards of Trade all over Canada endorse Mr. Chamberlain's policy ... Mr. Seddon's preferential proposals pass their third reading in the New Zealand House of Representatives ... Count Tisza's speech is warmly endorsed in the Hungarian Press.

Nov. 20.—The Legislative Council at Wellington unanimously passes the Preferential Trade Bill ... The French Senate adopts, by 147 to 136 votes, an amendment to the Education Bill, excluding from the work of instruction the members of authorised as well as unauthorised religious bodies ... The election of Deputies to the Prussian Diet electoral colleges takes place ... In the Austrian Reichsrath the Premier replies to Count Tisza's speech in the Hungarian Parliament on the 18th inst. ... The Panama Republic rejects all the proposals of the Colombian envoys.

Nov. 21.—The King and Queen of Italy conclude their visit to the King ... Lord Peel, as Chairman of the South Wales Coal Conciliation Board, agrees to a reduction of five per cent. in miners' wages ... The report of the Transvaal Labour Commission is published at Johannesburg ... The New Zealand House of Representatives vote £15,000 as a contribution to the Queen Victoria Memorial Fund ... Sir H. Blake leaves Hong Kong for Ceylon ... The full text of the treaty between the United States and Panama is published ... A severe gale occasions wrecks and loss of life.

Nov. 22.—General Manning reoccupies Galadi in Somaliland ... The French Chamber discusses the Budget for Foreign Affairs, when M. Delcassé explains the reasons why the Government recognised the Republic of Panama.

Nov. 23.—Dr. von Rottenburg makes an interesting statement on freedom of education at the University of Bonn.

Nov. 24.—Sir George Clarke, the Governor of Victoria, leaves Melbourne for England ... In the French Chamber a discussion takes place on the continuance of the embassy to the Vatican ... Captain Irizar gives an account, on arriving at Buenos Ayres, of his rescue of the Nordenskjöld Antarctic expedition.

Nov. 25.—A large party of members of the British House of Commons and some members of the House of Lords arrive in Paris on a visit to members of the French Parliament ... Lord Curzon holds a Durbar off the Persian coast ... St. Petersburg suffers severely from floods on the Neva ... The Austrian and Russian Embassies in Constantinople receive a communication from the Porte to the effect that Turkey assents in principle to all the nine points of reform, but stipulates that humiliation to Turkey may be avoided.

Nov. 26.—Lord Rosebery unveils a memorial tablet at Campden Hill, erected by the London County Council to mark the house in which Macaulay lived during his later years ... The American Society in London holds its Thanksgiving Day banquet; Mr. Choate and Mr. W. J. Bryan are the principal speakers ... The British Parliamentary visitors to Paris are received at the Elysée by President Loubet ... The text of the Turkish reply to the Austro-Russian note is published ... Count Tisza having proposed energetic measures for overcoming Parliamentary obstruction with the assent of the Liberal Party, Count Albert Apponyi, with a few followers, secede from the party.

Nov. 27.—The majority and minority report of the Transvaal Native Labour Commission is published at Johannesburg ... The Tibet expedition under Colonel Younghusband makes its base at Siliguri ... King George of Greece returns to Athens after his Continental tour ... A Cabinet Council is held at the Foreign Office.

Nov. 28.—Lord Milner sails from Southampton for the Cape ... Mr. Chamberlain sends a letter from the chairman of the Ebbw Vale Steel Company to the Press ... Sir M. Durand arrives in New York ... There is persistent obstruction in the Hungarian Chamber ... The *Star*, of Johannesburg, strongly criticises the Transvaal labour majority report.

Nov. 30.—There is great distress in Cape Town owing to the arrival of people for whom there is no work ... Further convictions of non-commissioned officers of the German Army for ill-treating recruits are reported ... In the Hungarian Parliament M. Francis Kossuth makes overtures of peace to Count Tisza, which are cordially received ... The Right Rev. Dr. Knox is enthroned in Manchester as the new Bishop ... The prize winners of the *Times* Competition are announced ... The British Parliamentary party leave Paris on a tour of the provinces ... The Executive of the Free Church Council at Leicester decide on a scheme of education.

By-Elections.

Nov. 4.—Owing to Lord Balcarras being appointed Junior Lord of the Treasury, an election is held in the Chorley Division of Lancashire. Polling takes place, with the following result:—

Lord Balcarras (C)	6,226
Mr. James Lawrence (L).....	4,798

Majority..... 1,428

The death of Mr. John Penn (C) causes a vacancy in the Parliamentary representation of Lewisham.

The death of Mr. Seale-Hayne creates a vacancy in the Parliamentary representation of the Ashburton Division of Devonshire.

SPEECHES.

Nov. 2.—Mr. Augustine Birrell, at Okehampton, strongly condemns the policy of the Government ... Sir Charles Dilke, at Normanton, condemns the new fiscal proposals and urges Radicals to press on for political and social reform.

Nov. 3.—Mr. Morley, at Nottingham, states the secular solution of the Education question; he also gives his views on Protection, work and wages ... Mr. Austen Chamberlain, at Aberdeen, criticises Sir W. Harcourt's speech ... Lady Battersea, at Cheltenham, on "Ideals of Work" ... Mr. Alesworth, at Toronto, gives an explanation of the Alaska award.

Nov. 4.—Mr. Chamberlain, in Birmingham, discusses the question of the results of Free Trade here and elsewhere ... Mr. Morley, at Nottingham, expresses confidence in the development of a working alliance between Liberalism and direct Labour representation ... Sir E. Grey, at Gainsborough, on the subject of fiscal reform ... Mr. Deakin, at Sydney, says that it would repay Australia to enter into trade unity with Great Britain ... Dr. Jameson, at Cape Town, says he is against the introduction of Chinese labour.

Nov. 5.—Sir Michael Hicks Beach, at Manchester, entirely repudiates Mr. Chamberlain's proposals; he supports Free Trade as being beneficial to the welfare of this country.

Nov. 6.—Lord Goschen, at Liverpool, on "Tariffs"—Protective, Preferential, Retaliatory ... Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, at Meigle, says that the fiscal question affects every trade in the country ... Mr. Robson, at Cottenham, says he is in favour of a just, contented, and a well-fed England.

Nov. 7.—Lord Rosebery, at Leicester, comments on the strange position of the Government and the Prime Minister.

Nov. 9.—Mr. Balfour, in London, on the problems of the far East and near East ... Lord Balfour of Burleigh, in Glasgow, explains the reasons why he resigned office and his adherence to

the principle of Free Trade ... Mr. Asquith, at Worcester, says that Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals imperil the very foundations of British prosperity.

Nov. 10.—Sir Edgar Vincent, at Exeter, criticises Mr. Chamberlain's proposals.

Nov. 11.—Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Winston Churchill, at Birmingham, on fiscal policy and against a food tax ... Mr. Arnold-Forster, at Belfast, on Army administration ... Mr. Hyndman, in London, on Fiscalism and Socialism ... Mr. Benn, in London, on Mr. Chamberlain's policy.

Nov. 12.—Sir E. Grey, at West Bromwich, says that the cry for retaliation was impractical, and had never done any good to any country which had tried it ... Mr. Haldane, at Westminster, subjects Mr. Chamberlain's proposals to an elaborate examination, and shows how impracticable they are.

Nov. 13.—Mr. Balfour, at Bristol, on the history of the fiscal question from his own point of view ... Sir M. Hicks Beach, at Bristol, supports Mr. Balfour's policy as laid down at Sheffield, but condemns Mr. Chamberlain's schemes ... Sir H. Fowler, at Bristol, comments on the uncertain attitude of the Government, and contends that Mr. Chamberlain's proposals are full of danger to this country ... The Duke of Marlborough, at Carlisle, follows Mr. Balfour's policy.

Nov. 14.—Lord Percy, at Oxford, says that he believes fiscal union will lead to federation of the Empire ... Mr. Gully, in London, on the Press ... Mr. J. Redmond, at Limerick, on the necessity of union in the Nationalist party ... Sir J. West Ridgeway, at Colombo, speaks highly of the condition of Ceylon.

Nov. 16.—Lord Hugh Cecil, at Oxford, says he cannot support Mr. Chamberlain's proposals ... Sir John Gorst, at Oxford, says that Mr. Chamberlain is making his appeal to greed and covetousness ... Mr. Winston Churchill, at Oxford, says that Unionist Free Traders will not be coaxed into Protection ... Sir J. Cockburn, at South Norwood, supports Mr. Chamberlain's policy ... Mr. Chaplin, at Sleaford, expresses his anxiety to see agriculture protected ... Mr. Seddon, at Wellington, New Zealand, says that in consideration for the industries of New Zealand a reduction of duties on British imports is impossible.

Nov. 17.—Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, at Frome, criticises the Government in its past and present policy.

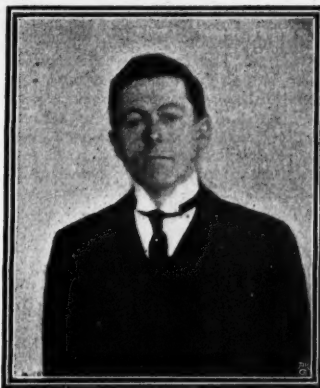
Nov. 18.—Mr. Chamberlain, at the Colonial Office, expresses his views on colonial relations with Great Britain ... Mr. Ritchie, at Thornton Heath, deals with the circumstances attending his resignation of office; he declares his firm determination to resist Mr. Chamberlain's proposals ... Lord George Hamilton, at Acton, gives political advice to his party ... Mr. Shaw, at New York, on the building by America of the Panama Canal ... M. Clemenceau, at Paris, on the French Education Bill.

Nov. 19.—Mr. Seddon, at Wellington, New Zealand, draws an alarming picture of the United Kingdom under a Free Trade policy ... The King of Italy, in London, on the peace of the world and the friendship between Italy and Great Britain ... Mr. John Morley, at Dumfries, says that the statement that this country is being bled to death is mere moonshine ... Mr. Asquith, at St. Neots, says that the country cannot stand the present fiscal controversy for an indefinite time ... Sir John Gorst, at Glasgow, says that the Protective movement is financially supported by great capitalists whose names are not disclosed to the public; Protection would make the rich richer and the poor poorer ... The Marquis of Ripon, at Harrogate, disputes the accuracy of Mr. Chamberlain's figures ... M. Paul Deschanel, in Paris, on the improved relations between France and Great Britain.

Nov. 20.—Mr. Chamberlain, at Cardiff, on his programme for the prosperity of the country.

Nov. 21.—Mr. Chamberlain, at Newport, explains his views on the danger of the present fiscal competition.

Nov. 23.—Sir E. Grey, at Salisbury, says the Government does not treat the fiscal question with sufficient seriousness ... Mr. Bryce, at Walsall, says Mr. Chamberlain's scheme is full of fallacies and rhetoric.



Mr. McClellan.

Tammany Mayor of New York.

Nov. 24.—The Duke of Devonshire, in London, says he entirely opposes the taxation of food, and will resist any attempt to impose protective duties generally; he also sharply criticises Mr. Balfour's Sheffield speech ... Mr. Asquith, at Barnstaple, says that Mr. Chamberlain never answers his opponents, but repeats his assertions as if they had never been questioned ... Mr. Silas Hocking, at Chesham, declares for Free Trade and against the Education Act.

Nov. 25.—Lord Rosebery, in London, contravenes every one of Mr. Chamberlain's gloomy and despairing views of the commercial and industrial position of Great Britain ... The Lord Chancellor, in London, expresses entire agreement with the views of the Duke of Devonshire ... Mr. Asquith, at Bodmin, welcomes the Duke of Devonshire's pronouncement as opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's proposals ... Lord Curzon, at Sharja, on Britain's friendship with Persia ... Dr. Von Körber, in the Austrian Reichsrath, reviews the question of nationalities.

Nov. 26.—Mr. Austen Chamberlain, at Cambridge, on the fiscal question ... Mr. Ritchie, at Croydon, says he does not anticipate any great remission of taxation in the next Budget ... Mr. Asquith, at Penzance, says the Colonies have no ground of complaint and have put forward none ... Mr. John Burns, at Shrewsbury, says that Mr. Chamberlain knows that depression of trade follows war, and is vainly endeavouring to attribute the result to Free Trade ... Mr. Lloyd George, at Oxford, says that Mr. Balfour's schemes are futile; he is merely assisting Mr. Chamberlain to hatch his.

Nov. 27.—Mr. Balfour, in London, on Army reform ... Mr. Wyndham, in Edinburgh, contends that the policy of Mr. Balfour is wise ... Speeches on the fiscal question are made by Mr. Asquith, at Truro; by Mr. Foster, in London; and Lord Stanley, in Manchester.

Nov. 28.—Lord Rosebery, in Edinburgh, on Scottish history.

Nov. 30.—Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, at Newport, replies to Mr. Chamberlain's recent speeches on the fiscal question ... Mr. Haldane, Sir W. Foster and Mr. Yerburgh speak on the fiscal question.

OBITUARY.

Nov. 9.—Lord Rowton, 65 ... Signor Pietro Rosana (Italian Minister of Finance).

Nov. 11.—Rear-Admiral Beardslee, U.S.A., 67.

Nov. 12.—Sir John Lackey, K.C.M.G. (Sydney), 73.

Nov. 13.—Canon H. L. Watson.

Nov. 14.—Duc d'Ursel (President of the Belgian Senate).

Nov. 16.—Princess Elizabeth of Hesse, 9.

Nov. 19.—Mr. H. S. Scott (Henry Seton Merriman), 40.

Nov. 21. Prince Dimitri Soltykoff, 75 ... Mr. John Penn, M.P., 55.

Nov. 22.—Mr. Seale-Hayne, M.P., 70.

Nov. 23.—Sir John Blundell Maple, M.P., 57.

Nov. 25.—Mr. Jasper More, M.P., 67.

Nov. 30.—Sir Frederick Bramwell, 85.

CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—BURNS.

SOME of the best caricatures of the month can hardly be reproduced in black and white. Some offend English conventional ideas as to what is seemly, others owe most of their effect to the colour in which they are printed. Last month one of the wittiest cartoons appeared in *Simplicissimus*, which never loses an opportunity of thrusting its knife into the foibles of the Germans. The cartoon I referred to represented a party of youngsters looking up at the star-strewn sky. "Look!" says one child to the other. "See the decorations which have been bestowed upon the *bon Dieu* for His services to the House of Hohenzollern!" *Simplicissimus* is the most caustic satirist of the excesses of subservient loyalty, and it is well-nigh a miracle that it escapes prosecution for *lèse-majesté*.

Last month, as usual, the place of honour among British cartoonists belongs to Mr. Gould, whose cartoons in the *Westminster* are almost exclusively devoted to the fiscal controversy. As in a mirror they reflect from day to day the ever-varying phases of the discussion which rages round the person of Mr. Chamberlain. The *Morning Leader* has developed a caricaturist whose somewhat rough but often very effective cartoons are to be found upon the fourth page of our spirited morning contemporary. The *Daily Express* has also evolved a caricaturist whose compositions are more obvious than humorous.

Among the caricatures of the month one of the most effective is the lesson in the rule-of-three, which, according

to our brilliant New York contemporary, *Puck*, Diplomacy is teaching the nations of the world. The cost of the Boer War was over 1,100,000,000 dollars, not 825 millions, but the moral is not affected by the understatement.

The other cartoons illustrative of the fiscal controversy will be found among the advertisements. The cartoon from *Lustige Blätter* illustrates the German conception of British policy in the Far East. It represents King Edward VII. thrusting poor little Japan into Korea, on the frontier of which the Russian Bear lies in wait to devour.

The King figures in another German cartoon. He is represented as in deep colloquy with the Tsar. Eager listeners outside the door imagine that the two potentates are settling great questions of State. At last they do hear something that is said, for the Tsar says to the King, "The last two hours you have talked to me of nothing but your clothes; now I think you might give me the name of your tailor!"

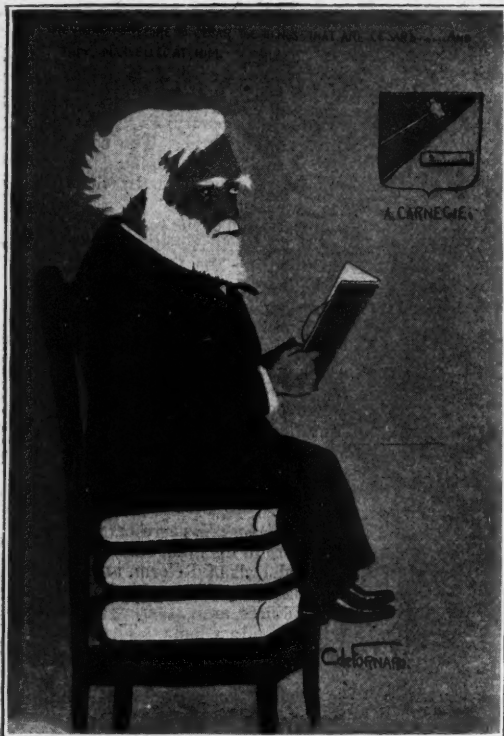
The Italian artist of *Il Papagallo* represents the lull in the Near East with more than his usual skill. The Turk is carrying off his stuffed owls of Reform, and with his bandogs at his heels walks away from a desolated region, in the centre of which vultures are gathering around the prostrate form of outraged Macedonia. The Bulgarian hunter empties his bottles of Reserves, and Winter carries away the bundle of faggots of policies and negotiations with which to keep himself warm.



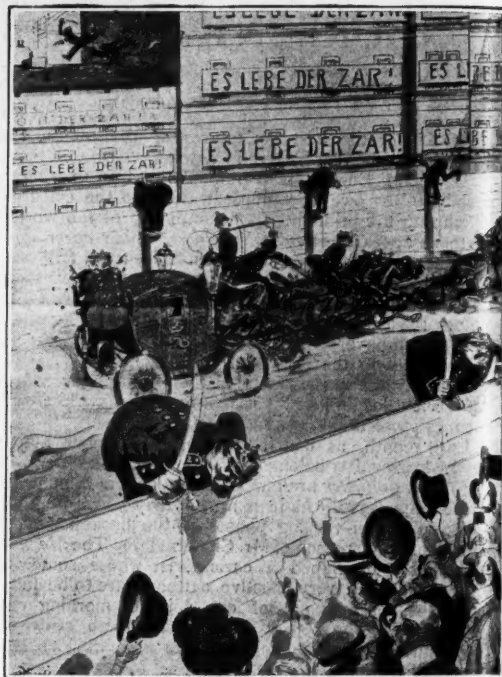
[Puck.]

Figuring It Out.

[Nov. 4.]



Le Rire. Mr. Carnegie—A King of Trusts.



Kladderadatsch.

[Nov. 15.]

The Ideal Reception for the Tsar in Germany.

Police Minister Von Hammerstein declares that although he is a Minister, he does not consider it his work to suppress the popular enthusiasm.



Puck.

Captains of Industry.

[Nov. 11.]

*Lustige Blätter.*

[No. 47.]

KING EDWARD (to the Mikado): "After you, if you please!"

The visit of the Tsar to Germany and the excessive precautions taken by the police to secure his safety have furnished German wits with a facile theme for their satirical pencils. I have only room for one of the many issued last month—that from *Kladderadatsch*, in which the Tsar in a bomb-proof carriage is being driven furiously down a street from which the enthusiastic populace is shut off by a huge police-guarded fence.

Another cartoon also devoted to the Tsar represents him as fleeing from the whistles with which the Italian Socialists had prepared to welcome his appearance in the streets of Rome.

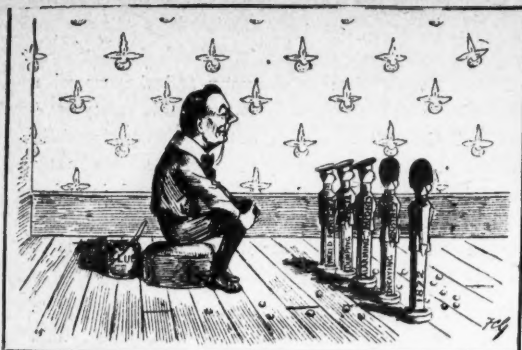
The French are devoting more and more attention to the American millionaire. The portrait gallery which *Le Rire* devotes to the Trust Kings of the New World begins with caricatures of Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

The recent disastrous drop in the shares of the Steel Trusts and other great combines in the United States has suggested to *Puck* the happy but somewhat cruel parody of the well-known picture "The Retreat from Moscow," with Mr. Pierpont Morgan as Napoleon, while Schwab, Frick, Perkins, Dresser, Nixon and Gates ride disconsolately through the snow.

*Il Papagallo.*

[Nov. 1.]

Winter brings with him politic peace—Teh bulgar hunter widens his bottles to corroborate himself—The turk starter goes back home with his bottles, and there, on the meadow, lays the dying wounded woman, helpless, poor body fit for cravens.



Westminster Gazette.

[Nov. 3.]

Glued Down.

"The boy is said to be father to the man, and in the case of young Joseph Chamberlain we have an illustration of the truth of the proverb in an amusing incident that has been recorded of his youthful days. He once challenged one of his sisters to a game of battles, each being provided with a regiment of toy soldiers and a pop-gun. Joseph won easily, but his sister subsequently discovered that he had taken the precaution to glue his men to the floor!"—From an article on the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, by W. J. WINTLE, in the *London Magazine*, October, 1903.



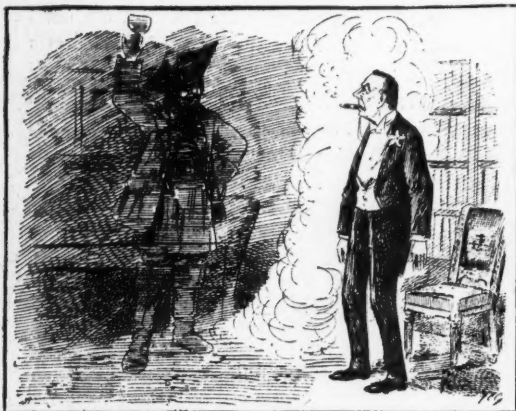
Westminster Gazette.

[Nov. 6.]

Won't Take it Lying Down.

(With apologies to the advertisement of Provost Oats.)

He does his best the Lion to dose,
His doubts he would allay
By saying that tho' the prices rise
There'll be no more to pay.



Westminster Gazette.

[Nov. 5.]

Reviving a Decaying Industry.

GHOST OF SMUGGLER: "Here's a health to you, si! I hope you'll succeed in bringing back the good old times."



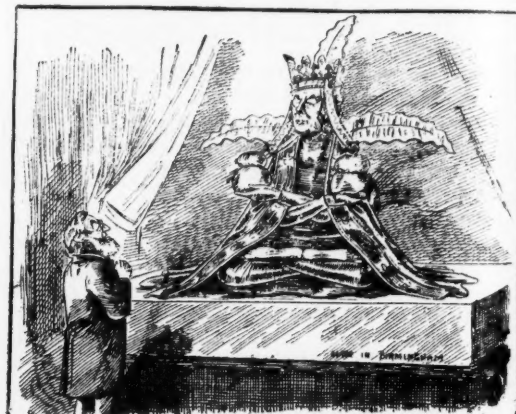
Westminster Gazette.

[Nov. 20.]

No Flirtation Allowed.

THE CHAPERONE: "Now, Clara, remember! You've unfortunately promised Michael a dance, and you can't very well get out of it, but don't encourage him. No flirtation, mind!"

[Much speculation and some anxiety have been caused by the announcement of the appearance at the same function at Bristol of Mr. Balfour and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. In his speech at Birmingham last week Mr. Chamberlain argued that no reconciliation was possible between Mr. Balfour



Westminster Gazette.

[Nov. 11.]

The Idol that He Loves.

MR. JESSE COLLINGS: "You are perfectly lovely—I will never examine OUR JOE!"

[He pleaded guilty, with many others, to having taken what was falsely called Free Trade as an idol—that was to say, he had never inquired into it. It seemed almost an irreverence to question it. As long as that attitude was continued no reform or alteration was possible. But it was a notorious historical fact that when men began to examine their idols it was generally bad for the idols.]—MR. JESSE COLLINGS, at Birmingham, November 9th, 1903.]



Westminster Gazette.

[Nov. 13.]

The Unhappy Child.

NURSE: "Now, child, don't play with those horrid things."

Mr. Chan-
rene remar-
published in



Westminster Gazette.

[Nov. 17.]

Fox and Rabbit.

FIRST RABBIT: "Come and play with me, Michael—I'm a fox, and I'll catch you."

SECOND RABBIT: "No! I'm the Fox, and I'll catch you."

THE REAL FOX: "I'll catch you both."



Westminster Gazette.

[Nov. 18.]

Mares' Nests.

The Mad Hatter discovers some more of those dreadful dump birds.



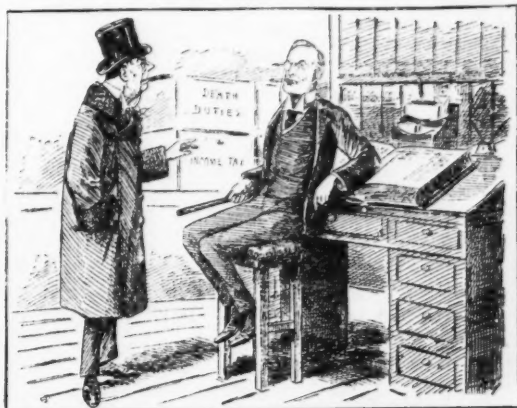
Westminster Gazette.

[Nov. 19.]

Treble and Bass.

THE CONCERTINA PLAYER: "I'm quite sure no one can hear my tune."
["If a company of itinerant musicians comes into your street and the cornet strikes up a military march of a resounding character, the gentleman with the concertina cannot expect to attract much notice. His performance may be very meritorious, for all we know, but we cannot hear it; and perhaps I may carry this musical illustration a little further. When your door-bell rings and the gentleman with the concertina comes to solicit recognition, you take it for granted that anything you give him will be shared with the noisier performer outside."—SIR H. CHAMBERLAIN-BANNERMAN at Frome, Nov. 17, 1903.]

(We have ventured to make the noisy performer with a drum instead of a cornet, as drumming seems a more apt description.)



Westminster Gazette.

[Nov. 25.]

His Game.

MR. C.: "Have you begun to think about next year's Budget?"

THE CHANCELLOR: "Well, father, I've given them a hint about taking something off the Income-tax, but I don't quite know what to do about Indirect Taxation. I suppose if I reduce the Income-tax I ought to do the same with tea and sugar and that sort of thing."

MR. C.: "For heaven's sake, my boy, don't do that! You'll spoil my game. You must keep the taxes on tea and sugar and coffee, because I've promised to take them off against the duties on bread and corn and dairy produce."



Westminster Gazette.

[Nov. 24.]

"What I Have Said—"

(With apologies to Sir John Tenniel.)

The Mad Hatter goes to his Publishers.

Mr. Chamberlain undoubtedly has said what he has said, but there are some remarkable omissions from his speeches on the fiscal question just published in pamphlet form. Perhaps he dropped some of the sheets on his

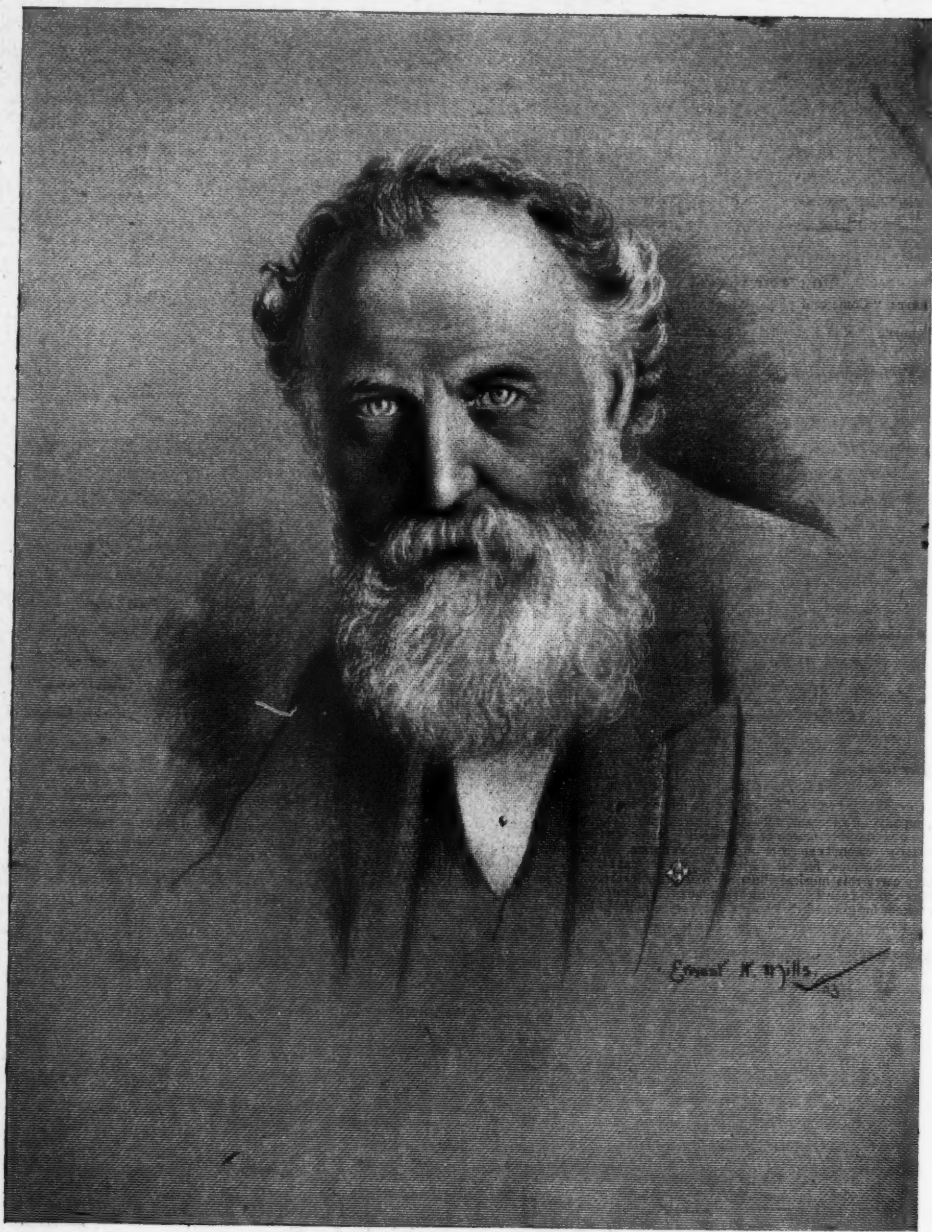


Westminster Gazette.

[Nov. 26.]

His Own Breath.

An old negro "Mammy," having seen her mistress inflate an air-cushion and then sit on it, rushed out in great excitement declaring that "Missus



William T. Head

THE DAILY PAPER.

BY ITS FOUNDER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

I.—RETROSPECT: AFTER FOURTEEN YEARS.

FOURTEEN years ago in January I started the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, and from that time down to the present many thousands of subscribers in all parts of the world have welcomed the magazine as a monthly visitor charged with a personal message from the editorial sanctum at Mowbray House. The relationship that has thus sprung up has been impersonally personal, for although most of my subscribers have never seen me, there is not one of them who has not felt as if he were better acquainted with me than with many of those whom he met every day of his life. For weal or for woe, for good or for evil, I have had the privilege of saying, with a freedom seldom vouchsafed to mortal, whatever seemed good in my own eyes from month to month for all these fourteen years. That I have often failed to carry my readers with me is undoubtedly true, and when differences became very acute I have from time to time had to lament the loss of friends who were unable to show the large tolerance of honest difference of opinion which has been extended to me with no stinted hand by the majority of my readers.

I therefore make no apology for informing them, as a matter in which many of them will take almost personal interest, that, after an exile from daily journalism that has lasted exactly as long as the twice seven years which Jacob served for Rachel and Leah, I am about to return to the familiar field in which I spent twenty years of my life. I am not going to give up the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. On the contrary, I venture to hope that the magazine will become even more useful and more widely known than ever before; but when I next address my readers it will be in the double capacity of editor of *The Daily Paper* and editor of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

THE CHANGES TIME HAS BROUGHT.

Few of my readers are unaware of the fact that I never regarded my exile from the arena in which my first successes were won as other than temporary; and sometimes I may possibly have felt a little sad that my period of seclusion lasted so long. As usually happens, however, I am quite convinced that it has been much better for me, and I hope better for the public, that I

should have had so long a ripening time. My beard is grey; I am fifty-four years of age; but on the whole I think I am younger to-day than I was when I issued the first number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS—younger, that is to say, in the buoyancy of spirit, in the fervour of enthusiasm, and a childlike confidence in the goodness of my fellow-men. My ideals have broadened. Looking back upon the profession of faith which I issued when I started the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, I still subscribe to it, with this difference—there was a certain note of parochialism in my then survey of the world and the men that dwell therein.

A WIDENED FAITH IN MAN.

I believed less in mankind as a whole, and more in that particular section of it which spoke my own language. Now, it seems to me, after wider opportunities of making the acquaintance of my fellow-men in many lands, that the English-speaking man, although a very fine fellow no doubt, has by no means such a monopoly of all the virtues as that with which in those days I was wont to credit him. Even "God's Englishmen," as Milton used to call them, are liable to be afflicted from time to time by a kind of demoniac possession, in which they "see red" and give themselves up to all manner of evil doing. Even when they are at their best they have a tendency to think too much of themselves and too little of their neighbours—a failing to which I am afraid in former days I ministered not a little. But whatever I have lost of complacent faith in the English-speaking man, I have gained in knowledge and understanding of the good qualities of those who have the misfortune to speak in other tongues. In all fundamentals I stand where I did, only more firmly than before.

JUDGMENTS CONFIRMED OR REVERSED.

The experience of these fourteen years has opened my eyes to the dangers which I had under-estimated, and to temptations the subtle force of which I did not adequately appreciate. But I can honestly say, looking back over the twenty-eight volumes of the REVIEW, that I have had very little occasion to revise the estimates of our public men which were expressed in the first years of our existence.

Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, has triumphantly demonstrated in the last few months the distrust with which I ever regarded the headstrong impulsiveness of that ill-informed politician. On the other hand, I must admit that in the last fourteen years I stand convicted of one stupendous miscalculation, for which I do penance daily. In those days I believed with a whole heart fervently in my old friend and colleague, Lord Milner. I still believe in him as a charming, fascinating, well-meaning, upright, patriotic and conscientious man. But down to 1898 it was absolutely inconceivable by me that a man so gifted and so good could possibly have been guilty of such a colossal blunder as that of forcing on a war for which he ought to have known we were totally unprepared.

THE PEACE CRUSADE.

On the other hand, as a set-off to some extent of a blunder the consequences of which have been so disastrous for South Africa and the Empire, I have to reflect upon what is on the whole the brightest spot in this long retrospect—the part which during my editorship of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS I was privileged to play in the Peace Crusade which culminated in the establishment of an International Court of Arbitration at the Hague. Only those who were behind the scenes and knew how often the whole success of that movement trembled in the balance, can understand the feeling of profound gratitude which I feel at being privileged to play the part which fell to my lot in 1898 and 1899.

II.—“THE DAILY PAPER”: ITS DISTRIBUTION.

But sufficient of the past. Now for the future. On January 4th next I hope to issue the first number of *The Daily Paper*. It differs materially in shape and also, to a certain extent, in spirit from the daily paper which I projected ten years ago, and which many thousands of my readers in the REVIEW encouraged me to start. *The Daily Paper*, which will see the light with the New Year, will be a twelve-page penny evening paper, somewhat larger than the *Westminster Gazette*. Although a penny evening paper, it will be delivered at the door of subscribers in London every morning between ten and twelve o'clock for less than a halfpenny a day—to speak exactly, for 1s. a month, paid in advance. In many respects it will differ from any paper which has yet been published, and will, I venture to hope, tend to bring about in some respects as great a revolution in the production and distribution

of the English newspaper as it was my privilege to accomplish in the spirit and methods of journalism in the days when I edited the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Of course, I am not forgetful of the warning that though Man proposes God disposes, and it is not for him that putteth on his armour to boast as he who putteth it off. But the principles upon which *The Daily Paper* will be circulated are, I venture to believe, financially sound, and will bring about much-needed improvements in the newspaper world.

THE AIM OF “THE DAILY PAPER.”

It is my aim in founding *The Daily Paper* to carry out to its legitimate and logical consequences the principle which has ever guided me in my journalistic career. From the first moment that I sat in an editorial chair I revolted against the old convention according to which an editor was a kind of Grand Lama of Thibet, who, seated invisible in the recesses of his sanctum, discoursed oracularly to readers whom he never met and by whom his personality was never felt. It is my aim to band together all the readers of *The Daily Paper* into a great co-operative partnership for the achievement of common ends; to make the newspaper itself not merely a nerve centre for the collection and distribution of news, but for the inspiration, direction and organisation of the moral, social, political and intellectual force, of the whole community. Hitherto, so far as was possible to anyone limited to the mere writing out and printing of intense personal convictions, I am fairly well satisfied that no one could have more absolutely expressed himself in print than I have done; but there was still a gulf fixed between the editor and his readers. When the paper or the magazine was printed it went out into the void, nor was there any means by which I could follow up every individual copy and place every individual subscriber in personal communication with myself. The fundamental principle of the organisation of *The Daily Paper* is that this gulf must be bridged, so that it will be possible for me not merely to fling my words out into the world, trusting to the winds to carry them whithersoever they will, but to know exactly the residence of every subscriber, to render it possible for that subscriber, without even the cost of a postcard, to place himself in communication with me. I wish to make him feel by every issue that *The Daily Paper* is a journal existing for his service, dependent for its success upon his co-operation, counting upon his assistance not merely in the furnishing of news, suggestions and contributions, but also offering him advantages of publicity and of

organisation which have hitherto been unattainable through the agency of the newspaper press.

A CO-OPERATIVE PARTNERSHIP OF MUTUAL SERVICE.

To do this it was necessary to undertake the somewhat arduous task of creating an entirely new system of distribution from that which has hitherto existed. In the papers published up to the present time in this country the editor has no knowledge how many subscribers he has in any particular street or any particular constituency, who they are, what manner of men and women they may be, or how he can appeal to them directly for any particular information or assistance. Neither can he make his organ available for their service. The newspaper as it exists, even if it has a circulation as the sands of the seashore for multitude, has to admit that its subscribers also resemble the sands in that they are indistinguishable one from the other, and are without any means whereby the various grains can be supplied with the principle of cohesion. This defect is inseparable from the existing method of sale and distribution of newspapers, and this system has hitherto been an insuperable obstacle towards the achievement of the end which I have in view.

THE METHODS OF ORGANISATION.

The Daily Paper hopes to surmount this obstacle by an endeavour to introduce into London a system of distribution which has for many years been working with brilliant success in Berlin and in several American cities. That system consists in the organisation of a method of distribution by which the name and residence of every subscriber is on the books of the newspaper. That residence is visited every day by a representative of the newspaper, who leaves the paper at the door and brings back in return any letters or communications which the subscriber may wish to make to the office of the paper. It is, of course, impossible for me to create such a system complete in all its details before January next, but I am glad to know that sufficient progress has already been made in the organisation of our Messenger Brigade to justify me in anticipating with every confidence that before the end of the year messengers from *The Daily Paper* will visit every morning the house of every subscriber, and that not merely for the purpose of leaving the paper, but also for the purpose of collecting messages, orders, letters to the editor, and advertisements.

OUR MESSENGER BRIGADE.

The method by which this will be achieved is briefly as follows. I map out Greater London, which con-

tains a population of 6,000,000 persons, into 60 districts, averaging each 100,000 inhabitants. In each of these districts, when the scheme is in full working order, I shall establish a branch depôt, which will act as a centre for all subscribers in that area. In each depôt I shall have my representative, whose sole duty will be to serve the interests of the paper and look after the needs of the subscribers. Under the orders of this central agent there will be a company of from thirty to forty members of the Messenger Brigade, who will be on duty from ten till one, and whose normal duty will be each to deliver on an average one hundred papers to the subscribers in that district.

THE RED ENVELOPE.

To every subscriber, on payment of his first monthly subscription, will be given a packet of half a dozen red envelopes, with as many advertisement forms, with string passed through the corner, so that they can be hung up conveniently for use when needed. When the messenger goes on her round she will simply leave the paper at the door and pass on, unless one of the red envelopes on which is printed the address of the paper is prominently exposed in the window of the house as householders now expose a Carter Paterson card. When such an envelope is displayed in the window, the messenger delivering the paper will ring the bell and ask for the letter. Every subscriber will be invited to communicate with the paper upon any subject which interests them and to make complaints when the delivery has been late. In this envelope also will be placed answers to puzzles, papers for prize competitions, letters to the editor, or any other of the thousand and one things on which the subscriber may wish to communicate with the paper.

HOW IT WILL WORK.

Messages can also be placed in these envelopes for transmission by telephone from the local depôt on the return of the messenger to the office on completing her rounds. Advertisements not only of the ordinary "Wanted" class, but also of the more intimate kind which at present are exclusively monopolised by that admirable publication the *Bazaar*, *Exchange*, and *Mart*, can be enclosed in the envelope with the remittance. It will also be possible to utilise the services of the Messenger Brigade for the collection of orders for tradesmen who advertise in the paper, and who will undertake to deliver in the afternoon for cash on delivery any orders collected by the girls on their morning rounds. No girl will be permitted to

enter the house of any subscriber, nor must she remain at the door longer than necessary to collect the envelope, which she will take with her and hand over on her return to the manager of the local dépôt. By him all these envelopes will be opened and their contents sorted. Messages to be sent by telephone will be despatched at once; orders for goods will be forwarded immediately to their destination, while the advertisements will be made up and despatched to the central office, puzzle and prize competitions will be forwarded to their respective departments, and letters to the editor and news matter to the news department.

By this means, with the aid of sixty sub-offices and the Brigade of 2,000 Messengers, it will be possible to bridge the gulf between the editor and the public, and *The Daily Paper* will be a constant reminder of the desire of the editor to keep in close and constant touch with the needs, the ideas and the grievances of his readers.

III.—OUR CENTRES OF SOCIAL CONVENIENCE.

In order to carry out the original design of the paper side by side with the sale and distribution of the daily issue to the greatest possible number of readers, I have divided my subscribers into two classes. The first class, or full subscribers, become members of *The Daily Paper* Benefits Association; the second class, or half subscribers, subscribe for the paper only, without benefits.

OUR BENEFITS ASSOCIATION.

The former pay one guinea a year, or if they prefer the instalment plan they can pay two shillings down and make eleven other monthly payments of two shillings each. The latter pay half-a-guinea a year, or if they prefer the instalment plan they pay one shilling down and make eleven subsequent monthly payments of one shilling each. Both classes of subscribers receive *The Daily Paper* delivered at their homes every morning. Both will enjoy equally the services of the messengers. Both will be insured for £100 against death resulting from accident to any train, tram, cab, or passenger steamer. Both will receive as a bonus upon the payment of their first subscription a portfolio of coloured pictures; but in the case of full subscribers of the first class the portfolio will contain twelve pictures, the second class only six.

BENEFITS OFFERED TO FULL SUBSCRIBERS.

Every full subscriber to *The Daily Paper* who pays a guinea a year, or two shillings a month, a charge less

than the penny daily—the price at which it will be sold at the news stands—will receive in addition to *The Daily Paper*, with its insurance policy and the services of the Messenger Brigade, the following advantages:—

1. The use of the Local Centre as a kind of full subscribers' club.
2. The REVIEW OF REVIEWS delivered free on the 15th of each month.
3. The *Twentieth Century Home*, or some other first-class family magazine, delivered on the 1st of each month.
4. A portfolio of twelve beautifully coloured pictures by modern artists.

As the selling face value of the magazines and pictures offered as a bonus to full subscribers represents a total sum of twenty-four shillings a year, this offer is equivalent to an offer to supply every full subscriber with the paper daily and the use of a local centre of social convenience in his own district for three shillings less than nothing if he pays annually, or for nothing if he adopts the instalment plan. I do not think that anyone will gainsay me when I say that never before have any such advantages been offered to any subscribers to a new daily paper.

THE LOCAL CENTRE.

Every local dépôt will afford full subscribers in that district the advantages of a social centre, enabling them to enjoy many conveniences which at present are supplied nowhere in London. As a beginning I decided only to start with twenty dépôts, each of which will have two sub-dépôts, which I hope will speedily develop into branch offices.

They are situated in leading thoroughfares with good window frontage on the street. At each, in addition to a supply of publications of *The Daily Paper*, the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, and the *Bazaar*, *Exchange*, and *Mart*, there will be for the use of subscribers a local *poste-restante*, one of the conveniences of civilisation which is to be found in every Continental town, but which in London is practically non-existent, for there is only one *poste-restante*—that at St. Martin's-le-Grand, to which everyone must make a pilgrimage who has no postal address of his own. There will also be a telephone which can be used by any full subscriber to *The Daily Paper*, free of charge. Each of these offices will also be fitted, when the scheme is in full operation, with an automatic restaurant and one of those admirable, recently imported American conveniences, the Tabard Inn Library. The offices will also be available as a Servants' Registry. These things are on the ground-floor.

OUR READING ROOMS.

Above, the first floor will be fitted up as a kind of social meeting-place, resting-place, reading-room, and news-room for the subscribers of *The Daily Paper*. It will also serve as a showroom for all books, magazines and goods advertised in the paper which the advertisers may care to send for exhibition. This will not only be a great convenience to the subscribers, who can use the room for meeting their friends and for leaving parcels, but it will come to be one of the few places in London at which new books can be seen and examined without any attendant looking as if he expected that the inquisitive reader ought to complete an inspection by a purchase. At first only the more enterprising publishers will send their new publications for exhibition at these branches; but I have already the assurance that many of them would welcome an opportunity which would afford them immediately twenty centres frequented by intelligent newspaper-reading people, where all their new books would be displayed and where orders would be taken for them. These books at the end of the month, if unsoiled, could be returned, or if soiled would be taken over by *The Daily Paper* at cost price. The publisher would, therefore, be absolutely guaranteed against loss; he would have his book on show at twenty centres, where it would otherwise not have been seen; the agent of the paper would book orders, and at the end of the month he would either have his book back or the money it cost him to produce it. It is obvious that this method of creating a social centre, a kind of common club-room or meeting-place for the subscribers in a given district, is capable of indefinite extension. The branch offices may in time come to be the common meeting-place of men and women of all sects and parties, while the rooms would be available for meetings of committees, clubs, etc., which at present are too exclusively confined to premises erected primarily for sectarian or partisan purposes.

IV.—THE LAUNCHING OF THE PAPER.

It may be noticed that I have always referred to the purchasers of the paper as monthly subscribers. My reason for doing so is because I would not on any account allow my messenger girls to sell papers from door to door or to act in any other capacity except as the deliverers of goods which have been bought and paid for in advance. I do not object to sell the paper in single copies to anyone who cares to buy it in the ordinary channels of supply; but whoever buys it over the counter or from boys in the

streets will have to pay a penny for it, whereas every person who subscribes for it, either by paying an annual subscription or on the instalment system, will receive the paper delivered at his door in the London district every morning. Subscribers at a distance can have the paper on the same terms, but they will have to pay postage, which will amount to 13s. a year. Even then, however, subscribers in the country will be able to have a daily paper delivered by post for less than what they would pay for it if they bought a single copy at a news-stand in London.

THE CRUX OF THE SYSTEM.

But payment in advance is indispensable, and this, many persons declare, is impossible. It is the invariable custom of the British householder to pay for his paper at the end of a week or a month, after he has had it for that week or month, and to induce him to pay for it in advance is, in the opinion of many, an absolute impossibility. I do not believe in the impossibility. In Berlin, the monthly subscriptions are collected in advance without difficulty, and when once this system has been set going, everyone admits that it can be worked easily enough, the only trouble being with the first payment. Once subscribe for a paper, if you pay at the end of the month, it does not occur to you particularly to enquire whether you are paying for the month that has passed or for the ensuing month. The whole difficulty lies in the extraction of the first payment. It has been suggested in some quarters that the best method of overcoming this obstacle was to give away the paper free for the first month; but against this there is the natural prejudice against anything that is given you for nothing, and the depreciation of the newspaper as an advertising medium, for advertisers naturally discount the value of papers that are freely distributed.

But that is not the only reason. The one security for the efficient working of any system of distribution is that the subscriber acts as a check upon the distributor. In case of a gratis distribution the householder feels he has no right to complain if his paper does not arrive at the proper time and with due regularity, whereas when the papers are specially paid for in advance every subscriber is justly irate and gives prompt expression to his feelings if the paper is not in his house to time.

HOW IT WILL BE OVERCOME.

It is therefore necessary to devise a method by which the public could be induced to subscribe in advance for a new paper which they have not yet

seen. There is only one way of doing this, and that is by offering them a premium or inducement which would be good enough to tempt them to pay a month's subscription to the paper in order to secure it. While I was still considering this difficulty, I suddenly hit upon a method by which I was able to give every subscriber to my paper for the New Year value for his money several times over in the shape of a portfolio of coloured pictures, finished in a style which casts far into the shade all other pictures that have yet been prepared for general circulation. For some time past pictures printed by the Colortype Company, in what is known as the three-colour process by the great combination of colour printers of New York and Chicago, have been sold freely in London at prices from 2s. to 2s. 6d. unmounted, and are now on sale in Regent Street and the City at art shops at prices varying according to the frame, from 5s. 11d. at Peter Robinson's to 10s. 6d. at Maple's, and 15s. at other places.

OUR PORTFOLIO OF PICTURES.

The idea occurred to me that as the pictures were very good in themselves, and were eminently calculated to brighten and beautify the walls of the home, I could not do better than by offering half a dozen of these pictures which now sell at 1s. each, placing them in a portfolio, and giving them away as a bonus upon the first subscription to the paper. That is to say, every second class subscriber to *The Daily Paper* who pays 1s. for the first month's instalment will receive on the payment of that first instalment a portfolio of six pictures which he could not obtain at this moment for a penny less than 6s., any one of which when framed, or even when mounted upon a dark mount, would adorn the walls of any room. By giving away 6s. worth of pictures—which of course I do not pretend cost me, buying wholesale, anything like that sum—I think I shall have no difficulty in securing in this month of December and the first week of January 200,000 subscribers, each one of whom, besides receiving the pictures, will be entitled to receive a copy of *The Daily Paper* delivered at his house every morning before noon. I am perfectly satisfied that if I can secure the entry as of right for my paper into 200,000 houses every day in the month of January, it will be recognised as a necessity of the household, and the future instalments will be paid with ready punctuality, for when the next shilling comes due at the end of January, the subscriber who feels that he has six times his money's worth in the portfolio will pay the shilling in the ordinary way, as if he

were merely paying for the paper which had been delivered at his door in the month of January. In reality he will be paying for the February paper, and paying for it in advance; but it means that bad debts will be avoided, returns will be minimised, and the success of *The Daily Paper* will be an accomplished fact. Such, at least, is the calculation on which the paper is launched.

V.—A PAPER FOR THE HOME.

But the launching of the paper, although extremely important, is only the beginning. The most successful launching in the world could not keep a dull paper afloat. The subscriptions would not be renewed unless the paper, to use the hackneyed phrase, supplied a felt want. Upon that point I have no misgivings; and now I will proceed to explain the lines upon which this paper will be conducted.

THE KEYNOTE OF HOME.

In the first case, while it will be of necessity a political paper as well as a social paper, it will not be a partisan paper. Its dominant note will be an appeal to the home. Its primary idea is not so much to get voters to the polling booth for one party or the other as to brighten the home, and to add fresh interest to family life. It is the home rather than the individual class, the city, the State, or the Empire that will be the unit of our appeal. Our politics will be the politics of the home. In the home we shall find a key to the solution of many grave Imperial problems, as well as the great incentive for the promotion of all kinds of social, moral, and political reform. All papers which appeal primarily to the voters appeal almost exclusively to men. The home is the only unit of organisation in which the woman holds her rightful place. The home is neither male nor female, but is representative of the whole of humanity, and in the germ-cell of our slowly evolving civilisation a little child holds the leading place. Hence, as I have for years past published every month a "Book for the Bairns," which has met with widespread acceptance both from the bairns and from the parents, I shall devote a whole page every day to provide reading, pictures, puzzles, and all manner of interesting matter for the reading of children, who, it may be noted in passing, probably constitute one-half of the population of London.

WHAT WILL BE LEFT OUT.

Adhering to my fundamental conception of the province of this paper, I shall exclude from it everything that ought not to be read in the family. Racing,

betting in all forms, including that great gambling arena the Stock Exchange, will not be reported, neither shall I publish any advertisements which minister to the vices of the day. On this point I confidently rely upon the vigilant censorship of my readers, many of whom I have no doubt will, from mere *Schadenfreude*, take keen delight in pointing out wherever my advertisement department or news editor fails to live up to this ideal.

But what is much more important than the exclusion of racing and gambling and advertisements of strong drink, is the exclusion of the rancorous and unkindly spirit which is, of all things, most fatal to the true atmosphere of home, with its kindly spirit of charity, tolerance, and long-suffering patience.

AN ORGAN OF CHEERY OPTIMISM.

The Daily Paper is to be an organ of cheery optimism, not of ignorant self-complacency, but that of cheerful confidence in the progress of the world and the gradual, steady evolution of a higher and nobler civilisation than that which we at present possess. In other words, we shall endeavour to make the atmosphere of home permeate as far as possible the municipality and the State. As we said when we began our series of character sketches in the REVIEW fourteen years ago, we shall endeavour to see people as they appear to themselves at their best moments, and not as they appear to their enemies at their worst; so even in criticising Mr. Chamberlain or in discussing the Sultan of Turkey we shall endeavour to speak the truth in the spirit of charity and sympathy; we shall endeavour to see good everywhere, and to remember that whatever is evil in the world keeps out something worse. This does not in the least imply that we should not constantly endeavour to get rid of evils and abuses of the existence of which we are only too painfully conscious; but we shall do so, not by delivering a headlong frontal attack of vituperation and denunciation, but by the more effective and subtle flank attack, which is delivered by pointing out how much better the world would be if these evils ceased to exist.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT IN JOURNALISM.

All this leads up to another point. I am going to try to make the experiment, for the success of which I shall depend very largely upon the vigilant and even censorious criticism of scoffing subscribers, of seeing whether in the conduct of a daily paper it is possible to "do unto others as you would have others do unto you." It will be difficult, no doubt, always to bless them that curse you and do good to those who

despitefully use you, but if only as a novel and somewhat original experiment it is worth while trying to see how it works out. Hence I intend, so far as in me lies, to live peaceably with all men, to rely upon the soft answer to turn away wrath, to turn the other cheek to the smiter, and when I am hit, not only to take it lying down, but to think out when I am on the ground what good turn I can do to the man who dealt the blow. When I was expounding this project to one of the most successful newspaper proprietors in London, he laughingly remarked that it might succeed, for there was nothing in the world so good in starting a paper as to begin with some startling and sensational novelty; and this he probably was not alone in thinking would be supplied by a simple honest, straightforward attempt to act on the advice of the Sermon on the Mount. After nearly 2,000 years it ought not to be such a feat after all.

A PAPER FOR WOMEN AND MEN.

The Daily Paper will not be a woman's paper, any more than it will be a man's paper. It will carefully abstain from converting all its pages into fashion-plates, nor will it insult our mothers and our wives by assuming that they are interested in nothing in the world so much as the cut of a blouse or the pattern of a ball dress. Topics that are specially interesting to women will be dealt with from time to time, together with topics specially interesting to men; but the paper will provide reading for the household—it will not attempt to compete with the special papers of the man milliner and the mantua-maker.

At present it is said that women do not read daily newspapers, and that is probably true of five women out of six, and it is not in the least surprising that such should be the case. How many newspapers are there which seem to remember that they have women among their circulation? If one page a week is devoted to half of the community, all the rest of the week the pages are filled with political, financial, and economical discussions which women, as a rule, have never been trained to read with interest; and who can be surprised that the daily newspaper is regarded with so little interest by women that men do not think it worth while to take the trouble of carrying a paper about all day in order to bring it home to their wives at night?

A DAILY PAGE FOR CHILDREN.

If this is true about women, it is still more true about children. Of late the *Daily News*, alone among the morning papers, has shown some signs of waking up to the fact that the children of London

are numbered by the million. Some publishers have found it out. Messrs. Harmsworth, for instance, earn no small proportion of their dividends by printing millions upon millions of halfpenny papers for boys, which can hardly be said to tend to edification. I am not saying anything against tales of adventure, nor ever against tales of pirates, cowboys, bandits, and adventurers. They are probably necessary in order to attract the attention of lads whose taste for reading is not very well developed; but the great mischief of these publications is that these doses of exciting and sensational fiction are served up neat, whereas if they formed a part of a miscellany of more serious reading matter, the reader, as his eye wanders over the printed page, might be shunted from more sensational romance to take an interest in the great romance of the world's history as it is reported from day to day. I shall publish stories in *The Daily Paper*; I shall not shrink from tales of sensational adventure, feeling sure that it is necessary to put the foot of your ladder very low down if you have got to get the people who are at the bottom to begin to climb. The great thing is to interest the boy or the girl in the printed page, and to lead them on by slow and even stealthy gradations across the expanse which lies between the adventures of Buffalo Bill and the Dialogues of Plato and the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. All serious minded people go about wringing their hands over the fact that people do not read serious books, and then, by way of a starter, they expect their growing boys and girls just leaving school to enjoy the foreign correspondence of the *Times* newspaper or the leaders of the *Standard*. There would be more sense if, instead of groaning over the admitted evil, they would set to work to remedy it. That is what I, for one, am going to endeavour to do in my small way in *The Daily Paper*.

SOME POPULAR FEATURES.

In order to excite interest and induce the idle, desultory, and more or less unintelligent reader to look out for the paper and to regard it as a necessity of his daily existence, I shall not hesitate to bait my hook with as many attractive lures as experience can suggest or imagination can invent. Of course, it is quite unworthy of the dignity of a serious journalist who aspires to wield direct influence in moulding the legislation of a State or assisting to decide questions of peace or war, to condescend to what may be described as the Cheap Jack attractions of a Barnum's Show. I have no such prejudices. No one can be blind to the fact that puzzles and prizes do attract a

great many of the very people whom you wish to get hold of. Hundreds and thousands of citizens, both old and young, are attracted by a prospect of earning money by the exercise of ingenuity. The highest form of this prize competition may be taken to be the prizes offered by the *Times* as a means of selling "The Encyclopædia Britannica." One of the lowest forms, but perhaps of all others the most popular, was the gamble which Mr. Pearson established by his missing word competition. Midway between these stands Sir George Newnes' ingenious device of burying £500 in a country roadside, and giving the clue for its discovery in chapters of a serial story published in *Tit-Bits*. People who compete for the *Times* competition would probably look down with infinite scorn upon the hunters for the buried treasure who read *Tit-Bits*, but to me they all stand very much on the same level. They are people who would not otherwise read or buy a certain publication, but whose interest and curiosity is piqued by the offer of a substantial prize for which many compete but which only one can carry off. I shall certainly not attempt any competition limited to so few competitors as those which entered for the *Times* competition, neither shall I dig holes in the ground in order to set people grubbing for hidden treasure; but I venture to believe that in *The Daily Paper* I shall be able to offer as substantial rewards for prizes and puzzles as have been offered by any publication yet in existence.

INTERESTING ADVERTISEMENTS—

There is another department in which I hope to make a much-needed improvement, although at first the change must necessarily be somewhat gradual. I refer to the advertisement department. In all matters of newspaper advertising we in the Old Country are simply miles behind our more enterprising go-ahead kinsmen across the Atlantic. The Americans have discovered that in order to induce people to read advertisements they must be made interesting. The art of writing advertisements is as yet in its infancy in this country. We are improving, no doubt, but the majority of our advertisers still seem to imagine that there is nothing more likely to sell their goods than by displaying their noble names in large capitals across a page, and to keep up day after day the same block advertisement, regardless of the fact that it has long ceased, from the very monotony of its appearance, to attract excitement or to provoke remark. The great ideal of the advertisement of the future is that it should be as interesting as any other part of the paper. The principle of the write-up

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or a description of the really interesting features of articles that are advertised or establishments that wish to attract customers to their doors, is beginning to gain recognition amongst us, and its development and extension will be one of the duties of the advertising department of *The Daily Paper*.

We are not yet within sight of the rise of a department store in London whose manager is enterprising enough to emulate Mr. Wanamaker, who publishes day by day what he calls an editorial page devoted to chronicling the news of the store, what goods have arrived, what specialties are on sale, and, in short, all the happenings in a great establishment, which is a world in itself. The first big house which did adopt this principle would probably be crowded day by day, and the others would be compelled to follow suit. But for that and for many other things we may yet wait for a time.

CARICATURES AND MAPS.

I need hardly say that, so far as the mechanical resources at my disposal permit, I shall illustrate *The Daily Paper*, although in this, as in other things, I shall have at first to go somewhat slowly. One thing, however, I shall do from the very first number, and that is to print in the very middle of the front page the best cartoon I can beg, borrow, or invent, for the illustration of current events and of the social tendencies of the time. The *Leader* alone among English morning newspapers at present has recognised the importance of the daily cartoon, but as if it were ashamed of it, it tucks it away on the back page, where it is often overlooked among the advertisements. The *Bairns' Page* also will be illustrated, and one very important feature will be the constant publication of maps with tables of distances from point to point, calculated both in mileage and in time, without which it is almost impossible to have an intelligent understanding of the significance of news from abroad.

THREE LAUGHS A DAY.

The mention of caricatures leads up to another feature which I hope will be constant in each issue of *The Daily Paper*, and that is the publication of some paragraph, article, or story which will make the reader smile. Most good jokes are old jokes, but every old joke is a new joke to a person who hears it for the first time, and the element of humour in a paper is one which is seldom given by our metropolitan dailies. I remember Sir James Stansfield telling me many years ago that the only column he ever read in the provincial weekly paper to which he subscribed

regularly was that headed "Facetiae," and there are probably a good many grave and reverend signiors who would plead guilty to the same foible if they were put under cross-examination. A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, and there are few prescriptions of the faculty which would be more efficacious for maintaining health and banishing nervous depression than the obligation to have three good hearty laughs every day.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

This leads me to another point upon which *The Daily Paper* will have much to say. There is a great deal written and spoken concerning the improvement of our political institutions; but there is very little notice ever taken about the enormous improvement that might be made in our own bodies, or in the development of the undeveloped faculties of the human mind. Physical culture is hardly recognised amongst us. Sandow deserves great praise for his pioneer work in this line; for while we do not all wish to be athletes, the fact that a comparatively sickly weakling can be converted into a very Hercules by attention to a few plain rules and the steady practice of physical exercise, is an excellent object-lesson as to the extent to which our bodily faculties could be improved and developed by care and attention. There is hardly any part of the human body, from the hair of the head to the corns upon the feet, in which changes could not be made if people would but think about them a little, and realise that most inconveniences which we suffer from physical failings can be reduced, and often entirely removed, by what is popularly known as "physical culture."

THE LATENT POWER OF THE MIND.

What is true of physical culture is equally true concerning the culture of the memory, and the development of the latent faculties of the human mind. The success of the various memory schools which thrive in our midst is standing testimony to the fact that some at least have learned that it is profitable to teach people how to improve their memories, and what is true of memory is also true of other mental faculties. Take, for instance, that mysterious but fascinating subject of the sixth sense. Everyone is aware that animals and savages have senses which in civilisation have been allowed to disappear. The faculty, for instance, of finding one's way, by what is called instinct, through a dense forest is as common to a Zulu as the still more marvellous faculty of making immense journeys across sea and land is common to every swallow. These disused

faculties are capable of being to some extent revived. Psychometry and telepathy, to name only two branches of this study, can be practised without the slightest danger by anyone, and are capable of developments which throw the marvels of wireless telegraphy into the shade. For the discussion of all these subjects *The Daily Paper* will afford a free arena, in which nothing will be regarded as impossible, but where everything will have to be demonstrated.

THE MAGIC AND MYSTERY OF NATURE.

There are good grounds for believing that the twentieth century will witness an immense advance in the discovery of the unknown properties of matter, and the discovery of substances and methods of utilising existing forces of which we at present have no idea. The discovery of radium, and the commercial use of wireless telegraphy, may be mentioned as good instances of the new inheritance which is opening up before the eyes of men in this generation. In order to train my readers to appreciate the marvels of science, it is necessary to begin at the beginning, and teach the children to use their faculties in the observation and study of the magic world of mystery which lies round all of us in the everyday processes of Nature. And among those faculties there is none so important as the faculty of inquisitive curiosity, which unfortunately at present is usually checked and discouraged by those who are too lazy or too ignorant to attempt to answer the innumerable questions which a child is perpetually asking, when there opens more and more before its wondering gaze the marvels and mysteries of the world.

A "REVIEW OF REVIEWS" OF THE MORNING PAPERS.

But while endeavouring constantly to interest and excite the attention of those who now belong to the non-newspaper reading public, due attention will be paid to those who wish to keep track of all that is in the papers, but who find it an utter impossibility to scramble even in the most cursory manner through the acres of printed matter that are poured from the press every day. Going back to the old tradition of the *Pall Mall Gazette* during my editorship, I shall publish every day a carefully classified index and epitome of all the special articles of importance which appear in the morning papers. By this means it will be possible for anyone at ten o'clock in the morning to obtain a bird's eye view of the contents of all the morning dailies, and when a man's eye has run down the column he will be freed from the haunting dread of having missed something which he ought to have seen.

This department will be a kind of REVIEW OF REVIEWS of all the morning papers, and will, I hope, be as useful in daily journalism as the REVIEW OF REVIEWS has been in the world of periodical literature.

A NOVELTY IN DRAMATIC CRITICISM.

The inexorable limits of space forbid my publishing in a paper containing so many novel features the ordinary conventional reports either of Parliament, concerts, theatres, or public meetings, which we all expect to find in our daily paper. Something must be left out, and if the new features have to come in, the general principle would be to leave out what will not interest the home. I hope, however, to be able to publish an illustrated sketch of Parliament when it is in session, and in dramatic criticism I have at least one surprise in store for my readers. Many years ago, Sir Henry Irving sent to me, when I was editing the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to propose that I should undertake a personal tour through all the London theatres. The point of view which he put before me was as follows:—"Every dramatic critic at present employed in the London press has seen hundreds of stage plays. He therefore accepts as natural and necessary all the conventions of the stage. You are the only journalist who has arrived at a position to have the ear of the public and the control of a newspaper, who has never seen a stage play. It is in your power," said Sir Henry's messenger, "to confer a greater benefit upon British dramatic art than any living man, for you alone could bring a perfectly fresh mind to the criticism of the stage. Go round to all the theatres in London, and write down exactly how the presentation of the drama strikes one who knows nothing about the drama. You will see many absurdities, to which use and wont have accustomed both actors and the regular theatre-goers, and such a fresh criticism of a mature man, whose powers of observation have not been blunted by a daily familiarity with the business of the stage, is a service which you owe to the British theatre." It is nearly twenty years since I had that message from Sir Henry Irving, but I have never forgotten his words, and with a view to the undertaking of such a pilgrimage I have sedulously preserved the virgin innocence of my mind in all matters theatrical; and although I am fifty-four years old, I have never seen a stage play in a British theatre. I have seen the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau several times, but the whole wonder-world of dramatic art has been to me a closed book. In the New Year I propose to turn over the pages for the first time, and write out simply and frankly,

without fear or favour, exactly how the whole thing presents itself to my mind.

VI.—A LONDON LOCAL PAPER.

One advantage of taking the organisation of the distribution of the paper into my own hands will be appreciated by every journalist who has any practical experience of the difficulty of securing local advertisements for London papers.

THE SCARCITY OF LOCAL ADS.

There is not a single provincial paper of any importance which does not obtain three or four times as many local advertisements as those which appear in the columns of any London daily paper, with the exception of the *Daily Telegraph*. The reason for this contrast between the London and the provincial press is not far to seek. Every London newspaper takes London as its primary unit of circulation, and all the rest of the country as a secondary area. The result is that any tradesman in Hampstead or in Whitechapel, in Kensington or in Balham must, if he wishes to secure the advantages of publicity obtained by newspaper advertising, pay rates which are fixed with reference not to the area to which he wishes to appeal, but to an enormously wider area in nine-tenths of which his advertisement is absolutely useless. That is to say, as London rates for local advertisements are fixed with relation to circulation over an area in the first instance inhabited by 6,000,000 of people, and in the second over an area co-extensive with the nation, they are necessarily too high for it to be worth the while of a local tradesman to advertise when he only wishes to reach a community within three miles of his own door.

HOW THE DIFFICULTY IS SURMOUNTED.

As long as the newspaper distribution is organised as it is at present there is no possibility of altering this; but the difficulty disappears the moment the distribution is in your own hands and it is possible for the publisher to know the destination of every paper that issues from his press. In the case of the *Lokal Anzeiger* of Berlin this difficulty is surmounted by the publication of local sheets, specially printed for the North, South, West or East district, as the case may be. The bulk of the paper is common to all the four issues, but the pages which are occupied with advertisements of the North district are printed only for the North district, while a similar set of pages are printed for the South, West and East respectively. In my case I shall not print separate sheets, but one

page will contain interchangeable local news and advertisements—that is to say, eleven pages in *The Daily Paper* will be common to all editions, while I shall set up page 9 four times over, so that by the simple process of changing a plate upon the machine I can print one-fourth of my total edition for the North, and then, stopping the press for a moment, change the Northern page 9 for the Southern page 9, and so on. By this means, while I am only selling to the public a twelve-page paper, I am really setting up every day a fifteen-page paper, but four pages of that only appear each in one quarter of the city.

LOCAL EDITIONS.

It is obvious that this principle can be carried to an extent only limited by the amount of your circulation and the rapidity of your machines. It would be perfectly possible, given sufficient demand, to bring out *The Daily Paper* with twenty-nine separate editions for each of the twenty-nine boroughs into which London is divided. The question as to whether it is worth while depends entirely upon whether there are sufficient advertisements in each of the twenty-nine boroughs to make such a number of editions financially profitable. If there are, it can be done; if not, it cannot. I have taken an extreme case, but I hope to cipher it out sufficiently closely to be able to say to any particular section of the community that I will print for them a special edition containing one page or more devoted exclusively to their interests, if they will pay me in advertisements or otherwise sufficient to compensate me for the additional cost of composition. By this means our advertisement department will acquire an elasticity and adaptability to local conditions otherwise impossible.

ITS ADVERTISING ADVANTAGES.

But that is by no means the only advantage of what may be described as a self-controlled system of distribution. At present no advertiser can be afforded absolute proof that the paper in which he advertises enters the homes of exactly the kind of people whom he wishes to reach. Under the self-controlled system it will be possible to afford any advertiser who is curious an opportunity of examining the subscription lists of the paper, not only in any district, but in any particular street. The era of secrecy is rapidly dying out in the business of advertising. The newspapers have to stand upon their circulations. The mystery by which in times past newspapers were sometimes kept going by the advertiser alone, without a single *bona-fide* subscriber, cannot stand the pressure of

modern conditions. The organs of publicity ought themselves to be the last to shrink from publicity, and instead of relying upon ridiculous fictions, and declaring in vague terms that they each possess the largest circulation in the world, they should welcome the closest investigation as to their actual sale.

RETAINING SUBSCRIBERS.

From another point of view the self-controlled circulation offers great advantages to the publisher of a paper. At present, when the circulation of a paper dwindles, it is impossible, in nine cases out of ten, to know the name or the address of the subscriber who is stopping his paper. In Berlin, when any subscriber fails to renew his subscription, the fact is at once notified to the central office, and special inquiry is made as to the reason why the paper has been dropped. No application is ever made to any person who stops his paper to renew the subscription; he is only asked as a special favour to state the reason why he is no longer a subscriber. It is put as a matter of personal favour to the proprietor that he should be informed of the reasons; and even when the correspondence does not result in the renewal of the order, it often calls attention to defects either in the administration or in the editing of the newspaper which can easily be remedied, and when remedied avert the loss of other subscribers.

WHY PUBLISHED AT TEN.

Some objection has been raised as to the hour chosen for publication. Between ten and twelve o'clock is the time when busy men are at their busiest, and therefore the worst time in the whole day to induce them to buy newspapers. But I do not wish to induce busy men to buy a newspaper in the busiest part of the day. *The Daily Paper*, as I cannot too frequently repeat, is a journal for the Home. It is not, like the morning papers, intended to fit a man for the business of the day by telling him all about the markets, and posting him upon the matters that are essential for the conduct of his business. Probably the majority of morning papers in London are read in the train, as men hurry to their offices or workshops, and as often as not they are left in the railway carriage after twenty minutes or half an hour spent in scanning their contents. *The Daily Paper* does not appeal to such a public. Its one aim is to get into the Home, and to stay there when it reaches its destination, to become a source of interest, amusement and instruction to all the members of the home, beginning with the mother, going on to the children, and then finally affording a pleasant half hour's reading for the head of the house-

hold when he returns home in the evening. If anyone wants to buy it in the City to read at lunch, it can be delivered to him then, but we are not after the busy men in the rush hours of the day. They are already sufficiently catered for. I have in my eye a constituency which does not go to business, which does not travel to town in morning trains, a constituency which stays at home all day, and which, I verily believe, will be found only too ready to welcome a bright, lively, clean, cheerful newspaper, in which each member of the household will find something that suits his or her tastes.

VII.—THE POLITICS OF "THE DAILY PAPER."

The politics of the paper will be always attuned to the keynote of Home. To make the world more Home-like—is it possible to have a loftier ambition? But in a newspaper the ideal must ever be translated into the real. How does this keynote sound in the midst of the jarring controversies of the day? This is how it seems to work out in practice.

THE POLITICS OF THE HOME.

The politics of *The Daily Paper* are the politics of the Home.

That does not imply that this paper is to be non-political; still less that it is to be indifferent to the true Imperial ideal which recognises all English-speaking lands as the Home of our Imperial race.

It will not be a partisan paper, written by party men in the interests of a party, but it will pursue an independent course, appealing to members of all parties and of none, for the furtherance of all that contributes to the well-being of the Home—at home and beyond the seas.

Our programme, dictated by the Home and its interests, places the Home far above the individual on one side, and above the State on the other. It is the Home which humanises both.

"Homes, more Homes; that is what I work for!" was the exclamation of Cecil Rhodes as he stood on the summit of the Matoppos, where so soon he was to be laid to rest. "Homes, more Homes," happier Homes for our children, and our children's children; that is what all true Empire-builders work for. The Empire that is not based upon the Home will perish.

To enable our people to fulfil their great destiny, we must begin with the Home, for as Lord Rosebery has declared, "In the rookeries and slums an Imperial race cannot be raised." "The Home," said Mr. Moody, "was founded before the Church; and you in Britain stand more in need of homes than you do of churches." The more impressed we are with a conviction of the magnitude and importance of the work of the English-speaking race in its world-scattered Colonies, States and territories, the more zealous must we be to promote everything that

tends to strengthen, purify, and brighten our Home Life.

It is in the Home we shall seek the clue to the solution of all political problems.

Peace, which a Conservative Foreign Minister declared to be the greatest of British interests, is the atmosphere of Home. In foreign politics, therefore, we shall always cultivate a spirit of friendly brotherhood, and when disputes arise, our watchword will always be To the Hague! where disputes between nations may be settled by the International High Court of Arbitration.

Yielding to none in our desire to foster a living sense of Imperial unity, the experience gained in the domestic circle teaches us to avoid any attempt to impose any restraint or to exercise any authority over the self-governing Commonwealths, in which the children sprung from our loins have set up homes for themselves. The condition of family unity is the absence of any bond save the silken tie of affection; even the potent instinct of self-preservation will fail to keep together our independent sister-nations if preferences begat jealousies, or any attempt were made to limit their fiscal or political liberties.

India to us is a hundred millions of homes in which many millions go hungry all their lives. We shall shoulder the White Man's Burden, not dump our share upon our starveling wards.

On the question of Imperial defence our position is very simple. We are for the Home, and we are against the Barrack. We need a supreme Navy, if only to save the sons of our homes from the curse of Conscription. And having that supreme Navy, we can provide old age pensions for the outworn veterans of Industry by reducing our bloated military estimates to reasonable dimensions.

The Fiscal question is pre-eminently one to be decided from the point of view of the Housewife. It is a cupboard question. Until the House-Mother—the Loaf Giver—is represented in Parliament we shall offer uncompromising opposition to any proposal to tax her children's bread.

On the Education question, we are for the Home and its interests, first, last, and all the time. We hold no brief for any sect or religious party. We are for the Home and the Children of the Home. The Homes should control the Schools, as against the conflicting interests of rival Sects. In this matter a little child

shall lead us; and we shall do what in us lies to improve the status and exalt the office of his teachers, especially of his mother, whom recent legislation has deprived of her rights to sit as an elected member on the Educational Authority.

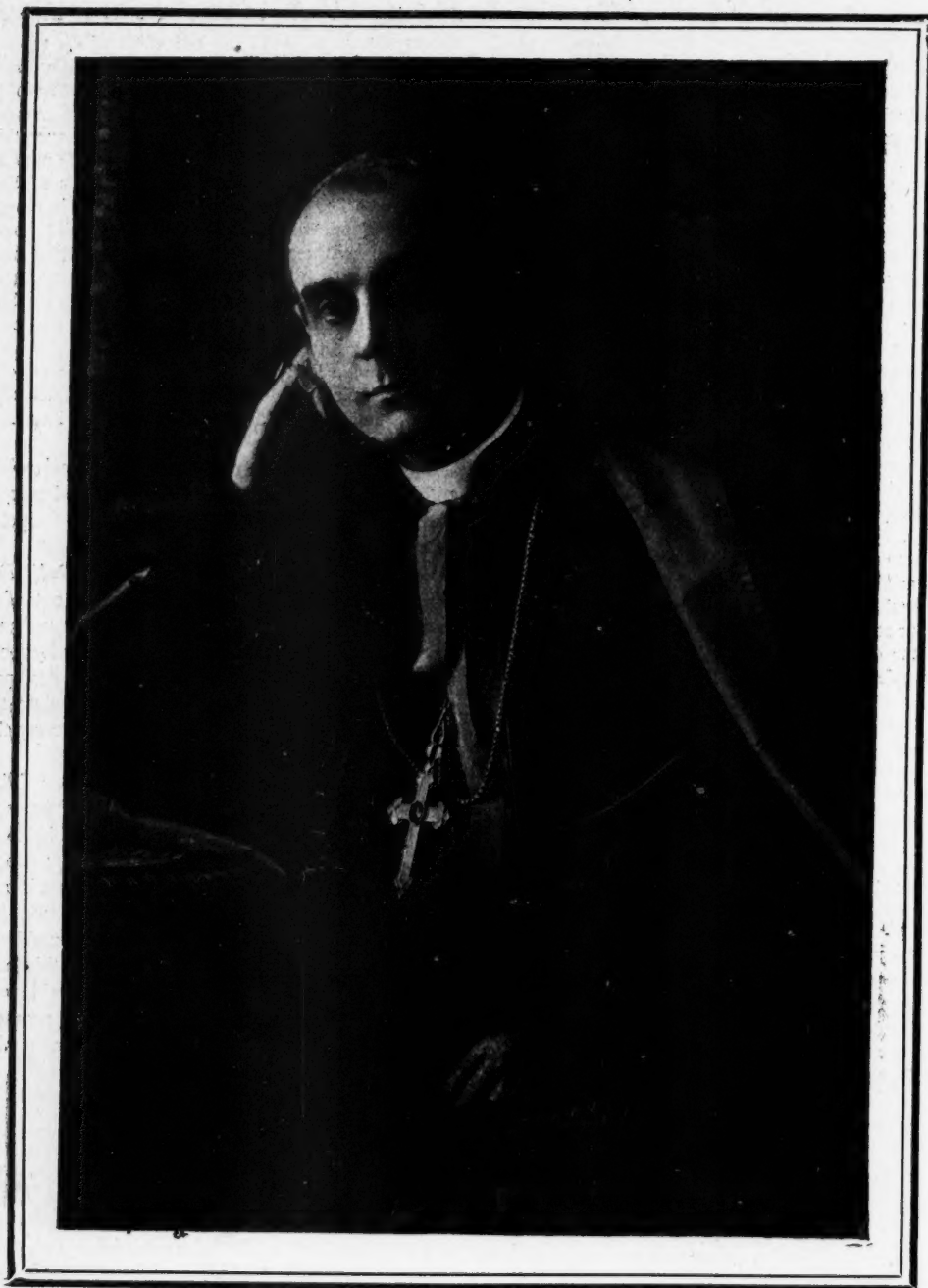
In social legislation the Home dominates everything. The Housing Question is the question of providing Homes. The Drink Problem is the problem of Home protection. The Land Question in London is chiefly a question of providing sites on which to build Homes. The Tramway Question is the question of getting Home. The Woman Question is the question of restoring the Queen of the Home to her proper position in the State, which has invaded the Home and usurped many of her ancient prerogatives.

This is not a Party programme. It echoes none of the party shibboleths. But it embodies the politics of the Home, and these are the politics of *The Daily Paper*.

This may not be party politics. It is real politics, and it gives us a programme on which good men and women of all parties can unite—not only in the polling booth.

For the great aim and purpose of *The Daily Paper* is to make a strenuous effort to create out of the multitude of its readers a real living organism of men, women and children, linked together by a common purpose expressed day by day by the newspaper of the home, which will not merely formulate their aspirations, but give them practical help to carry them out.

In this rough sketch of our great design I have indicated in outline some of the ways and means by which I hope to make *The Daily Paper* helpful in helping its readers to help each other by helping themselves. It is the old ideal which this REVIEW was founded to realise, towards which we have struggled with many a stumble, but with unfaltering purpose, for fourteen years. What the monthly magazine failed to accomplish over the whole wide world may, I hope, be brought to more practical results by *The Daily Paper* in the more manageable area within which its efforts will at first be confined.



Photograph by

[Elliott and Fry.]

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.

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CHARACTER SKETCH.

HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL RAFAEL MERRY DEL VAL, PAPAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

THE society, whatever may be its name, which affixes to houses the interesting tablets telling us who have lived or died there, should keep its eye on No. 33, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, London, for as lately as the 10th October, 1865, was born there His Eminence Cardinal Rafael Merry del Val, the one and only Secretary of State of Pius X., Sovereign of 400,000,000 willing subjects, embracing every nationality, colour and tongue.

The accident of his birth in London is not the only connection which the Cardinal has with the United Kingdom. His father, then Secretary at the Spanish Embassy, is descended from an Irish family who emigrated to Spain from Ireland at the end of the seventeenth century; hence the name "Merry."

On his mother's side also he is connected with Britain. His grandmother was Miss Sophia Willcox, eldest daughter of the late Brodie M'Ghie Willcox, Member of Parliament for Southampton. His first schooling he received at Baylis House, near Slough, an excellent school kept by the well-known Butt family. When he was ten years old the scene of his education shifted to Namur and Brussels, his father having meanwhile become Spanish Ambassador to Belgium. He returned again, however, to complete his education in England, spending two years in philosophy at the well-known Catholic college, Ushaw College, Durham, where he remained until October, 1885. He seems at no point of his school career to have earned the reputation for brilliancy—well conducted and industrious was the most that was said of him.

In amusements he developed into a good cyclist and a really excellent shot. He was fond of riding and had a pretty taste for dancing—so much so, that when, at the age of twenty, he told his parents of his desire to adopt a religious life, his mother had to warn him, with mock gravity, that his dancing days were over.

His desire was to enter the Jesuit Order, with the ambition of being sent to one of their Missions in the East of London, but his father having presented him to his Holiness Pope Leo XIII., the venerable Pontiff, a great judge of men, at once insisted upon his father sending him to the Accademia dei Nobile Ecclesiastici. Here he acquitted himself with credit, and obtained a degree in philosophy, theology and canon law. His entrance into the Accademia was no doubt intended as a compliment to his distinguished father, who has in succession been Ambassador to Belgium, Austria and the Holy See for the Court of Spain; but his subsequent rapid promotions are no doubt due to Leo XIII., who recognised the talents possessed by Merry del Val, who from this time seems to have impressed every one with whom he

came in contact as a young man of singular promise.

His promotion was rapid. He was first of all appointed one of the *Camerieri Segreti*, and as such he accompanied Mgr. Ruffo Scilla in 1887 to represent the Holy See at the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. A few months later with Mgr. Galimberti he attended the funeral of the Emperor William I. In 1888 he represented the Holy See on the occasion of the Jubilee of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and on three occasions was appointed by the Queen Regent of Spain as religious instructor to her daughters, and he prepared the present King for his Confirmation. These appointments, like his visit to London as representative at the Coronation of Edward VII., were no doubt more honourable than responsible, but as time went on the confidence shown in him by Leo XIII. increased.

In 1892 he was appointed *Camerieri Segreto Partecipante*, which entailed his taking up his residence within the Vatican itself, with an apartment in close proximity to that of the Holy Father, a member of whose family he thus became. A few years later he was appointed to the responsible and onerous position of Secretary to the Special Commission appointed to examine into and determine the validity of Anglican Orders. This may be called his first responsible appointment. The Commissioners were unanimous in their appreciation of the able manner in which he discharged his duties. His minutes, drawing together and digesting as they did the daily discussions of the Commission, were regarded as extraordinary in their faithfulness and lucidity.

In 1897, when Canada was ablaze from end to end over the burning question of the Manitoba Schools, Merry del Val was selected by Pope Leo XIII. to visit and study the question on the spot, and report to the Holy See on the matter. His visit to Canada was a noteworthy success and marked an epoch in its religious history. It was only to be expected that he would be well received in the Catholic Province of Quebec, but the singular personal enthusiasm which he kindled everywhere turned his visit into a triumph. To the English-speaking population he appeared the cultured Englishman, while the French found that he spoke their language quite as perfectly as themselves, and at the Laval University and the great seminaries he somewhat astonished his audiences, on orations in Latin being addressed to him, by at once replying, with the utmost fluency, in the same tongue. His reception in the Protestant Provinces was scarcely less cordial, his charm of manner and fine presence winning all hearts. At Ottawa both

parties vied with each other in showing him respect and consideration, and at Toronto the Cabinet gave him a public reception which was attended by members of all faiths and creeds.

In connection with his visit to Toronto an amusing incident occurred. Whilst journeying in the Catholic Province of Quebec, he was, in accordance with custom, at liberty to wear the somewhat gorgeous dress of a Monsignor. In Ontario, a Protestant Province, the custom is different, and a Catholic clergyman, as in England, wears broadcloth and the plain Roman collar in the street. However, through an accident, his luggage containing the plain garments miscarried, and he realised that he must involuntarily break the law, and suggested that he should turn back. This was not to be heard of, and during his sojourn in Toronto he appeared in his Monsignorial robes without exciting the least adverse criticism. In fact, his picturesque appearance seemed to be approved.

The task he had to perform was one of singular difficulty for any diplomat, and especially for one so young. He had to inquire into the conduct and actions of men—his elders in years and superiors in ecclesiastical status; and if the rumours that were current had foundation, some of them were not particularly anxious that his mission should succeed. However such opposition may have stung him, he neither showed resentment, nor was he in the least overawed by it. His power of self-effacement, his singleness of purpose and energy, carried all obstacles, and his youth was soon forgotten and forgiven.

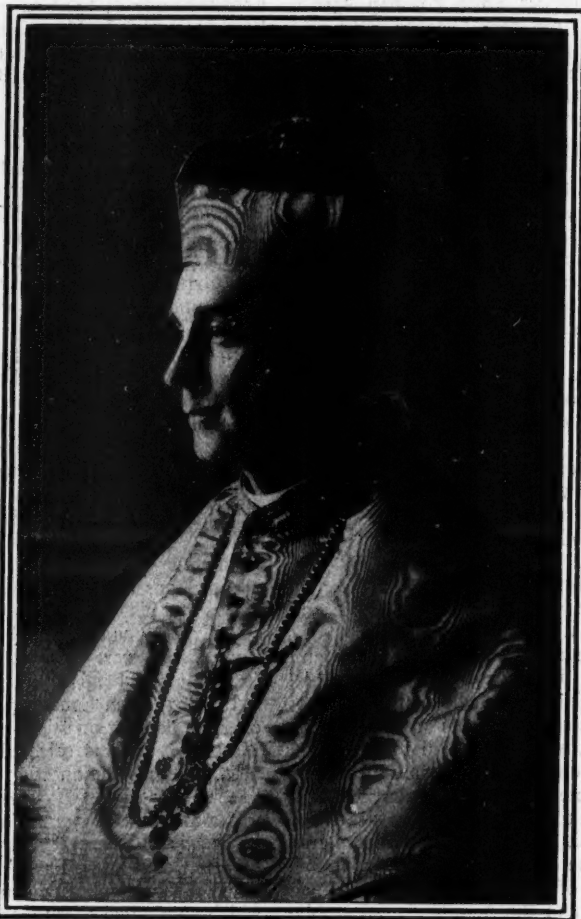
Many predicted the failure of his mission and the end of his career; some perhaps wished it. Even in

Rome men are but human. It was an absolute success. A *modus vivendi* was found between Church and State, and the internal peace of the Church was secured by the appointment of a permanent apostolic delegate. Catholic priest or layman, instead of a tedious and expensive appeal to Rome, now receives justice at his door.

The circumstances immediately leading to the appointment of Cardinal Merry del Val to the high office of Secretary of State are so peculiar that some of the faithful trace in them the finger of Providence. The dying Pontiff nominated Mgr. Volpini to be Consistorial Secretary, but he died a few days before the Holy Father, and the knowledge of his death was kept from the Pontiff so as not to distress him. Had Mgr. Volpini lived, he would by right have been the Secretary of the General Congregation of the Sacred College which met to elect the new Pope.

Monsignor Volpini's death necessitated the election of a new Secretary, and the choice by the vote of the College of Cardinals, convened after the decease of the Pope, fell on Mgr. Merry del Val, who was thus brought into daily personal contact with His Holiness Pius X., to whom, on his election as Pope, Mgr. Merry del Val acted

as temporary Secretary of State pending a permanent appointment. One day, when Mgr. Merry del Val was leaving the Pope's room with a basketful of correspondence and papers which had just been dealt with, Pius X. called him back and handed him another letter, remarking casually, "Monsignor, this is also for you." Mgr. Merry del Val pushed it into his pile and passed to his own apart-



Photograph by)

Cardinal Merry del Val.

[Elliott and Fry.

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ment, where he began to go through the various papers and letters. In due course he took up the last letter handed to him, and to his surprise, indeed to his horror, found that this letter, written by the Pope's own hand, appointed him permanent Secretary of State, informing him further that the capability he had shown for the delicate task, his devotion to his work and absolute self-negation in all that he had undertaken under the Pope's eye, had convinced His Holiness that he need look no further for a competent Secretary of State. The shock was so great that it caused him to almost lose consciousness, and a friend who was in the room ran to his assistance, snatching the letter which had so affected him from his hand—and thus its contents became known.

Of Merry del Val's suitability for the post there can be no doubt. The son of a distinguished diplomatist, he has spent the last twenty years in the greatest school of diplomacy in the world. Other Sovereigns can back up their diplomacy by force, but the Pope has no second weapon. It is doubtful whether any modern diplomatist has ever started better equipped for his task. His wonderful gift of languages places him in a position of superiority over all his predecessors. Spanish is his mother tongue; English he speaks as an Englishman, French like a Frenchman, and he also has a fluent command of German. Italian he speaks without accent, and he has become so much to be regarded as one of themselves that there was no feeling of opposition from the Italians to his appointment to a post they had always regarded as belonging to an Italian. He is the first Cardinal Secretary of State who has been able to deal with Catholics of the Anglo-Saxon race in their own language, and this has been, perhaps, a large factor in his appointment. He is an indefatigable worker and a man of strong character. He has a temper kept well in control, which betrays itself sometimes by the appearance of an indignant flush on his face and by a flash from his dark eyes.

Those who know the Cardinal best assert that he is a man of broad mind and deep human sympathies. On the other hand, there is no doubt that on one subject at any rate, viz., the Semitic question, he is not entirely free from prejudices which are said to have their origin in a curious family tradition connected with the death of an ancestor. That there will be any great change in the general policy of the Vatican is not likely; but Cardinal Merry del Val will greatly disappoint his admirers if he makes no attempt to bring its methods more up to date. He has already introduced shorthand writing and typewriters in the Vatican, and there are actually rumours of telephones, elevators and electric light.

There is one side of his life that is but little known, but upon which it is pleasant to dwell—and that is his private life as a priest in Rome. The position of *Camerieri Segreto Partecipante* is not unlike that

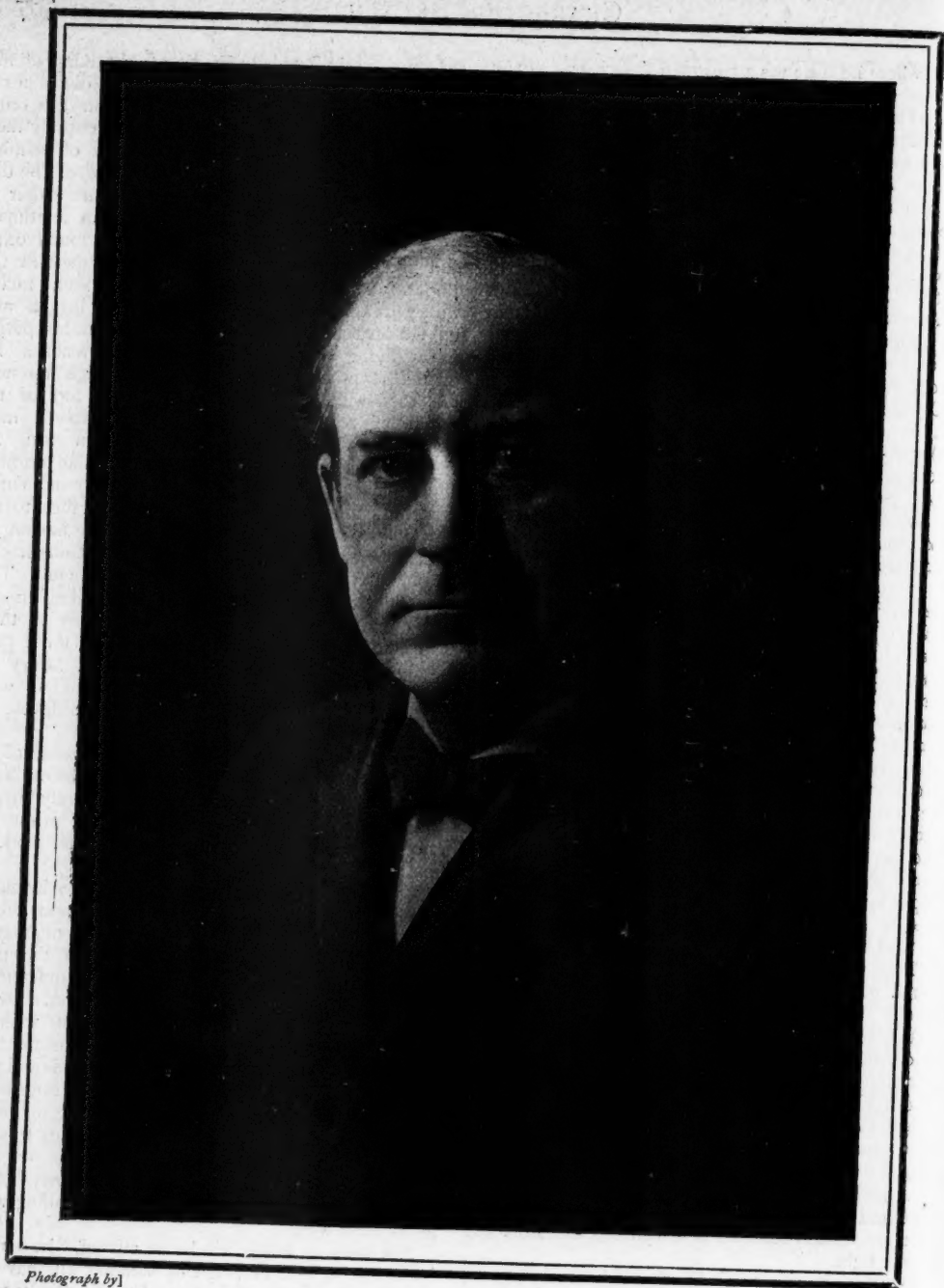
occupied by the Lords in Waiting to the King. They are busily occupied with distinguished duties for a certain number of hours a day, but, on the other hand, they have ample leisure which is entirely their own to dispose of. Nobody would think of blaming a young ecclesiastic who, when the duties of the day were finished, should consume that leisure either in visiting his friends or in private study or legitimate recreation; but Mgr. Merry del Val has found other and greater uses for it. His duty finished in the Pope's apartment, he may often be seen racing with youthful vigour along the frescoed loggias and up the marble staircases of the Vatican, his purple robes flying behind him, until he reaches his own little private apartment situated high up near the roof with an outlook on to the top of the porch of St. Peter's. A hasty and ascetic meal consumed, the purple robes are thrown aside for the plain black soutane, and in less than half an hour from leaving the Pope's apartment Merry del Val is hastening along the streets across the Tiber to the Trastevere, where the great work which he has organised amongst the poorest of the poor of Rome has its headquarters in the poor boys' school and club. This club, developed by him for years with unfailing energy, now contains hundreds of members, many of them saved from ruin by its influence. With these poor urchins and their families Mgr. Cardinal Merry del Val is a hero and a saint. This is the kind of work to which, beyond others, he would wish to devote his whole life.

Time after time he has begged permission of his superiors to be allowed to leave the paths of diplomacy, along which he has been reluctantly driven, and take up the hard life of a working priest, but Leo XIII. felt that the Church had other work for him, and his petitions were refused.

It was not only in the Trastevere that he laboured. He had his confessional at San Silvestro, and later at San Giorgio, and late into the night numberless penitents, many of them the poorest of the poor, might be seen waiting their turn at his confessional, seeking for his consolation and direction. It was characteristic that on November 9th last, when he was created a Cardinal, he substituted for the feast which new Cardinals usually offer their friends and relations a banquet for his poor penitents and boys in the Trastevere. Sorrow was mingled with the joy of the occasion, for the banquet was a final parting from his poor friends. The arduous duties of his new post will leave, alas, no leisure for Cardinal Merry del Val to pursue further this side of his priestly calling which he loves so well.

Not alone in Rome will he be missed. In our own New Forest, here in England, summer will have lost much of its charm for many friends now that the Cardinal can no longer spend his annual vacation there.

C. R.



Photograph by]

THE HON. W. JENNINGS BRYAN.

[Haines.

Ex-Democratic Candidate for the United States Presidency, who is on a visit to Europe.

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LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE NEUTRALISATION OF DENMARK.

PROFESSOR DE MARTENS' SCHEME.

IN the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the well-known international jurist writes on the subject of the possibility of neutralising Denmark and on the probable results of such an action. Enabled both by his vast experience and by his unique position in international affairs to judge of any such question in the best possible way, Professor Martens has also for many years thought over the Danish problem. Nor does the article express only his private opinion, since we read in a note that "in the spring of 1889, the author had occasion to raise in the very highest Russian Government circles the question of the neutralisation of Denmark. The memorandum which he drew up on this question was honoured by the most sincere and the most flattering sympathy. Modified somewhat by developments and necessary changes, that memorandum forms the basis of the present article."

Denmark, both because of its geographical position and because of the chain of circumstances which has led to its being the home of the European reigning family circles, possesses an opportunity for sanctioned experiment unobtainable elsewhere. It is very doubtful whether any of the great States connected by blood through their heads with the Danish sovereign would place great obstacles in the way of any reasonable desire on the part of Denmark.

WHY NECESSARY.

Professor Martens gives many good reasons why the neutralisation of Denmark should be considered necessary:—

By her good sense, her political manners, her national customs, founded on a sort of social probity, also by her boundless veneration for her old King and the Royal family, the little nation of Denmark has succeeded in conquering the deepest sympathies of all those who know her.

This idea of neutralisation is as keenly supported by the Danes themselves as it is by their foreign friends. The writer says:—

In Denmark herself the best patriots have seen in the question of the neutralisation of their country a practical means of safeguarding her integrity and her independence. Quite recently, thanks to the Hague Conference, this question has been discussed and examined from every point of view by the authorised organs of public opinion not only in Denmark, but in Sweden and Norway. In the last two countries the hope is entertained that the neutralisation of Denmark would inevitably be followed by the permanent neutralisation of the two Scandinavian States.

NEUTRALISATION ALWAYS A SUCCESS.

Professor Martens traces in an able manner the progress of the idea of national neutrality through history. Everywhere it has met with practical success, and this alone should encourage those who are

sceptical as to the practical nature of the project. Switzerland has remained neutral for more than a century, and in 1815 the allies declared in the Treaty of Paris that "the neutrality and inviolability of Switzerland, as well as her independence from all foreign influence, is conformable with the true interests of European politics." Since 1815 this neutrality has been scrupulously maintained, even during the wars which have raged near the Swiss frontiers. This neutrality is guaranteed by all the signatory powers of the Vienna Conference. Professor Martens points out very clearly in this connection that, whatever may be the additional reasons for the neutrality of a State, the voice of the people is the only foundation upon which such a state of affairs can be built.

Belgium became neutral in 1831. In the terms of the Convention "it will form a State independent and perpetually neutral within the indicated limits." This neutrality was guaranteed by the five Powers, who, in intervening in the Belgian revolution, thought it necessary to bring into being the kingdom of Belgium. In 1870, when Belgian neutrality was seriously menaced, Great Britain, as one of the guarantors, gave an absolute assurance against any possible violations of neutrality.

ITS ADVANTAGES.

"Neutrality," says Professor Martens, "gives to a State a special and exceptional position; during wars between other States it remains perpetually peaceful, and does not engage in hostility directly or indirectly. The neutralised State renounces every idea of conquest, every political ambition. It wishes to live in peace with all the world, and devote itself entirely to the moral and economic progress of its citizens. International politics do not exist for it, and its historical mission consists, for example, in the propaganda of peace and normal pacific progress. This conception of perpetual neutrality is founded on experience, and conforms to the highest aspirations of modern nations."

Denmark has the advantage that the possession of Copenhagen has never seemed so vital as did that of Constantinople when at Tilsit, in 1807, Napoleon and the Emperor Alexander redrafted the map of Europe. Many things Napoleon granted to Russia without comment, but when it came to be a question of Constantinople, he placed his finger on the map and said, "Constantinople, no! Never! It means the empire of the world."

BALTIC PRECEDENTS.

Already, in 1781, England, France, and Holland agreed in principle to the neutralisation of the Baltic. This agreement was later broken, but Professor Martens argues, and argues well, that now is the

time for something practical to be done in this direction :—

The only efficacious and practical means is the proclamation of the perpetual neutrality of Denmark, charged also perpetually with the rôle of guardian of the entrance to the Baltic. The neutralisation of Denmark must of necessity extend also to the Sund and the Belts.

To proclaim the perpetual neutrality of Denmark is to proclaim also her perpetual independence :—

Denmark has the incontestable right to declare of her own will her unshakeable determination to remain perpetually neutral, and not to intervene in any way in conflicts between foreign Powers. The two other Scandinavian States, Sweden and Norway, have the same right, and the right also of joining with Denmark in order to maintain their perpetual common neutrality. A declaration made in this form would command the same observance of the neutrality of these States as if it was guaranteed by the wish of the great Powers.

NEUTRAL DENMARK'S FUTURE.

The Danish nation, perpetually neutralised, would devote herself exclusively to her material social progress. She would remain her own mistress in her own territory, and she would continue to receive with the same hospitality all nations, under the express condition that they observe the laws of the country and respect the perpetual neutrality of Denmark. In the case of a war among foreign nations, Denmark would have no need to declare neutrality formally and to compel all vessels passing the Sund to respect her neutrality. All the nations would know in advance that this little country has nothing to do with international complications which may trouble the world's peace. Every accusation or suspicion that she wished to intervene in the combinations of the Powers would disappear and, in a word, the neutralisation of Denmark would be her defence and refuge."

Professor Martens goes on to develop his theme, and shows how the neutralisation of Denmark may well lead to further neutralisations of small States. In time these States would become a power in the world, all actuated by peaceful ideas and all in favour of arbitration. He quotes M. Léon Bourgeois' speech at the Hague, in which he said :—

That in conflicts of brute force, when it is a question of putting into line soldiers of flesh and steel, there are large natures and small, feeble and strong. When it is a question of throwing into the balance the swords of the conflicting Powers, one may be more heavy and the other more light. But, when it is a question of throwing ideas and rights into the balance, all inequality ceases, and the rights of the smallest and weakest weigh equally with the rights of the greatest.

Professor Martens is convinced that the small neutral States will be the most ardent adherents to the idea of disarmament and arbitration.

"OLD QUEBEC." By Gilbert Parker and Claude G. Bryan. (Macmillan and Co.) 15s. net.—An admirable volume, being an assimilation of the history of the ancient capital of Canada. Gilbert Parker paints Canada always with a sympathetic brush, and the result in this case is as true as anything he has done.

To young people about to be married, or who have recently been married, E. C. Harvey-Brooks' book on "MARRIAGE AND MARRIAGES," published by Longmans, Green and Co., may be recommended. The writer is well stricken in years, and this book is a parting word of help and counsel to those who are either about to marry or who are still in the early days of a married life.

JOE AS THE BRITISH BOSS CROKER.

By MR. FREDERIC HARRISON.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON, in the *Positivist Review* for December, declares that Mr. Chamberlain and his followers constitute an organised force of the evil elements in Society, and that every word used by the *Times* in denouncing Tammany Hall applies exactly to the Birmingham Protectionists and their Big Boss, whom Mr. Harrison regards as the British Boss Croker.

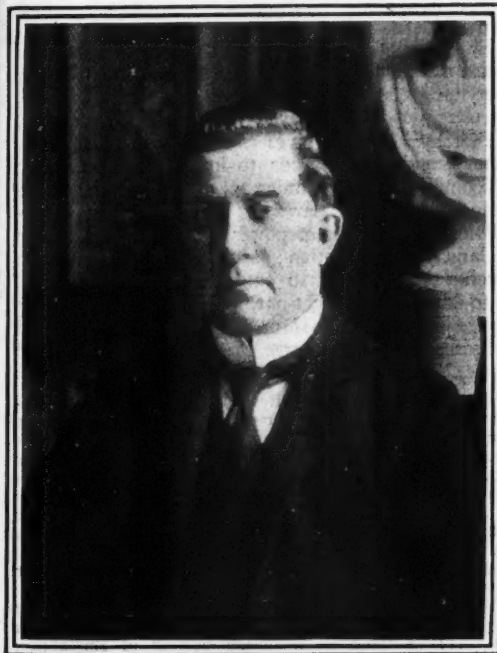
The Protectionist syndicate, engineered by Mr. Chamberlain, appeals to the greed of every "interest" in turn; its whole force comes from the prestige which Mr. Chamberlain has gained by years of bluster, assertion, chicanery, and prostitution of high office. By arrogance, by self-advertisement, by a glozing tongue, by underground arts, and by daring malpractices and secret plots in his own department, Mr. Chamberlain has made himself the pet of all "blackguardism of the nation." Mr. Harrison deplores that Mr. Chamberlain's opponents will not call a "Spade a Spade," or say what they think concerning this Moloch of our time. Those who feel certain that Mr. Chamberlain has been stumping this country with "a bagful of false assertions, cooked figures, rotten sophistries, malignant slanders, and swindling personal pledges," ought boldly to say so, and not to load him with compliments. It is true, says Mr. Harrison, that every argument has been refuted and turned inside out again and again, never was a political scheme so pulverised, riddled, and made ridiculous. But this is not enough. The rabble to whom the Birmingham swindle is addressed care nothing for sound reasoning or economic principles. If cool and honest men cannot now be convinced how rotten is the Birmingham scheme, how fraudulent are its statistics, how palpable are its tricks, they cannot be persuaded, though Cobden and Bright, Peel and Gladstone rose from the dead. What is now wanted is to break up the bubble reputation of the Arch Impostor himself, to show that his career has been one long story of mischief, fraud and failure. The only results of the political activity of "The greatest Colonial Secretary of our age" are a horrible war, South Africa a desert, and a babel of factions, "the Empire in danger," "Consols" sunk twenty-five, National Debt increased by about one quarter, and permanent expenditure increased by a third, if not doubled. And on the top of all a series of preposterous, impracticable, and irreconcilable nostrums. And yet, despite his mountain of bluster, trickery, and imposture—the thoughtless, the idle, and the greedy are all for "Our Joe" and the "South Sea Bubble" of the twentieth century.

MR. HUGH B. PHILPOTT contributes a second article in his series of "London School Board Pictures" to the *Leisure Hour*. In this he deals with schools for the deaf, and his article will be a revelation to many as to the completeness of the provision for the education of those suffering from this physical infirmity.

THE TRIUMPH OF TAMMANY.

BY WHICH EVERY NEW-YORKER COMES TO HIS OWN.

THE saying that every people gets the government that it is fitted for, is admirably illustrated by the interesting article which Mr. Sydney Brooks, under the title of "Tammany Again," contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* for December. Mr. Brooks dislikes Tammany and its methods as much as the most zealous Reformer. But he declares quite frankly that the only explanation of the success of Bossism is that



Mr. Murphy, Leader of Tammany.

it is the form of government most suited to the people of New York, the most after their own hearts, and, even in a sense, the best protector of their own interests. The occasional return of the Reform Party is, he declares, merely a temporary incident caused by some particular indiscretion of Tammany. But Tammany will always come back; it would never be driven out if it only practised its abominations without crying outrages; and it is in fact a real system of "popular" government dear to American hearts:—

After a residence of some years in New York, I find it difficult to doubt that the relaxed tone and the unrestricted license that prevail under Tammany's rule are really in consonance with the wishes and temperament of the majority of its inhabitants.

WHAT THE REFORMERS DID.

There is no other explanation of Tammany's triumph. The Reformers had everything on their side, except one thing—the sympathy of a people

which likes the profits and pleasures of corrupt rule. Their record was good. For twenty-two months Mr. Seth Low had provided the best Government that any American city had ever known:—

Industry, thrift, dispatch, a rigid guardianship of the public rights and the public treasury against corporations and contractors, and a spirit of sober enterprise and development, again found a place in the City Hall. Fundamentally, Mr. Low accomplished what he set out to do. He cleaned up the Tammany mess; he crushed the league between the police and crime and vice, on which Tammany had battered; he enforced the laws impartially; and he furthered a really extraordinary number of projects for the improvement of the health and convenience of the people, for the development of the city's resources, and especially for the redemption of the festering East Street.

But all that does not weigh one grain with New York. Tammany won by 60,000 votes; and no explanation is there of its victory save New York's love of lax rule. Tammany's win cannot even be explained by corruption. Of actual buying of votes there was very little, and it is impossible thus to explain the turn-over of nearly 100,000 votes. The causes are deeper.

THE FAILURE OF PURITANISM.

Mr. Brooks cites from an American writer who puts the truth plainly. This writer says:—

The "Puritan," the immoderately "good" citizen, is really Tammany's unconscious but most efficacious ally. "The refusal of the Puritan to 'compromise with vice' is, he says, Tammany's opportunity; and Tammany has never been slow to make the most of it. The Puritan arouses public sentiment; Tammany, holding office, sees to it that the law demanded by public sentiment is inserted upon the statute-book, and looks to the inevitable violations to supply the mainspring of its power."

HOW TAMMANY COMPROMISES.

Impossible laws find their way on the statute-book, and satisfy the American conscience by placing a formal condemnation on wickedness. But nobody wants them to be put in force; and Tammany, by neither resisting the laws nor putting them in force, satisfies both New York's conscience and its instincts:—

The Tammany method is, after all, the most consistent and the easiest. To the proprietor of the saloon and the gambling-den and the disorderly house, Tammany, through the mouths of its police officers, simply says, "Pay me so much a month and I will protect you." In the result, everybody is contented. The law remains on the statute-book, a glowing testimony to the "morality" of New York; it is not put into action, so nobody feels its inconvenience; and Tammany grows rich and is able to subscribe handsomely to a monument for Parnell, and "the suffering poor of Cuba," out of the proceeds of its non-enforcement. A league with vice? Yes, but a league that the idealism and hypocrisy of American politics have combined to make all but inevitable.

EVERYONE'S FAIRY GRANDMOTHER.

Other objections to Mayor Low, however, says Mr. Brooks, played a small part compared with "the decisive fact that the majority of New Yorkers actually and deliberately prefer the Tammany system to any other form of government." Everyone and everything, except virtue, profit from Tammany. It is not the scum of the city that keeps the Boss in power:—

Some of the New York papers expressed amazement at the number of wealthy, reputable citizens who voted for Tammany

on November 3rd. But the reason why they did so is surely obvious enough. There are in New York about 2,500 corporations that are subject to regulation by the law. Their fortunes are therefore no less dependent than the saloon-keeper's or the owner's of a gambling den upon the goodwill and "protection" of the city government. At this very moment the municipality of New York is prosecuting claims that amount to nearly £5,000,000 against various water, gas and electric lighting companies. The Reformers have been moving heaven and earth to bring these cases into court and press for judgment; Tammany, for a consideration, will abandon them. If you were a director or stockholder in one of these companies, very much intent on money-making, very little concerned in politics, for whom would you vote—the Reformers or Tammany? And even if you voted for the Reformers, would it not be a mere act of prudence to guard against accidents by a thumping contribution to Tammany's campaign fund? One is constantly told in New York that Tammany is good to the poor; it is also good to the rich, and the rich appreciate and reciprocate its kindness.

The East Side looks upon Tammany as a sort of infinitely multiplied Santa Claus, a centre of charity and benevolence, a mysteriously beneficent body that in return for a paltry vote will radiate good-fellowship and practical help, will pay a man's rent and doctor's bills, will give him a start in trade, or find a job for him in the municipal service, or "see him through" when he is in difficulties with the police. And Tammany unquestionably can and does contrive all this. It never forgets or "goes back on" a friend, and it is in the name, and also from certain points of view in the spirit, of friendship, that it pads the city pay-rolls and dumps down upon each department vast cohorts of its hangers-on. There is no need to ask whether a government that does this is popular.

NO MORE HOPE OF REFORM.

And Tammany has to-day better prospects of continued triumph than it ever had. The unblushing robbery of Tweed's time was too much for New York; but the more polished methods of to-day arouse almost as much amusement as indignation. It is only when Tammany goes too far, or rather too openly, that it imperils its success:—

Short of extremes of infamy, I should not care to set any limit to the forbearance of the average voter. If only Tammany has the sense to parade an outward decency, if only it will consent to stand astounded at its moderation, if it will but steal "on the quiet," and blackmail without too scandalous a publicity, then there is no reason why its tenure of office should ever come to an end. It knew before that New York suited it; it now knows that it suits New York.

AN IMPEACHMENT OF THE MONARCHY.

BY AN ANGLO-AMERICAN.

A WRITER signing himself "Anglo-American" contributes to the *North American Review* for November a very interesting article which he describes as "An Indictment of the British Monarchy." He begins by remarking the fact that England alone among the Great Powers has entered the twentieth century in a spirit of depression and foreboding. He sees signs of this in many directions. John Bull has gone from the extreme of self-sufficiency and national complacency to the depths of despair:—

Such a movement always runs to wildness and extremes at this or that point, as Mr. Chamberlain's revolt from Free Trade, a sign of pessimism and a confession of failure in itself, has already shown.

"Anglo-American" thinks it not surprising that the English should feel in doleful dumps:—

They see their Parliament slipping down almost to the Continental level of incapacity and public indifference; they see an

immense falling-off, actually and relatively, in the standard of administration; they see how politics are growing more and more an affair of friends, and of rich friends at that; they see, at a time when science is everything, their educational system made the battleground of theologians: they see the vast domination of privilege and vested interests and nepotism in the army, the consular and diplomatic services; they see, in short, a state where the career is not yet open to talent, where almost every form of inefficiency is condoned so long as it is not too palpably tainted with dishonesty. Among an astonishing number of Englishmen, the sight of all this has aroused something akin to a sense of desperation. An awakening is at hand, has, indeed, already begun, which, however crudely and with whatever mistakes, can only end in a re-adaptation of the national spirit and possibly of the national framework to the new needs of these changing times.

But although the English are dissatisfied with all their institutions, there is one great exception. While everything else is being criticised and condemned, no one proposes to lay a profane hand upon the Monarchy. This gives "Anglo-American" his chance, and he proceeds to impeach an institution which to the overwhelming mass of Englishmen has almost become a law of nature. He says:—"Politically, the direct power of the British Crown is largely a convention; socially, it was never so much a reality, never so extensive and so intensive, as to-day." This ought not, in his opinion, to be the case. The English Monarchy serves some good purposes; but it is worse than useless in the vital matter of efficiency. He says:—

The plain fact is that the English Monarchy is not an intellectual force. No stimulus radiates from it; it patronises naturally the wrong thing. England's instinct for mediocrity is already terribly keen, and stands in not the slightest need of the Royal imprimatur. It is, therefore, a double misfortune that the Monarchy, like the whole kingdom, should live contentedly in an atmosphere of mental sluggishness; that taste and thought and achievement should all be compressed by its influence into the obvious, the objectionably unobjectionable moulds; that the Court should hang like an oppressive fog to blind and stifle every free intellectual breeze.

But are these more or less indirect and intangible ways the only ways in which the Monarchy works to the detriment of England? I think an increasing number of Englishmen are coming to see that the Monarchy does an even greater disservice to the country by directly handicapping efficiency. It confirms that caste system and that caste spirit which are the "note" of British administration and the British social atmosphere.

The consequence is that in every British Ministry you find a wholly disproportionate number of places reserved for the aristocracy, whose title to them is based solely on the non-essentials of birth, manners and social position. Nobody pretends they are the best men for the offices they fill, or that the country receives from them anything like full value for its money. They are there simply because they are born in the purple and cannot be got rid of. I feel sure that if one could follow the workings of the caste system into their uttermost details, one would find that the hopelessness and servility bred by it are responsible for perhaps half the commercial inefficiency and unprogressiveness of England.

It is rather surprising to find after this sweeping condemnation of the Monarchy that "Anglo-American" is constrained to confess, as the last word of his article, that the only hope for our salvation is to be found in the throne. He says, "The Monarchy must lead England into the path of efficiency; but, to do so, it must first become efficient itself."

THE FISCAL FIZZLE.

THE BIG AND LITTLE LOAF.

In the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. W. H. Mallock compares the tradition of the big and little loaf with a solar myth. He declares that there is only a faint substratum of truth in the belief that the repeal of the Corn Laws marks the real division between cheap and dear bread. His article is illustrated with several diagrams, the effect of which is to show that the high price of wheat in the early part of last century was brought about by other causes than the import duty; and that the low price to-day is due mainly to increase of production in America and elsewhere. The real famine prices ended in 1823, and never returned; and wheat rose to a higher price during the Crimean War than it was at for many years before the Repeal. But nobody ever denied this; the point is that wheat even now is dear enough, and that, even if it must rise, owing to the causes with which we cannot interfere, that is no reason for accentuating the rise artificially.

Mr. Mallock, however, does not take this point of view. He estimates that 1½d. per head per week would be the cost of a duty of even fourteen shillings a quarter, and asks, Is that a high price for saving our agriculture from ruin? Mr. Mallock forgets that the whole Chamberlain case rests upon the assumption that even a much smaller duty would flood this country with Canadian wheat, and therefore our agriculture would not be "saved from ruin" at all.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF RETALIATION.

Mr. Shaw Lefevre contributes to the same review a searching examination of Mr. Balfour's declarations about retaliation. He points out that the two nations which place the most prohibitive duties on our goods are precisely those against which we cannot retaliate (according to Mr. Balfour), as both Russia and the United States send us mainly food and raw materials. We should therefore be in the paradoxical position of retaliating only against nations like Germany, which do not tax our goods with anything like the same severity. Mr. Lefevre shows that the retaliatory policy has always failed on the Continent; and he compares Mr. Balfour's declarations with his former vague bimetallist proposals:—

We may await without fear the production of Mr. Balfour's scheme. Just as, in the case of Bimetallism, the supporters of that foolish cause were able to gull the public with plausible and specious generalities, so long as they could avoid the production of a specific scheme, but were landed in contemptible failure when at last they propounded a scheme, so it may confidently be expected that the present specious promise of a retaliatory policy will not survive the production of a specific scheme.

A RETALIATION EXPERIMENT.

In the *World's Work* Mr. Henry Norman proposes a little experiment in retaliation on the principle that John Bull is in the position of an individual determined to try upon his own constitution the effect of a powerful drug concerning which the doctors differ, and that, therefore, he would be wise to begin with a small dose.

Thus, if John Bull wishes to try retaliation in a small dose, Mr. Norman shows him the method to be employed:—

In all probability a Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and Cuba will shortly be voted by Congress, and under this treaty British trade with Cuba will be placed at a disadvantage in comparison with American trade. But Parliament has the power, which Mr. Balfour desires should be placed in the hands of the Government, to pass any fiscal law it thinks proper in such cases as this; and as the Government has a large majority in Parliament, Mr. Balfour has the power he desires. Therefore, I suggest, that when Parliament meets he should at once cause to be passed a Bill imposing heavy retaliatory duties upon Cuban tobacco, wherever manufactured.

Mr. Norman, "as one who cannot discover that retaliation has ever promoted trade," believes that the experiment would be foredoomed to failure.

Mr. J. A. Spender, who, as editor of the *Westminster Gazette*, bears so notable a part in the fiscal fray, contributes a valuable article to the *World's Work* on "Some Practical Points and their bearing upon Business and Commerce." After touching on seven special points he concludes with a caution that while Free Traders may accept for the sake of argument the Protectionist assumption that exports are the measure of commercial prosperity, they must remember that it is often only an imperfect test:—

The home market remains by far the greater interest, and there are occasions when increasing exports may even be a sign of trade depression. It is by no means certain that this is not the case at the present moment.

AN EXTREME CONSERVATIVE VIEW.

Mr. J. M. MacLean, writing on "The Political Upheaval in England," in *East and West*, gives vent to views interesting from their extremeness, but hardly likely to find much favour with the Colonial reader. He says in effect, what is perfectly true, that the Colonies are apt to think first of their own interests. "We gave them Free Trade, but they had no sooner got self-government than they set up Protection to shut out English manufactures." "Even the boasted trade of the Colonies with the Mother Country is artificial and unreal. India buys our goods in immense quantities, and pays for them with her own money. India, therefore, is a real bulwark of the Empire. But the imports of Australia and the Cape from the Mother Country are chiefly paid for with the hundreds of millions of capital which these enterprising Colonies borrow from us on the London Stock Exchange. Truly, except for the name of the thing, our Colonial Empire is hardly worth having."

THE WESTERN CANADIAN VIEW.

Mr. R. P. Roblin, Premier of Manitoba, contributes to the *North American Review* an article on the Western Canadian point of view, which, needless to say, is one of approval. Mr. Roblin says that the acceptance or rejection of Mr. Chamberlain's proposals means the advancement or retarding of her development by at least two decades. He suggests that we should impose a grain tariff of two shillings a quarter, and give Canada a preference of half that amount, retaining the other shilling for the benefit of

home agriculturists. But as Mr. Roblin declares that prices are not affected at all by such a duty, it is hard to see where either the Canadian or home grower would benefit. Mr. Roblin says that Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, if carried out, will attract a large population to the colony.

INDIA AND PREFERENTIAL TARIFFS.

Sir Charles Elliott, writing on this subject in the *Empire Review*, considers a system of preferential tariffs would, on the whole, benefit both India and this country.

COLONIAL OPINION ON THE FISCAL QUESTION.

The editor of the *Empire Review* devotes an article to this neglected side of the question. He deals, however, mostly with the Colonial Conference in 1887 in Downing Street, and easily proves his contention that the sense of those present was distinctly favourable to fiscal union.

THE TRUTH ABOUT GERMAN EXPORTS.

Mr. Edouard Bernstein contributes to the *Contemporary Review* an article packed full of figures on "The Growth of German Exports." He denies that this growth is due to Protection, which, as it is alleged, enables German manufacturers to obtain high prices at home, and sell at less than cost price abroad. It is impossible to practise this policy in any large number of trades for a long period; and it is also difficult to do it in the absence of syndicates, whereas in most German exporting industries there are no syndicates at all. The only trades that can dump at less than cost price are those which enjoy a real monopoly at home; and these are the trades that produce raw and half-made-up material. Mr. Bernstein declares that the real origin of Germany's industrial growth is the greater attention paid to public instruction:—

It is the greatest mistake to believe that the increase of the German exports is due to her Protectionism. The greatest items in her exporting list—coals, cotton goods, woollen goods, machines—are either not protected at all, or are more damaged than benefited by the Protective duties. And the greatest increase took place when the Protective duties had been lowered.

PROTECTION AND SHIPBUILDING.

The *Independent Review* contains a no less conclusive repudiation of the benefit of Protection in one of our most important industries. This article is by Mr. J. M. Denny, M.P., and deals with the shipbuilding industry, needless to say authoritatively. Mr. Denny declares that his own industry stands to lose much and gain nothing by Mr. Chamberlain's scheme. If the price of living is increased, the increase of wages which Mr. Chamberlain promises would hamper the industry, which cannot rely upon increased orders from abroad, as we already build every ship required for our Colonies and India, while in no case will foreign nations allow their shipbuilding industries to be destroyed for the purpose of giving us more work. Protective duties on imported steel would raise the cost of shipbuilding and be tantamount to a bounty to foreign competitors.

SWEDEN AND PROTECTION.

Mr. Chamberlain recently cited Sweden as a Protectionist Paradise for working people. Mr. E. H. Bayley, writing in the *New Liberal Review*, quotes the following passage from the *Goteborg Posten* to show that his information was an agreeable surprise to the Swedes themselves. The extract runs:—

The last thing which any Christian soul here would have dreamed of is that Protectionist Sweden would one fine day be held up by England's most influential and popular statesman as an argument that Free Trade England should put faith in Customs duties as its only salvation. Chamberlain was very careful not to mention that Sweden under Protection has become one of the dearest countries in the world to live in, whereas Free Trading Denmark is one of the cheapest, where prosperity is unusually evenly spread over all classes, and where the popular contentment is unusually great even in these times of general discontent. This Mr. Chamberlain entirely forgot to mention.

REAL COBDENISM.

Mr. Franklin Thomasson contributes to the same Review a brief article on "The Retaliation Fallacy," in which he shows that the benefits of Free Trade are sure, whether it is one-sided or not:—

Protective tariffs, if they do not raise prices, do not benefit the trade they are designed to protect. If they do so benefit it, either competition for the increased profits will result in more trade at no greater profit, or else, by making possible a combination of capitalists now freed from foreign competition, the tariff must result in high prices to the consumer, and high profits to the capitalist.

THE PROPHECY OF COBDEN.

Mr. T. Artemus Jones, in the *Liberal Review*; has no difficulty in showing from Cobden's speeches and writings that he did not regard Free Trade as a good thing only if other nations adopted it:—

(1) Cobden hoped Free Trade had ushered in the dawn of international peace; (2) he believed that European tariffs on foreign corn would be lowered in five years; and (3) the principal European countries did, as a matter of fact, lower their tariffs from 1850 to 1870. The dominant idea running through these pages is clearly that universal Free Trade must come with universal disarmament. How do these facts bear on the point so persistently raised by the Prime Minister and the ex-Colonial Secretary? At no time, upon no occasion, did Cobden utter a sentence to warrant the assumption that Free Trade was a bad thing for England unless other countries adopted it.

AN ALTERNATIVE POLICY.

Mr. Emerson Bainbridge, in the *New Liberal Review*, argues that the real remedies for any evils we suffer from, or are threatened with, are to be found in social reform, in education, in outrooting intemperance, and in greater enterprise on the part of our traders.

ECONOMICS OF EMPIRE.

The *National Review* this month has another instalment of "The Economics of Empire," which runs to sixty-two pages. The writer deals with "Preference and the Food Supply." He begins by declaring that the Corn Laws were repealed as the result of an immense error of national calculation; and ends as follows:—

The maintenance of Cobdenism must put in the long run a premium on separation. We can have free imports without an Empire, but we can have no Empire without preference.

A MENACE OF SECESSION.

HOW CANADA REGARDS THE NEW IMPERIALISM.

JUDGED by its importance for Englishmen, the article on "Canada and the New Imperialism," which comes first in the December *Contemporary Review*, has a good right to its prominent place. The author of this article is Mr. E. Farrer; and the bent of his argument is that Canada is not Imperialist, is becoming less Imperialist, and in particular feels nothing but aversion for the developments of Imperialism which are associated with the name of Mr. Chamberlain.

CANADIANS AND ENGLISHMEN.

There is a great gulf fixed, says Mr. Farrer, between Canadians and Englishmen. The physical and mental outfit differs. The British Canadians are much more like Americans than like Englishmen, while the French Canadians are attached to their country where Englishmen are attached to their sovereign. French Canadian sentiment is loyal to England to the extent of not being consciously disloyal. But neither French nor British Canadians will have the New Imperialism. The French are particularly opposed to it, because they see as its object the uprooting of little nationalities within the Empire:—

To suppose that the French Canadian would voluntarily return to slavery and serve England whenever she saw fit to summon him against Germany, Russia, or France—he, who, with the key of Canada, the St. Lawrence River, in his possession, would be welcomed any day into the neighbouring Republic, taken into partnership, so to say, with Rothschild, is, according to his way of thinking, as wild a dream as ever entered an Englishman's head.

Mr. Farrer says that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's reluctance to contribute to the Imperial forces is based upon the fact that such a policy would annihilate his party in

Quebec; and that the English-speaking provinces are equally opposed to any such scheme. All the French and 75 per cent. of the British Canadians would resist any such attempt, and would resist equally any narrowing of the sphere of Canadian self-government. Mr. Farrer says:—

I venture to think, indeed, that Imperialists have done a good deal to weaken the British connection by bringing forward schemes that involve reactionary changes in our relations with Britain.

He ridicules the idea that we give any protection to Canada. Canada's territory and her shipping are liable to no attack except such as would result from her connection with us. Under the Monroe Doctrine only one Power could attack Canada, and that is the United States, against which England could not and would not protect her.

THE AMERICANISATION OF CANADA.

Mr. Farrer insists that the whole tendency is to increase Canada's solidarity with the rest of the American Continent and to operate against her solidarity with us. A Canadian thinks less of settling in the States than a Scotchman of removing to London, and there are now a million Canadians south of the frontier. In fact, owing to this cause the ten million dollars spent during the last thirty years in immigration work in Europe has had no result. Intellectually and socially, the two North American States are one. A Canadian who attains success in any intellectual department is annexed at once by the States; and even British news comes to Canada through American channels.

AGAINST FEDERATION.

Mr. Farrer ridicules the idea that any form of Imperial Federation is possible. This he calls the "sentimental vision of our Imperialist friends." Representation at Westminster would result either in the Colonies being always overruled, with an obvious bad effect, or the still greater anomaly of the Colonies dictating the policy of the Mother Country. Mr. Farrer might have added, as Mr. Chamberlain is trying to make them. He says:—"The whole theory of the New Imperialism rests on the flimsiest sort of underpinning."

The attempts made by the New Imperialists to attach Colonial politicians by distributing titles awakes his ridicule.

THE PREFERENTIAL SNARE.

For this Mr. Farrer has most contempt of all. He says flatly that whatever we may offer, it is absurd to think the Colonies will make any large concessions to the British manufacturer. Even as it is, thousands of factories exist in Canada whose owners are constantly complaining that they have not sufficient Protection against British goods. Moreover, Canada's demands from us would be without limit. Only the North-West would profit materially from preference in grain. The other provinces would, therefore, demand preference for their own particular products, which include all kinds of food and raw material.



Minneapolis Times.]

[Oct. 21.

MISS COLUMBIA (to Canada): "Never mind, dear, you will get that territory back when you become a member of my family."

JAPAN AND RUSSIA.

THE BONE OF CONTENTION.

MR. R. J. FARRER contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* a brief but picturesque account of his "Impressions of Korea." He lays stress upon the hatred which the Koreans feel for the Japanese, and declares that if the latter ever hold the country it will be in chains of conquest, not in bands of loyalty. The Koreans he regards as the stupidest, and at the same time the happiest, people in the world:—

The character of the Koreans is a riddle. They seem a race sovereignly indifferent to the changes and chances of this mortal life. They front life and death with the same uninterested placidity. Fate leads them onward, and they go quietly like cattle led to the shambles. Little wonder that the nations of the East have always treated them like cattle. Opportunity excuses tyranny. The Korean is a fine stout fellow with plenty of vigour, who takes pleasure in wild and brutal stone fights; and yet he is also a passive, silent dolt, who will allow himself, even when in force, to be beaten, bullied, and boxed by one Japanese so small that he almost requires a stool to reach his victim's ears. The Korean is not to be moved by love nor by hate. His pleasure in life is to go with his pipe to a hilltop, and there to sit all day in an unbroken silence. His memory is long and stolid, but without result in action. At present, if he had a feeling at all, it might be resentment for the queen murdered now ten years ago.

The Emperor of Korea has exchanged his fealty to China for a complicated slavery to most of the hotelkeepers in the remoter East. He is obsessed by a crowd of advisers to the throne, appointed by almost every European Power, and recruited from every possible rank of life. He has a further taste of Western blessings in the religious massacres that from time to time threaten his security by a sanguinary convulsion between Catholic and Protestant converts, with their pastors. Such a trouble is at present going forward in the interior with a zeal that may result at any moment in a revolution. The government as it now stands is a pure despotism tempered by abject poverty, and by many Western notions translated into the vernacular from his Majesty's Western advisers. In the domain of finance the waste is phenomenal, and bribery on the wildest scale governs the Emperor's ministers in every department. Torture and punishment are still barbarous. Literature and art can never be said to have existed in any developed forms—unless we make an exception in favour of the exquisite and delicate white porcelain that is quarried occasionally from the tombs of forgotten kings. The people is as it was two thousand years ago in its contemptuous indifference to life, to well-being, and to all the resources of prosperity.

WAR IMPROBABLE.

The menace of war in the Far East between Russia and Japan continues to attract the attention of review writers. Dr. Dillon's "Foreign Affairs" in the December *Contemporary* are chiefly Russo-Japanese affairs. Dr. Dillon does not believe in the alleged imminence of armed conflict. He speaks of "the recent acute stage of a chronic quarrel," and declares that the danger has receded, if not vanished.

Dr. Dillon thinks that the Japanese will not be so foolish as to go to war, as he holds they will certainly be worsted. Peace or war, the result is inevitable in Russia gaining her ends. At the same time he admits that Russia would at present find Japan a difficult mouthful, whereas in a year or so her position will be so much stronger that the difficulty will have disappeared. He says:—

Has Japan any chance of beating Russia on sea or land? Can she bear the strain even of a successful campaign? Can

she run the risk of defeat? And it is the obvious answer to these questions which causes her statesmen to curb the vehemence of the crowd. I have talked the matter over with some of the most prominent public men of Japan, and their view is that the matter is one of ways and means: the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. Thus the Japanese land forces are admirably disciplined, fearless to the point of foolhardiness, and endowed with wonderful staying powers over and above. But their numbers are limited, while those of Russia will give out only when means of transport fail. The Japanese nation is unfortunately as yet only an Empire in miniature. Given another fifty years with a free hand in China, Japan would hold her own against the world. To-day her very existence as a great Power is at stake.

Among the considerations which militate against a declaration of war by Japan are the want of money, the hopelessness of a single-handed onslaught on Russia, and the utter ruin which defeat would involve.

Dr. Dillon gives a melancholy account of the weak economic position of the Japanese, and declares that while war would merely mean for Russia a paying for luxuries, Japan would be risking her national existence.

BARON D'ESTOURNELLES ON THE ANGLO-FRENCH RAPPROCHEMENT.

WRITING in *La Revue* for November 15th, on "The Peace Movement and the Anglo-French Rapprochement," Baron d'Estournelles remarks that this *rapprochement* is full of promises or of deceptions, according to what we expect from it:—

Full of promises for those positive spirits who insist on seeing in it not a solution but a step forward, a happy change after so many years of misunderstandings. . . . This change certainly solves no problem, but it renders easier the solution of all problems; it gives an impulse to business, increases travel, buying and selling, and dissipates hostility. Commerce benefits by it to the extent of millions: and in the future, how shall we estimate the value of the moral advantages and the example given to so many other States, hitherto undecided?

As for the deceptions, they are great for those who flatter themselves that they are practical, and are in reality dreamers; those who imagine that the difficulties, always liable to arise between two great nations whose rival colonies are everywhere adjoining, can disappear as if by magic.

Such pessimistic people point at once to the present fiscal controversy. What is the use of *rapprochement* if England only builds a tariff wall against our merchandise? Baron d'Estournelles gives them some hard knocks:—

We must really begin to look facts in the face. England is the only Free Trade country against a whole Protectionist Europe, and not only Europe but America, even her own Colonies. . . . We must get used to the economic system of other States, as they get used to ours. Is not this exactly what we do with Russia? Does not she put such heavy duties on our products as indirectly to favour those of Germany, who is nearer her frontiers? And do we not try to put a stop to this inequality of treatment? Let us do the same with England; let us try to avail ourselves of this present *rapprochement* to prepare the best possible solution of the fiscal question as far as France is concerned.

Diplomacy, which had fears for its importance after the Hague Conference, may put those fears aside; it has still plenty to do. "For the bad feeling, sometimes even blind animosity, which so widely separated the Parliaments of London and Paris, when everything should have brought them together, we aim at gradually substituting a just realisation of common interests."

VICTOR EMMANUEL III.

ONE of the most interesting articles in the December *Contemporary Review* is that which "Ivanovich" contributes concerning our recent visitors, the King and Queen of Italy. It is a pleasant and, on the whole, favourable character sketch. Of the King, "Ivanovich" says:—

Victor Emmanuel III. is not more gifted than his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather with artistic sensibilities, and he is more the descendant of the last in his love of order, his mathematical preciseness of mind, his conception of duty, and his standard of personal deportment, than of Humbert, or of *Il Re Galantuomo*. But, like his grandfather, he has an eye for the beauty of a horse, and his stables are the best appointed of any in Europe. The pomps of the Catholic Church scarcely impress him, and he could never take in the works of the great musical composers of Italy. His father, in the way of music, only cared for the rat-tat-too of the drum, his grandfather for the French fanfare, and Charles Albert for the music of the cannon, which woke him up well and pulled him out of himself.

He is extremely *irredentist*, but after the fashion of his forefathers, who sought to eat the Italian artichoke leaf by leaf. His mind from infancy has been imbued with the history of the House of Savoy, which he regards as a predestined house, and he is on the watch for circumstances favourable to an *irredentist* policy, with the help of France and Russia, or of Germany, or even the assassins of Belgrade. He remembers how an ancestor wore the crown of Cyprus, and that the Venetian Cornara held that island, and that Venice, to draw it from the ownership of Catherine Cornara, made her their Doge. I do not imagine that Victor Emmanuel thinks of adding Cyprus to his crown, so long as it is well governed, or Great Britain (retaining her present strength) cares to keep it. He would be more keen on the recovery of Nice and Savoy. In his opinion, the territory of the world being incapable of increase, the Powers will always have to be vigilant conservators of their real estate, and lose no chance of acquiring more. He therefore attaches great importance to military competence.

DOMESTICITY ENTHRONED.

And of the Court and Queen:—

The former Court of Italy reproaches the present with too domestic tastes. Queen Margaret played the part of a main-spring in social, literary, artistic matters, in giving industrial impulses by setting fashions, in patronising the movement for higher education for the daughters of the upper classes, and in bringing into elementary schools for girls teachers of small handicrafts. She acted so smoothly that her hand scarcely appeared in the many affairs to which she turned it. She reconciled the upper classes of those different Italys, the great cities, to unity under the House of Savoy. The old Court speak of the King and Queen as preferring the small apartments to the large, and conforming to bourgeois ideals. This is unjust, for the young Queen appears nobly magnificent on gala nights at the Opera, when she receives Imperial or Royal visitors, and on all state or stately occasions. She has become a marvellously handsome woman, and does not seem too tall under the high pitched ceilings of the Italian palaces.

THE KING AND HIS VISITORS.

The following observations of the King's demeanour are probably based upon personal experience:—

The private apartments of the King of Italy are on the second floor of the Quirinal looking towards the Barberini Palace. A visitor is taken up a private stair by General Brusati, or some other aide-de-camp in waiting, and shown to a seat in an ante-room, where he awaits his turn for an audience. When it comes round the general opens a door, bows low, and the person to be next received enters a small room, with white walls, decorated with eighteenth century gold mouldings and furnished with red chairs in gilded frames. The King is standing. He

has a military air, and the habits of mental tension and of the habitual strain on his power of insight to read what is hidden in the recesses of the brain, are stamped on his countenance. He moves easily, points with a gentlemanly and polite gesture to a chair, sits down himself, and opens the conversation also with ease. As he does not smoke he has not the resource of breaking the ice with a cigar when he knows the visitor well and suspects that the matter which brought him may be embarrassing for both. The King made up his mind when a mere lad not to smoke, because he saw that the abuse of the cigar had had a bad effect on his father's health. He is a good linguist, though he speaks French less well than the Queen, and is familiar with all the dialects of Italy. He is apt to speak to French visitors in the third person, a courteous Italian custom in the higher classes.

"Ivanovich" says that the King is terribly afraid of being laughed at, and never receives a stranger of distinction without learning of his pursuits and reading up subjects connected with them:—

He abhors chatter, seeks to draw out those to whom he grants audiences on the subjects which he thinks they best understand, and confesses that he likes people to talk "shop." Osio taught him to take his life in his hand.

THE STORY OF HIS MARRIAGE.

His devotion to domestic life is a marked feature in his character. His family life is beyond reproach; he is economical and a good manager; and, finally, he married for love, under what circumstances "Ivanovich" retails in the following passage:—

The Prince of Naples went to Venice. He saw there a girl, simple and gracious, sweetly serious, entirely free from the coquetry of which he had seen too much at Naples, tall, slim, with a figure that would have matched those of the caryatides of the Erechtheum on the Acropolis, and with amber complexion and eyes just as dark as his nurse's. They differed greatly, however, from the ardent eyes of Maria Maista, which expressed passion only; those of Helen of Montenegro expressed sentiment and pensiveness; they had the softness of velvet, set round with glowing embers, and they could beam like the sun's rays in spring. She spoke French like a Parisian, had played the violin by ear when a child, and had perfected this talent under a professor, who said the year before that she had no further need for his lessons. The young princess went on to St. Petersburg. The Tsar Alexander died; the Princess of Hesse decided to enter the Orthodox Church, and the new Tsar married her. Helen's relations could no longer hope to see her Empress of Russia; but as she had become enamoured of Italy, she did not share their disappointment, for something whispered to her of the impression she had made at Venice, and she preferred the orange groves along the Mediterranean and the interesting or enchanting cities of Italy to the birch and pine woods on the shores of the Baltic. She scarcely regretted losing the Imperial Crown of Russia. It is not true that she conveyed indirectly to the Prince of Naples her sentiments, hopes and fears, by means of poems published in the *Nadalia*, a Russian literary review; but a sweet sonnet on Venice, fresh as a summer's morning, from her pen appeared in that periodical. Venice appeared to her the city of poetry and romantic love, and the Prince of Naples read this sonnet, which somebody sent him from Lucerne, with an Italian translation. It contained no declaration, such as that given in *La Vision*—attributed, but wrongly, to Helen, and given in the same review. The Queen of Italy has a delicate touch, vibrating sensibilities, ease, and a musical ear in writing poetry. She is, as in all else, free as a poetess from affectation.

THE *Gentleman's Magazine* for December contains several articles of interest. Mr. Van de Velde writes on Bret Harte, and Mr. H. Sheffield Clapham retails vividly the amazing life of François Villon.

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE.

WHAT with Royal tours, Parliamentary tours, and arbitration treaties, the cause of international union never looked so bright as to-day. It has even penetrated the monthly reviews, those hoary citadels of dislike of anything savouring of idealism in politics. Mrs. Emily Crawford proclaims it aloud in the December *Fortnightly Review*. Mrs. Crawford declares that Europe is now ripe for federation, and she implies that had it not been for the war of 1870, it might have been realised ere now.

THE INTERNATIONALISATION OF THOUGHT.

Europe, Mrs. Crawford points out, is not half so divided as its statesmen are :—

European middle-class minds are united in scientific knowledge and faith. They have received an almost identical high-school and university training. Their different patriotisms—I would lay great stress on this remark—are of similar quality; ideal and historical, very different from the realistic patriotism of newer countries. Europeans are growing cosmopolitan; a Frenchman and an Englishman are more alike than their fathers were. They are bound closer than ever by business relations, and see one another in their holiday travels. They read in all the capitals the news of the day telegraphed from their own country. Every high-class author now has a European public, though he write in such a high latitude as Norway. The king of European critics, Brandes, lives at Copenhagen. Tolstoy declares his gospel *urbi et orbi* from his remote country house of Yasnaya Polyana. When Castelar lived, his warm eloquence stirred all Europe. Darwin and Herbert Spencer are foreigners nowhere. The Socialist economists write for the European millions. Labour congresses and conferences hasten the process of denationalisation. Railway traffic suffers from State frontiers, and shareholders would be glad if they were blotted out. The burden of vast armies and navies becomes intolerable to all classes. Theological dogma has died out among leaders of thought, and it is all but dead among the middle and even working classes, though outward conformity may long remain—as it remains in Japan, where beliefs have died out too.

THE COMING FEDERATION.

My forecast of Europe is federation. The lessons of the Boer War and the commercial competition of the United States bid Europe to federate. Submarine destroyers will work in this direction. Russia wants quietly to digest her more recent acquisitions.

A universal impulse in favour of peace may be felt everywhere on this continent. The action of three monarchical States in sending squadrons to Algiers to salute President Loubet is a hopeful sign. Europe has been lopsided since 1871; firstly, under the diplomatic supremacy of Bismarck; and, secondly, under the effect of the Russian-French alliance, which has been more or less of a mystification for the French.

Europe is manifestly recovering her balance. France sees that she has drawn too many chestnuts out of the fire for Russia, and is sick of militarism. She would gladly revert to her eighteenth-century status, when she had an intellectual sway and was supreme in art and fashion from the Neva to the Tagus. She does not ask better than to refer troublesome international questions to the Hague Conference.

Nothing short of a revolution has taken place since the death of President Faure in French ideas about military prowess and glory. The French begin to feel that they are too good for the rough colonial work of the world, and that, in adding themselves to art and science chiefly, they can hold an enviable primacy in the world. Americans should not imagine that Europeans are their inferiors. The nations of the old world are chained down by survivals of the bad old times, by vested interests based on birth privileges and monopolies, and by the disunion

among the European peoples which necessitates big armies. Circumstances render Americans free of all these fetters.

When a European can follow an avocation without any let or hindrance, he does as well as the best American, and may do better, on the very high peaks of intellect, whether in science or in literature. Berthelot has no parallel anywhere. Marconi and Hertz equal Edison—to put it very mildly—and Lord Kelvin is illustrious as an inventor.

The emancipation of Europe from the military incubus would free her genius, give it wings, and enable it to soar to heights yet undreamt of. Hope and joy could not but stimulate the sense of beauty, so strong in most European races, and better material conditions give scope to warm-hearted, generous sentiment. The European man or woman values happiness more than great wealth—a state of mind that helps the artist, author, or scientist, and is the beginning of wisdom. The French and the Germans enjoy more than the British, save the Scotch, the use of their higher intellectual faculties. The Spaniard is happy in feeling he has a highly-wrought soul, and Italy is a country of great mental and aesthetic capabilities. The neutral States are forward in the production of middling people and a decent working class population, but are not distinguished for high thought. A small country breeds small minds. Ibsen, however, relieves Norway from this reproach, and Maeterlinck Belgium. Denmark boasts of a great critic, Brandes. Nobel, whose peace prizes have rewarded the efforts of Frédéric Passy and Ducommun, was a Swede. He looked forward to a federated Europe, but never hoped to see it.

THE JEWS, THE TSAR, AND TOLSTOY.

Mrs. Crawford thinks that the Jew is one of the most powerful factors making for federation :—

He is cosmopolitan by heredity, instinct, and interest, by his keen sense of the madness of war, and his insight into individual character. The Jews rule in the newspaper office, in the theatre, and in politics.

And she even thinks that Nicholas II. has obtained some of his love of peace from the one of his subjects who represents, in everything that relates to external position, his antithesis :—

I have before me two portraits of Tolstoy, one taken last year and the other in 1855, when he served as a lieutenant in the Russian army. The former is as the gnarled oak, and bears the impress of intellectual emotions that rose to stormy height and violence. The earlier one reveals the genius of a thinker, but, as yet, nothing of the apostle. Its most striking feature is its resemblance to the present Emperor, and for this reason I now mention it. This fact may be due to some blood relationship that will for ever remain a mystery, or to the spirit of the time in which Tolstoy has been writing. Nicholas is a feminised and an abridged edition of the lieutenant whom the hellish conditions of the siege of Sebastopol transformed into a seer and apostle of humanity.

This resemblance is a sign, I take it, of an affinity of some sort between the Tsar—a man of but middling intellect—and the great author of "Peace and War." This book may have sunk into the mind of Nicholas—it has probably done so—and aroused in him the ambition of winning, without usurpation, the name of the Pacific Tsar. His manifesto which led to the Peace Conference of the Hague was at first taken by European diplomacy to be a huge mystification. It rather strikes me as the suggestion of the Tolstoyism that is abroad in Russia.

The family gatherings at the palace of the Danish King have been another powerful factor. The King of Denmark tasted the bitterness of war early in his reign; and his late Queen, Louise, was a pronounced advocate of peace ideas. "Their parental love for their children and, lastly, their love for Denmark made them long for the realisation of a popular dream: The United States of Europe."

THE MUSCOVITE BOGEY AGAIN.

ENGLISH DEMOSTHENES AND RUSSIAN PHILIP.

MR. EDWARD DICEY, C.B., excels himself in this month's *Nineteenth Century*. Comparing the Tsar to Philip of Macedon, and himself—by implication—to Demosthenes, he digs from its forgotten grave the corrupt corpse of our old friend the Russian Bogey, and tries to frighten us out of our lives. For this is the genuine, unmistakable Bogey of Crimean times, the creation of the lamented Mr. Urquhart, not the mere simulacrum of a Bogey that we have had of late. The latter-day Bogey is merely Russia absorbing Manchuria, intriguing in Persia, bribing Turks, and buying Afghans. The genuine Crimean Bogey is a much more terrifying spectre. It is a big, barbarous, ruthless, insatiable Empire, whose main ambition is to overrun and despotise Europe, crushing civilisation, thought, art, liberty—everything, in fact, that we pride ourselves on. I thought this particular Bogey was dead for ever. But there is no limit to the enterprise of the resurrection man.

THE BONES OF THE BOGEY.

Poor Mr. Dicey is frightened to death by the terrific successes of Russia during the last century. No other political event during that age is of any importance, he tells us, save in so far as it bears upon Russia's growth. She has the most homogeneous nationality in the world. She will neither fall to pieces or be revolutionised by the popular demand for constitutional government. She spreads where she conquers, neither higher civilisation nor morality, and she could not do so, as she possesses neither at home. "The moral darkness of Russia's rule is spreading continuously over the face of the terrestrial globe," and will continue to spread:—

I have often thought that if in a future state of existence the power to see moral darkness should be granted to celestial beings, just as the power to recognise physical darkness is bestowed on the denizens of this planet, disembodied spirits, if such there be, who take an interest in our affairs, must watch with alarm how the moral darkness of Russia's rule is spreading continuously over the face of the terrestrial globe.

MR. DICEY'S IDEAS ABOUT RUSSIA.

To justify this Mr. Dicey, who is evidently profoundly ignorant of the internal condition of Russia, draws a wholly imaginary picture both of her material success and of her national polity. I will give only one quotation to show the value of the facts which Mr. Dicey has the assurance to put before the educated readers of a first-class review:—

The professional classes, lawyers, doctors, journalists, and professors, are, in most cases, Jews by birth, if not by creed, and in spite of the intense animosity with which they are regarded in the country of their adoption, they fill all learned professions by virtue of their intellectual superiority to their Slav fellow-citizens.

This is, of course, the most utter nonsense that was ever written; and Mr. Dicey ought to know it is nonsense, because later on in his article he condemns quite justly the persecution of the Jews, and is yet ignorant of the fact that one feature of that per-

secution is that the detested Jews are almost totally excluded from the universities and higher schools, without going through which it is impossible to become "professors, lawyers, doctors."

Altogether, Mr. Dicey's statements of fact are crudely ridiculous; much more refined amusement may be extracted from his opinions. The "Russification of Europe," he proceeds to explain, is an imminent danger:—

But I should hesitate to assert that within the lifetime of men now in their childhood the world may not behold such an aggrandisement of the great Slav Empire as to constitute a serious peril to the cause of Western civilisation and Western institutions.

The Tsar is a cipher "compelled by fate to follow in the footsteps of his predecessors." The Crimean War was not such a mistake after all, and many English Liberals, Mr. Dicey complains, would even be wicked enough to regard the advent of Russia to Constantinople "as a triumph for civilisation." Therefore, says Mr. Demosthenes Dicey, the position of Europe towards Muscovy is the position of Hellas towards Macedon; and Europe is blind to her peril, just as the Hellenes could not imagine danger from their unknown, barbarous Northern neighbours.

THE "RIDICULUS MUS."

So Mr. Dicey sounds the tocsin. But after sixteen pages of this kind of stuff, he proceeds to tell us how we can ward off this threatening danger. By attacking Russia at once? By forming a coalition to destroy her, or resist her, with Western Europe? Not at all. These might be mad schemes, but they are not comical enough for Mr. Edward Dicey, C.B. So in the last two pages of his article Mr. Dicey brings forth his ridiculous mouse, and tells us that "consolidation" of the British Empire, according to Chamberlain's plans, is the only thing that can save Western civilisation from the Russian barbarian. We can imagine the Australians landing at Lisbon to roll back the tide of Muscovite conquest.

But really Mr. Chamberlain and his plans must be in a bad way when they have to enlist such extravagances as Mr. Dicey's.

SEVEN millions, according to Mr. Granville Greenwood's sketch in the *Sunday Strand* of "A Century of Sunday School Work," is the number of children attending Sunday-school in England and Wales. This figure exceeds that of the population of Scotland and Wales and seven English counties; and forms seven-eighths of the entire number who could be in Sunday-school. The United States contain nearly 11,000,000 Sunday scholars. The Sunday-schools of the world with teachers and officials are declared to number 25,000,000, or "an army of peace 2,000,000 more numerous than all the world's armies on a footing of war." The oldest member of a Sunday-school is said to be a lady of Taunton, now ninety-two years of age, enrolled sixty-four years ago, and counting eighty-one descendants engaged in Sunday-school work.

THE NEW POPE.

DR. ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, D.D., in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, gives what he calls "an anecdotal narrative" of the new Pope, the remarkableness of whose career, he says, is nowhere realised more than in his own village, where, on a marble tablet, recently affixed to the house where Sarto was born, may be read these words (in Italian): "A testimony to the world how Christ-God knows how to unite to a poor and holy humility the highest altitude of power and of grandeur."

THE FIGURE "NINE" AND THE POPE.

Dr. Robertson says:—

Speaking of his past life in Venice, just before the Papal election, . . . [Sarto] said: "My life has been strangely ruled by the figure nine. For nine years I was a schoolboy at Riese; for nine years a student at Padua; for nine years a curate at Tombolo; for nine years a priest at Salzano; for nine years a canon at Treviso; for nine years a bishop at Mantua; and now for nine years I have been Cardinal-Patriarch at Venice, and when I am Pope, as long as God wills, possibly for another nine years."

THE FAMILY AT RIESE.

Sarto's father, as messenger of the local Town Council, was passing poor on eightpence a day, with a family of eight children. The wife, however, was a tailoress, and often toiled till midnight to add to these slender earnings. The chief, indeed the only shop in Riese, still belongs to the brother-in-law and sister of the Pope. In it, as might be expected, everything is sold, from groceries and clocks to post-cards and ropes.

"THAT RAGAZZINO, GIUSEPPE SARTO."

Even in Sarto's amiable character it seems there were blemishes; and one of these blemishes was a boyish weakness for throwing stones:—

The other day a poor woman, driving in a diligence with a priest, said to him, "I am very poor, and I have many children; I wish you would take one to train him up as a priest." "And perhaps to be Pope," replied the priest, going on to say, "Who would have thought that that *ragazzino*, Giuseppe Sarto, who, with his habit of throwing stones, once stoned the carriage of a priest on the Castelfranco road, would have become our Pontifex?"

A CLERICAL GAMBLER.

Dr. Robertson says that he does not know a single Italian priest exempt from gambling, and Sarto was no exception. He regularly played the game of chance known as *briscolo*; and another clerical weakness which he shared was that of contracting debts—a consequence entirely of his habit of giving and lending to every man that asked of him. Not until he was Bishop of Mantua did he succeed in paying off all his Tombolo debts. As parish priest at Salzano his open-handed generosity heaped up still more debts; and his possessions were often tied up at the pawnshop. When he left Salzano the testimonial given him (in the form of money to the value of £40) all went to pay debts. It was even said that while at Mantua the episcopal ring was oftener *chez ma tante*, as the French say, than on the finger where it should have been.

SARTO AS POPE.

It is too soon, the writer admits, to speak of Sarto as Pope. It is, however, well known how much he felt at first the restrictions involved by his position:—

He set aside the unwritten law that the Pope should not leave his rooms without notice, in order that an escort might be provided. He broke through the custom, observed scrupulously by Leo XIII. and by his immediate predecessors, of dining alone. He has had his sisters at table with him, and many friends besides.

Certain members of the Curia have even mildly remonstrated with him on this score, with the result that on their taking leave the Pope gravely announced the names of those who were to dine with him next day. He will have his way, the writer says, but only up to a certain point.

JOHN BURNS THE MAN.

In the *World's Work* there is an interesting article in which are chronicled the answers made by John Burns to a series of questions propounded to him by Mr. George Turnbull. Many interesting views are expressed—amongst others the following on the triumph of Lord Penrhyn: "Fortunately for British industrial conditions, every employer is not a Lord Penrhyn; if they were, it is not subscriptions that we would be organising, but men." Mr. Turnbull supplies a character sketch in brief of the famous Labour leader:—

John Burns is forty-five and looks fifty-five, but his arm feels like twenty-five. He is a rebel, but a master rebel, with great power of self-restraint. He has been ever a fighter, but he will not jump the fence. Standing in the dock of the Old Bailey seventeen years ago, he declared, in a speech of convincing eloquence: "I have from my earliest infancy been in contact with poverty of the worst possible description." Hence his unbounded sympathy with the wants of the working classes, a sympathy that is ever ready to make itself felt in action. But that only partly explains his influence with the people he is addressing, whether it be railway-men, miners, dockers, Jew tailors, confectionery girls, rope girls, stevedores, or matchmakers. The secret of his power is that he is entirely disinterested. He is thus able to throw his whole amazing force into whatever cause he takes up. He has a wide knowledge of "the best that has been thought and known in the world," and he speaks upon the question of the moment not only from a practical acquaintance with the facts, but out of a profound study of the authorities who stand on his carefully ordered bookshelves. An hour on the river, or an occasional game of cricket, supply his muscular recreation; in his loving labour on behalf of London he makes vigorous use of his bicycle; and for his ten days' holiday this year the Member for Battersea chose to walk two hundred miles with the soldiers at the Army Manœuvres. His industry is unwearied. Few men in Europe are harder worked. "I have no time to be ill," he said, in answer to a casual inquiry about his health. To mention only his work in London, his native city, there are eighty fire-stations, one hundred parks, and scores of other departments for County Councillors to look after. And what is the incentive? He has described it in a passage which reveals his ideals. "I see coming into the face of this London of ours the realisation of my early dreams and visions, the rearing in happy homes of strong men and fair women, from whose loins will come proud, healthy, and strong children, rejoicing because they knew not sorrow in their childhood nor the lack of proper food." John Burns has certainly still great work to do, and you have only to look at him to see that he is ready for anything. But we were speaking in his study, and here he is only a quiet grey man with a joy in his home and his books, and an infinite pride in his little son.

THE PRINCE OF MODERN HISTORIANS.

VIEWS AND STORIES OF MOMMSEN.

THE reviews this month, as might be expected, devote a good deal of space to the late historian of Rome. Mr. Sidney Whitman, who knew the historian personally, contributes a very interesting paper to the *Contemporary Review*. He describes him as:

Of medium height, of slight figure; his face clean-shaven and full of wrinkles, set off by a head full of long silvery hair. A pair of dark illuminatingly expressive eyes peered through his spectacles.

MOMMSEN AND NAPOLEON III.

Mr. Whitman tells the following tale of MommSEN as unpaid proof-reader to the French Emperor:—

Napoleon caused the history of the princely family of Burghese to be written, and he again approached MommSEN and asked him whether he would consent to revise the proofs. This MommSEN agreed to do, but here again he declined to accept the 50,000 francs which the French Emperor had set apart for him in return for his services. The soul of the German Professor stood above cash payment, even from an Emperor. He had been too busy with the dust of whole dynasties of Cæsars to attach much importance to the favour or the rewards of monarchs.

MommSEN's reputation in Italy was so great that the reply "Sono Theodore MommSEN" once disarmed a band of brigands who were about to rifle the professor's pockets, the brigand chief saying that he would scorn to rob anyone who had done so much for Italy's renown.

MOMMSEN AND ENGLAND.

MommSEN told Mr. Whitman that the unpopularity of England was not due directly to the Boer War; it was partly a reaction against a former exaggerated German admiration for everything English, and partly the inevitable outcome of long-standing political and sentimental grievances. MommSEN did not cherish the Colonial ambitions which are often attributed to German professors; he took a black view of the future of Austria, which would become "The Turkey of Europe"; and regarded German municipal government as something reflecting honour on German civilisation.

A GERMAN OF THE PAST.

The Master of Trinity contributes a brief article on MommSEN to the *Independent Review*. The great historian was, he says, the produce of a Germany which seems vanishing before the advance of manufactures and millionaires:—

To this Germany MommSEN belonged; and he linked it with the Imperial Germany of to-day. He perpetuated its best traditions in his simplicity of life, his ceaseless industry, but also in his keen, constant interest in the problems of the day. Hardly less characteristic is the poetic feeling which again and again lightens up the pages of his most severely scientific writings. In all ways he was a worthy descendant of the great scholars and teachers who helped to place Germany in the van of European thought.

Dr. Pelham cites the following interesting judgment of Gibbon, sent by MommSEN during the Gibbon centenary of 1894:—

Acknowledging in the highest degree the mastery of an unequalled historian, speaking publicly of him, I should be obliged

to limit in a certain way my admiration of his work. He has taught us to combine Oriental with Occidental lore; he has infused in history the essence of large doctrine, and of theology; his "solemn sneer" has put its stamp upon those centuries of civilisation rotting and of humanity decaying into ecclesiastical despotism. But his researches are not equal to his great views: he has read up more than a historian should. A first-rate writer, he is not a plodder.

HIS DEFECTS AS A HISTORIAN.

Turning to the *Monthly Review* article by Dr. Emil Reich, I find MommSEN criticised quite as severely as he had criticised Gibbon. Dr. Reich warns us against over-estimating the methods of historical study of which MommSEN was the most illustrious representative, which method increases the number of books of a purely archæological interest rather than augments the amount of real historical knowledge. He argues that Roman history could not be written by a German:—

For the Roman world within the times of the Republic, or in the times of the Empire, was so utterly different from anything that had developed or grown up in Germany, that no diligence in research nor any philosophical effort of the self-sustained mind could enable a German to write up events utterly different in character and drift from those of his own country and time.

Every one of MommSEN's great treatises was rather a collection of monographs than a work giving a direct and full insight into the working principles of Roman institutions. MommSEN's authority has sterilised the study of the history of Rome; and the scholars of the world are under his hand. MommSEN had neither the passion nor the highest capacity of the historian proper.

MOMMSEN AS A WORKER.

The amount of work accomplished by MommSEN may be judged from the following:—

In his works, which already in 1887 counted 949 numbers, representing 6,824 folio pages, 1,402 quarto, and 19,319 octavo pages, the great scholar investigated all the problems of Roman political history, chronology, numismatics, law, and religion.

A Mistaken M.P.

IN the *Magazine of Commerce* Mr. James Galloway Weir, M.P., is credited by an interviewer with holding the most extraordinary views on Japan—a country in which, to use his own words, he has "spent months." This long sojourn in the country, and the fact that he "talked to her Ministers," does not prevent Mr. Weir from making the grotesquely absurd statement that "Japan is built upon foreign loans, which it has used to enable it to masquerade as a European Power." Such ignorance should make any well-informed reader wish that Mr. Weir had listened while the Japanese Ministers talked to him instead of learning about the country by talking his own views to them. Mr. Weir may be astonished to learn that at the present moment the total national indebtedness of Japan only amounts to under £60,000,000, including a temporary loan. This total is composed, for by far the greater portion, of loans raised in Japan, and not in the foreign market. Even assuming that the whole of the National Debt was owed to foreign financiers, is it an extraordinary debt for a people whose normal revenue is close on £30,000,000 each year?

ADVICE TO SINGERS

BY MADAME PATTI.

In the *Windsor Magazine* Madame Patti gives very valuable advice to singers, which will earn her the gratitude of all her thousands of followers and admirers. "The true secret of preserving the voice," she says, "is not to force it, and not to sing when we ought not to." "There is an old Italian proverb that I hold fast as my guide" —

"Who goes slowly goes safely; who goes safely goes far." I have always followed that course in the use of my voice. Consequently I have it at command when I need it. I never sang when I was not well enough, neither did I sing when I was doubtful of the condition of my voice. I simply went to bed and said there was "no one in." Managers came, besought, pleaded, and entreated; but I was not well, and I would not sing. The opera-house might remain closed; but if there had been opera then, there would be no opera now.

On one occasion she refused to sing at a Court concert arranged by the King of Prussia, later the first German Emperor, for the same reason:—

"If you want to sing for years," she says, "do not strain the natural compass of the voice. That is like living on capital. I have always lived within my income, and I have always had something to put aside."

A SINGER'S EVERYDAY LIFE.

In the matter of diet and its relation to the voice, I can only say that I have been able to eat and drink in moderation anything I like. During a performance I do not take anything, unless it may be a little chicken soup, nor at such times do I feel like eating. Eating after singing I consider injurious, for one is then always more or less fatigued.

Fresh air and plenty of it is of vital importance to the singer. Every day that is not too inclement I take from two and a half to three hours' exercise in the open air, driving and walking. To this regimen I attribute in great degree my good health and powers of endurance. There is nothing like fresh air and exercise for keeping the voice in good order.

AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

Madame Patti also relates some stories demonstrating the necessity in an operatic singer of presence of mind and self-command. On one occasion there was demand for presence of mind in an episode of a different description:—

The opera was "Traviata," and the tenor a forgetful one. In the duet in the last act he suddenly began to sing my part. In a flash I had to take up his until, as suddenly, his memory returned. When the curtain was rung down he thanked me with tears in his eyes. It was the second incident of the kind that had happened to him, and the first had not been so fortunate for both singers.

MR. G. H. BOUGHTON, R.A.

IN The *Windsor* Christmas number there is an interesting article, well illustrated, dealing with Mr. Boughton's work. Always an artist, it is not strange that he has succeeded so well while yet so young. Of English birth, he was taken to America at the age of two, and spent there his early years. His method of choosing his profession and of leaving the New World was as follows:—

Great things come about very simply; and an accident that befell the boy Boughton made an artist of him. "He may not read, he may not write," said the doctor. "But may he draw?" asked the sister on the spot. "Can he?" was the doctor's

counter-question. The boy's sketches were produced, and the doctor was in effect his first friend and patron.

Another millionaire friend came along. "Don't you think you should go to Europe?" he asked, after seeing some of the young artist's work. "That is what I have been saving for," said the potential Royal Academician; "but I happen to be about £200 short." "Here's a cheque for the amount; paint me two pictures for it when you are away," said the millionaire, who was accounted "close" by the world.

England was not at once friendly to the new-comer, and discouraged in the extreme, Boughton bought his steamer ticket to return to America:—

Then he walked down Regent Street, and met a friend fresh from New York. "Say, you ought to try your luck here," was the friend's advice, after seeing his work. So Mr. Boughton sold his ticket. He also sold the pictures he had in hand. One of them was hung at the British Institution; and the *Times* made it a big bow, from the very head of its column. Next morning the dealers were sitting on his doorstep; and, as all the world knows, they have metaphorically sat there ever since.

MR. JOHN MACWHIRTER.

THE Christmas number of the *Art Journal* is a monograph, by Archdeacon Sinclair, on Mr. John MacWhirter, the Scottish landscape-painter. The writer says of the painter's attitude to Nature:—

He is not a mere transcriber of beautiful scenes in Nature, but is essentially an interpreter. Many men can choose a lovely view and give a faithful record of it. Even a photographer can, by great care and patience, and attention to light and shade, fix an impression of charm which gives satisfaction, and is useful, at any rate, as a centre of association. But MacWhirter approaches the visible creation as the treasure-house of all our ideas of magnificence, mystery, splendour, beauty, grace, and idealism; of the infinite suggestiveness of contrast; of the endless variety of glory in which the awful and mysterious Power which lies behind Nature has chosen to be revealed to human eyes. He is, in short, not merely a faithful limner with a strong and sympathetic sense of colour, but an introspective poet who himself sees, and suggests to the spectator those "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

It is the quiet seriousness and deep devotion to Nature from the beginning possessing the mind of MacWhirter which have made him so great a favourite with cultured English people, who, when they cannot afford original paintings, rejoice in the engravings and black and white reproductions which are the nearest approach they can obtain to the reality of the original. And though the wonderful power of colour is lost, tone is there, and suggests it. Living in so beautiful a country as their own, and in so busy and unquiet an age, the English people love landscape as a nearer ascent to the ideal and the divine than can easily be found in a method of living which tends to congregate more and more in cities.

It is Nature as the kindly friend of man that he sees, the veil of the Hidden Thought of the Unseen Power, the revealer of Beauty to the sons of men, the magic Enchantress that shows her divine origin by the infinity of the variations of loveliness which she daily and hourly weaves. The painter with the poet's mind, even if he cannot probe the whole mystery, can catch and fix us thoughts which are too shadowy and fleeting for the general mass; and so his work becomes not only a true satisfaction to the eye, but an inspiration to the soul, and a lasting consolation to the heart.

As to what the picture is to represent, he tells the student in no hesitating language that "if he is to be a landscape painter worthy of the name, he must do more than merely select a pretty scene and sit down and paint it. He must study the moods of Nature. His picture must be a *moment of the day*, and should suggest peace or unrest, quiet or storm, joy or sadness, glory or gloom."

AN EDITOR'S REMINISCENCES.

THE instalment of his "Early Impressions," published by Sir Leslie Stephen in the December *National Review*, is exceedingly interesting. It deals with that portion of the author's life which was spent in editing, and brought him into touch with every one worth knowing. Sir Leslie Stephen began by editing the *Cornhill Magazine* in 1871, and ended by editing "The Dictionary of National Biography." His article contains many pleasant pictures of authors. Tennyson, he says, was childlike in his little vanity, and he was surrounded by worshippers:—

I remember a dinner from which I fled precipitately in company with a man highly distinguished in official life and solid literature. We confided to each other that it was perfectly right of the ladies of the party to show a certain preference for the man of genius; but that it was too much to be treated as pariahs outside of the pale of social equality.

ARNOLD.

Of Matthew Arnold he says:—

Arnold had a touch of the intellectual coxcomb. He preached to the Philistine with a certain air of superiority, and repeated his pet maxims too often and too confidently. If he showed, like Tennyson, a simple-minded delight in receiving compliments, his vanity was equally harmless. He was so full of good nature that even the Philistine and the dissenter, or the barbarian in flesh and blood, appealed to him at once, and he could drop his magisterial robes to talk in the friendliest terms. The impression which he made was that he was too kindly to be able really to despise even the objects of his theoretical contempt.

And of Ruskin:—

Ruskin's intense sensibility and impetuosity was a disqualification. He could never work out any definite line of thought; and his writings became a mass of more or less incoherent denunciations and exhortations, most amazingly keen and telling at a number of particular points, but leading to unsatisfactory and inconsistent conclusions.

DARWIN.

Darwin, he says, was as free from pretensions as if his investigations had no more claims to respect than those of a commonplace pigeon-fancier:—

The simplicity of the man was evident in the delightfully easy terms in which he lived with a family which was worthy of his affection. I could sympathise with the young German who burst into tears on leaving the house, touched by contrast between the famous thinker and the sweet-natured, quiet country gentleman, so free from the pedantry which sometimes haunts the professor's chair.

Sir Leslie Stephen says that Darwin found the labour of expressing his thoughts on paper very trying. Huxley declared that he was like an inspired dog, at once inarticulate and full of the most valuable thoughts.

Sir Leslie had not, however, always to deal with people like these. He seems to have found authors, as a rule, difficult people to deal with. Apparently Mr. Gladstone had a good deal on his conscience:—

Gladstone, in the midst of his multitudinous occupations, found time to read minor poets and to applaud them with characteristic warmth. One or two of these came to me with heads turned by such praises, and thought me painfully cold in comparison.

A LEARNED HUMBUG.

But worse troubles than the minor poet were in store for the editor of "The Dictionary of National Biography":—

I remember the horror with which I discovered the misdoings of a writer (long since dead) who had the highest recommendations, and in some sense deserved them. He was a man of really wide learning, but demoralised by impecuniosity. He saved trouble, as I discovered, by copying modern and still copyright books, and made a "bogus" list of authorities which had no reference to the statements supposed to be established. When I informed him that I no longer required his services he wrote a reply which I remember as a model of epistolary dignity. I was oppressing him, it appeared, because he was a poor man, and might as well have struck a woman or a child; but the saddest part, he concluded, of all this sad business was, that it destroyed the ideal which he had formed for himself of Mr. Leslie Stephen.

Sir Leslie Stephen concludes that "authors are an enviable race." But what about editors?

A RHAPSODY ON CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

THE average Philistine, to whom a primrose was but a yellow primrose, "and it was nothing more," to whom also the chrysanthemum is but a chrysanthemum, will be startled to learn what Maurice Maeterlinck finds in it. In the *Century* Christmas number that human mystic describes a chrysanthemum show, or, to use his own words, "The year's gentle and gorgeous floral feast" of "the noble flowers of the month of fogs." Two characteristic passages may be quoted:—

Here, for instance, is the marvellous family of the stars: flat stars, bursting stars, diaphanous stars, solid and fleshy stars, milky ways and constellations of the earth that correspond with those of the firmament. Here are the proud plumes that await the diamonds of the dew; here, to put our dreams to shame, the prodigious poem of unreal tresses: wise, precise, and meticulous tresses; mad and miraculous tresses; honeyed moonbeams, golden bushes, and flaming whirlpools; curls of fair and smiling maidens, of fleeing nymphs, of passionate bacchantes, of swooning sirens, of cold virgins, of frolicsome children, whom angels, mothers, fauns, lovers have caressed with their calm, mysterious, or quivering hands.

The writer next touches on the proscribed colours, the reserved shades which autumn denies to the flowers that represent it; and thus he glorifies autumn:—

Lavishly it bestows on them all the wealth of the twilight and the night, all the riches of the harvest-time: it gives them all the mud-brown work of the rain in the woods, all the silvery fashionings of the mist in the plains, of the frost and the snow in the gardens. It permits them, above all, to draw at will upon the inexhaustible treasures of the dead leaves and the expiring forest. It allows them to deck themselves with the golden sequins, the bronze medals, the silver buckles, the copper spangles, the elfin plumes, the powdered amber, the burnt topazes, the neglected pearls, the smoked amethysts, the calcined garnets, all the dead but still dazzling jewelry which the North Wind heaps up in the hollows of ravines and foot-paths; but it insists that they shall remain faithful to their old masters and wear the livery of the drab and weary months that give them birth.

Nevertheless, green has slipped in, and to that extent opened the way for fresh departures from the rigid rule of autumn.

THE RELIGION OF NAPOLEON I.

MR. J. HOLLAND ROSE, in the *Quarterly Review*, examines the religious belief of Napoleon Bonaparte. He started with the impressions gained from his mother's training, which were never lost. When he was Emperor he frequently made the sign of the cross quite involuntarily at the news of any great danger or deliverance. At St. Helena he said, "The first principles that one receives from one's parents, that one takes along with mother's milk, leave an ineffaceable influence." But these early impressions had little effect upon his conduct. In his later years he remarked that the happiest day of his life was that of his first communion, which he received on his birthday during his sojourn in Paris; but his overweening egoism was proof against all appeals to the religious sentiments.

A FOLLOWER OF ROUSSEAU.

Rousseau's geometrical designs for the creation of a perfect polity appealed to the methodising instinct of the young officer, and drew him for many years far away from Christianity. When he was a boy of eighteen he wrote a fierce polemical essay against a Protestant pastor of Geneva, who had criticised Rousseau's social contract. In this essay he declared that human welfare could be attained by the State, the aid of religion being superfluous, if not actually harmful. His enthusiasm for Rousseau, however, perished and left him morally rudderless. His invasion of Italy brought him into close contact with the Papacy, and the discovery that the Pope should be dealt with as if he had 200,000 men under his orders re-awakened his respect for the creed of his childhood. This, however, did not prevent him from telling the Mahomedans when he went to Egypt that he had overthrown the Pope, who said that men ought to make war on the Moslems. "Have we not," he said, "for centuries been the friends of the Grand Signor (may God accomplish his desires!) and the enemy of his enemies?"

A CATHOLIC EMPEROR.

It was his visit to Egypt, however, which cured him of Rousseauism. It would not stand the test of actual experience of savagery. "Savage man is a dog," he exclaimed. But although he coquetted with Mahomedanism, he never had the least sympathy with Protestantism, nor did he recognise the right of private judgment which ran counter to all his ideas for the solidarity of the State. When he became Emperor, he founded his rule on Catholicism, because, as he frankly said, the support of the Pope gave him a lever of opinion for the rest of the world. His attitude towards religion was always dominated by a crude political materialism. "Society cannot exist," he said, "without inequality of fortunes, and inequality of fortunes cannot exist without religion." There is a famous passage by Lacordaire which rests upon the authority of Chevalier de Beaumaine; but the reviewer thinks that this eloquent

monologue must be pronounced suspect on internal grounds.

WHAT NAPOLEON BELIEVED.

His most authentic utterance on the subject of religion is in Montholon's Notes:—

"Everything proclaims the existence of God: it cannot be doubted. As soon as I had power I made haste to restore religion. I made use of it as the basis and root; it was in my eyes the support of morality, true principles, and good manners. The restlessness of man is such that he must have this vague and mysterious element that religion presents to him." Someone having remarked that he [Napoleon] might finally become a devout man, the Emperor replied that he feared not, but that with him unbelief sprang neither from caprice nor from an unbridled spirit. "Man," he added, "ought to asseverate about nothing, especially about what concerns his last moments. . . . To say whence I come, what I am, whither I am going, is beyond my thoughts, and yet the thing exists. I am the watch which exists, and does not know itself. The religious sentiment is so consoling that it is a heavenly boon to possess it."

And on another occasion he said: "One believes in God because everything around us proclaims Him, and the greatest minds have believed in Him—not only Bossuet, but Newton and Leibnitz. Such, literally, has been the case with me in the progress of my mind. I felt the need of belief, and I believed. But my belief was uncertain after I reasoned. Perhaps I shall believe blindly once again. God grant it. I do not offer resistance—assuredly not; I do not ask for anything better. . . . I have never doubted about God."

A REASON FOR RELIGION.

In the conversations reported by Gourgand there is little trace of his belief in Christianity. In his last will he made no declaration of faith. He merely warned his son that religion had a power far greater than certain narrow-minded philosophers would allow, that it was capable of rendering many great services to humanity. By standing well with the Pope an influence can be maintained over the consciences of 100,000,000 people:—

It is hard to reconcile the last authenticated words of Napoleon with any heartfelt belief in Christianity. The probability would seem to be that he wavered between materialism and theism, inclining more and more to the latter belief as the years wore on, but never feeling for religion the keen interest that he always manifested for the arts of war and of government. Richly gifted as he was in all that pertained to the life of action, and by no means lacking originality and taste in the spheres of philosophy and literature, his nature was singularly barren on the side of religion. His best certified utterances on this topic are those of the politician rather than of the believer.

A Plea to Abolish Christmas.

"How I Like to Spend Christmas" is the title of an amusing and interesting symposium in *Pearson's*, which is the work of a number of contributors, including Archdeacon Sinclair, Sir William Treloar, Dr. Garnett, the Terrys, Justin McCarthy, H. G. Wells, Lord Brassey, and George Bernard Shaw, who thus replies:—

I don't like it at all, under any circumstances.

Why the nation should tolerate a detestable orgie of mendacity, and gluttony, and drunkenness for the sake of encouraging shopkeepers to pay excessive rents, on the chance of "making it up at Christmas," is a question worth asking.

Nobody likes Christmas.

Children like toys, clerks like holidays, shopkeepers like big sales, and everybody likes tips; but Christmas is too high a price to pay for these.

Abolish it—or, if you can't, at least allow me to forget it for another twelve months.

SHALL WE TURN BUDDHISTS?

THE FAILURE OF WESTERN CIVILISATION.

Buddhism, the new quarterly periodical, established in Rangoon for the propagation of Buddhism, publishes in its first number a vehement assertion of the failure of Western civilisation. The editor says:—

THE SUPERIORITY OF THE EAST.

If we set aside such general calamities as plagues and famines, there is more real poverty, more starvation, more utter misery in England and America to-day than yet exists in any Buddhist land, where the people are poorer indeed in this world's goods, but richer, incomparably richer, in that trained attitude of mind, born of a deep appreciation of the realities of existence and of a cultured aestheticism, which alone can give rise to true contentment, to mental peace, to a happiness which finds its goal rather

While Western civilisation has failed so utterly to increase the happiness of the Western world, there is no prospect of its doing so by its own resources. Its religions and philosophies are, in the opinion of this Eastern writer, perishing before the inexorable tread of the advance of science. If, therefore, salvation is to come to the millions who are perishing under the miseries of Western civilisation, it must come by means of religion; they must embrace Buddhism, which, according to these expositors, is absolutely agnostic on all questions as to the relation of things or the existence of a Supreme Being, which denies emphatically the immortality of the individual soul, and has no use for prayer. He says:—

Buddhism is a religion of here and now, it is a practical solution of many of the difficulties of life. Unconcerned with Yesterday or To-morrow, its interest is centred on one question only: What can we do for the attainment of Happiness?

Buddhism not only does not seek to answer the eternal problems which vex the minds of Western thinkers, such as the problem of the origin of evil or the freedom of the will. Buddhism—

is fixed only on the life we live; its search only for the truth about existence, the secret of the attainment of good, the way of coming to a true and lasting happiness.

WHAT THE WEST WANTS.

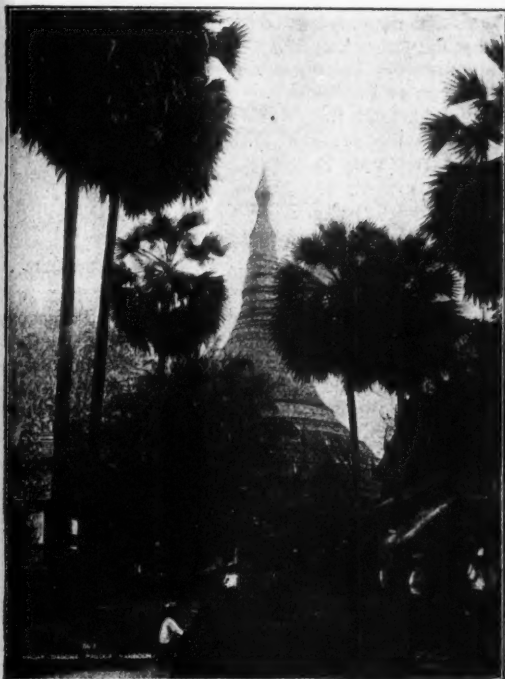
This, he maintains, is exactly what the West wants:—

There is need in the West to-day of a religion which shall contain in the highest degree a philosophy, a system of ontology, founded on Reason rather than upon Belief; a Religion containing the clearest possible enunciation of ethical principles; a Religion which shall be devoid of those animistic speculations which have brought about the downfall of the hereditary faiths of the West, devoid of belief in all that is opposed to reason; a Religion which shall proclaim the Reign of Law alike in the world of Matter, and in the world of Mind.

Such a Religion exists—a Religion unparalleled in the purity of its ethical teaching, unapproached in the sublimity of its higher doctrine; a Religion which, more than any other in the world, has served to civilise, to uplift, to elevate, to promote the happiness of mankind; a Religion whose proudest boast it is that its altars are unstained by one drop of human blood—the Religion of the Law of Truth proclaimed by the Great Sage of India, the knowledge and the practice of which has brought peace into the lives of innumerable men.

Buddhism, on the other hand, albeit it now numbers five hundred millions of adherents, albeit that its dominion extends amongst races so far apart as the nomad dwellers of the steppes of Tartary and the inhabitants of tropical Ceylon, can, alone amongst the great Religions of the world, make the proud boast that its altars have been from the beginning unstained with human blood—that not one life has ever been sacrificed in the name of Him who taught love and pity as the chiefest Law of Life. What good Buddhism has done in the world—and it has been the redemption of the savage tribes of Thibet and Tartary, it has augmented the immemorial civilisation of China, it has ennobled the national life and nature of the great people of Japan—what good it has done has been good unalloyed; and we think that the fact that its dominion over its adherents has been so great for good that they have never fallen into the dark abyss of intolerance, have never dared employ the Master's Name as excuse for their own cruelty, is perhaps the best proof of all of the perfection of its ethical teaching, of its true value to humanity, its true power as a civilising agent.

It will be interesting to see how this bold assertion of the infinite ethical superiority of Buddhism is regarded by the Western world.



Photograph by]

[P. Klier, Rangoon

Shwe Dagon Pagoda.

"So, skywards rear'd thy shapely spire
Up springs, a Pyramid of Fire.
High striving to the upper air,
Great Convent of the Sacred Hair!"

in the inalienable delights of the exercise of the higher mental faculties, than in the possession of innumerable means of advancing wealth and commerce, of gratifying sense and avarice, of promoting merely bodily comforts.

And surely herein lies the right aim of all Civilisation, the true test of the value of any effort after progress, whether it be called Civilisation or Religion or Philosophy:—does that system, in its application, tend to promote the general welfare of man; to enlarge their hearts with love, to expand their mental horizon; does it diminish the world's misery, its poverty, its criminality; does it, in a single word, increase the happiness of those who pursue it?

THE CURE FOR OVER-EATING.

Most doctors assert that much more disease is caused by over-eating than by over-drinking; some even go so far as to declare that everyone eats too much, with the exception of the unhappy ones who are not able to eat enough. If Lazarus goes to heaven, Dives nowadays goes to Carlsbad. Why he goes, and what is the use of his going, are told us from sad experience in the December *Nineteenth Century* by Mr. Henry Cunynghame, C.B.

CARLSBAD.

Carlsbad, to put it briefly, is a city where the migrant visitor walks up and down hill until a pedometer in his pocket shows that he has walked 24,000 steps daily. For the rest, he leads a quiet life, eats about a third less than at home, and drinks daily a few glasses of water containing a little sulphate or bicarbonate of soda, with traces of magnesia, potash, and iron. He could do all this at home, especially as the chief curative agent is not the water, or the walks, but the dieting.

HOW MUCH TOO MUCH WE EAT.

I expect Mr. Chamberlain will quote Mr. Cunynghame's article in his next speech. For its whole burden is that we eat too much. A man, he says, could live on 1 lb. of butter a day (though he would be rather bilious), 2 lb. of oatmeal, 3 lb. of bread, 3 lb. of meat, or 8 lb. of fish. Any of these is a "food-unit" containing about 3,400 calories, all that the human body wants. Ideas about diet are all wrong. A pound of bread has rather more nourishing power than a pound of meat, and a pound of dried peas more than either. The working power of food is enormous. When we say that the work-doing power of a pound of butter is 3,400 calories, that means that, if consumed in the human body, it would raise 3,400 kilogrammes of water 1 degree Centigrade. A man who worked a foot-lathe steadily for three hours would not have expended more than the energy contained in an ounce of fat:—

A man who had in addition to his usual day's work to ascend Mont Blanc need in theory only eat about a pound of bread extra to enable him to do it, or else consume half a pound of his own fat in the process. In actual practice a man who has been up Mont Blanc comes down rather hungry, but the extra amount he eats next day is hardly perceptible.

Mr. Cunynghame estimates that when in London he disposed of '934 of a food-unit, or a little less than the 1-food unit necessary for the average man. But even this is much too much for an elderly man of sedentary life. At Carlsbad he was allowed to eat only '606 of a food-unit:—

It requires some strength of purpose to persist in the Carlsbad régime. It is wearisome to eat only very plain food, to rise hungry after every meal, to give up alcohol, tea and tobacco, and to go long monotonous walks. But the result is that gout and fat are eliminated from the system. The plan simply is to make fat people live on their own fat, and as 1 lb. of fat is about the equivalent of a day's food, then, if you are 20 lb. too heavy, you must curtail your food till you have abstained to the

extent of twenty full days' food. You cannot do it all at once by complete starvation; you must do it gradually, in sixty days or less, according to your health. But while starving, man is peculiarly susceptible to disease, and therefore care must be taken in the process.

He lost $\frac{1}{3}$ lb. daily, and reduced his weight $9\frac{1}{2}$ lb. in four weeks. That is all the "Carlsbad Cure."

THE CURE AT HOME.

This summer Mr. Cunynghame determined to see whether similar results could not be obtained by a similar régime at home. He drank a pint of warm water with fifty grains of Carlsbad salt every morning, and walked ten miles, or spent three hours in cutting timber. The result was that he lost weight at almost exactly the same rate as at Carlsbad. So he concludes that the only use of the foreign watering-place is that the visitor can free himself of business worries. The purely physical operations of cure can be carried out just as well at home.

It is a pleasant thing—this human body. Fancy a locomotive that persisted in devouring double the coal that was necessary to keep it going.

THE GLASS INDUSTRY IN FRANCE.

M. BENOIST continues in the first November number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* his series on great industries with a paper on the glass works of France. These were anciently established in the near neighbourhood of forests for the sake of the fuel. The figures for 1896—which are apparently the latest available—show that the industry then employed 40,700 persons, and that there were eighteen works employing more than 500 persons each. M. Benoist mentions an interesting factor which tends to preserve the industry in its old home, in spite of the increased use of coal instead of wood—namely, the hereditary aptitude shown by the families of the workmen and workwomen. And this brings us to the question of child labour. Modern sentiment has endeavoured to check the employment of very young children, but employers and inspectors alike are apt to be deceived by false statements of age made by the parents of the children. Trade writers have declared that the industry is really very healthy, but statistics show that glass workers do not live as long as the general average of the nation. Wages, however, are high; thus the most highly skilled make five shillings and sixpence a day, while foremen make as much as eight shillings. These figures represent a considerable advance on what was paid some thirty-five years ago. The whole industry appeared curiously ancient and primitive to M. Benoist's eye; he did not find in it, as in so many other industries, that constant application of mechanical improvement in order to economise the human material at work. On the contrary, there seemed to him to have been but little progress in that respect since the days of the old Egyptians.

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"THE FOOD OF THE GODS."

THE sensational feature of *Pearson's* December number is the beginning of a serial by Mr. H. G. Wells, entitled "The Food of the Gods." The first instalment tells of the discovery of the food by two eminent men of science. One of them had noted that living things grow not at a regular pace, but with bursts and intermissions. Next came the hypothesis:—

Redwood suggested that the progress of growth probably demanded the presence of a considerable quantity of some necessary substance in the blood that was only formed very slowly, and that when this substance was used up by growth, it was only very slowly replaced, and that meanwhile the organism had to mark time. He compared his unknown substance to oil in machinery. A growing animal was rather like an engine, he suggested, that can move a certain distance and must then be oiled before it can run again. ("But why shouldn't one oil the engine from without?" said Mr. Bensington, when he read the paper.)

Redwood argued—

that the blood of puppies and kittens and the sap of sunflowers and the juice of mushrooms in what he called the "growing phase" differed in the proportion of certain elements from their blood and sap on the days when they were not particularly growing,

and concluded that the difference might be due to the presence of just the very substance he had recently been trying to isolate in such alkaloids as are most stimulating to the nervous system. An experimental farm was taken. Chickens reared on the food "Herakleophorbia" grew to gigantic size. The fun of the story comes in through the slovenliness of the caretakers. They upset a pot of the new food, and the canary creeper grew like a forest. The wasps got at it, and developed into uncanny monsters 18 inches long, 27½ inches across the open wings, with a sting three inches long. Earwigs grew to the size of lobsters. The chickens when just out of their shell were visited by a cat on an errand of prey. Only its skeleton was found, and the chickens were hungrier than ever. Later, when the door of the henhouse had been incautiously left open, the chickens, now the size of emus, escaped and startled the village by taking up a small boy and running off with him as ordinary chickens do with a worm. The rats grew to the size of wolves, and devoured a doctor's horse, the doctor himself only escaping with heavy wounds. As two of the pots of the growing food were carried off by a sedulous grandmother, anxious to see its effect on babies, the next chapters will probably be even more startling and amusing than the first.

THE *Lady's Realm* Christmas number has a good deal of interest. Very charming reproductions of the work of Mlle. d'Epinaï, a Paris miniature painter, are given in an article about her. Harry Furniss writes of and caricatures "celebrated women," from Rosa Bonheur to Mrs. Tree; and it must be admitted that a caricature of a woman has somehow something repellent about it that we do not feel about caricatures of men. There are several articles specially reminding one of Christmas.

"CANNIBALISM" IN CANADA.

IN the second November number of the *Nouvelle Revue* M. Montclavel devotes an amusing paper to the cannibals of Vancouver. M. Montclavel considers that the most extraordinary of all these secret societies is that of the Cannibals of Vancouver, which flourishes among the Kwakiutl Indians. The Provincial Government of British Columbia also has certain habits, among which is that of hanging without more ado anyone found guilty of cannibalism. This has naturally had a discouraging effect upon the Indians, and indeed may be said to have practically stamped out the custom, consequently the Society of Cannibals at Vancouver has nowadays only a symbolical interest, for it is most curious to note how persistently the tradition of anthropophagy has coloured all their ceremonies and beliefs of to-day. This tribe of Indians have a regular mythology, based upon the adventures of certain of their ancestors, who either fell from the sky or rose like Venus from the bosom of the ocean, and to whom every well-born Kwakiutl traces his pedigree. The constitution of their Society is theocratic, all power residing in the priests, who are clever jugglers. The principal ancestor, the founder of the whole tribe, descended from heaven with the power of conferring life upon everything that he chose, however low in the scale of nature it might be. This deity was, however, obliged to kill some living thing—a man, if possible—in order to transfer its life into the inanimate object. He owed this power to a little animal, which is described by the Indians in terms which vaguely suggest a frog. This lived in his stomach, and caused him acute hunger. It was to satisfy this hunger that the deity killed and ate all the human beings he met. On *fête* days the priests equip themselves in terrifying masks and announce to the excited crowd of Indians that the great cannibal deity has delegated to them all his powers. Then a neophyte is initiated, and the priests announce that the gods have duly taught him how to eat human beings according to the manual of the perfect cannibal!

"We are little friends, we are happy little friends of Jesus." So sang two little cripple children sheltering from the bitter wind in the lee of a doorway. Crippled, neglected, half-clad and half-starved, yet happy! But hands had been held out to love and teach and help to a knowledge of good and gladness even in the dirt and squalor. There are hundreds of such children to-day in the courts and alleys of our great cities; hundreds to whom their only glimpse of Christmas cheer and joy must come from outside home: inside is only pinching poverty and want. Coals, dinners, garments, toys—all are needed to set the hearts of the poor chiming to the glad message of Christmas. All, or any of these gifts, better still the money to purchase them, will be thankfully received by F. HERBERT STEAD, Warden, Browning Settlement, York Street, Walworth, S.E.

THE POSITION OF WOMEN IN BURMA.

ALL those who read "The Soul of a People" will remember the fascinating picture which the author drew of the position of women in Burma. It was therefore with very great interest I turned to the article on the same subject which appears in the first number of *Buddhism*, an article which is all the more interesting because it is written by a Burmese lady. According to her, the position of women in Burma deserves all the good things that were said of it by Mr. Fielding. She says:—

I have travelled in various countries, in West and East alike; and have seen something of the lives of those countries; I have heard something of their sorrows, of their ambitions, and of their desires. And there is one thing that I know, better than ought else in life—that I would sooner be a Burmese woman than one of any other land—sooner live the sweet and happy life of the Burmese village girl than that of the proudest in the Nations of the West.

This pre-eminent felicity of Burmese women she attributes entirely to Buddhism, and to the fact that every Burmese child learns before she can understand what the words mean to lip the formula of Burmese-Pali devotion:—

Okasa, Okasa, Okasa, I take refuge in the Three Most Precious Things! Never, either by Thought or Word or Act may I bring harm to any living thing, nor steal, commit impurity, nor lie. Whatever wrong I do; may I be pardoned by the Sacred Three:—The Jewel of the Buddha, the Jewel of the Law, the Jewel of the Order of the Yellow Robe!

NO SEX DISTINCTIONS.

The formula probably has very little to do with it; but as another writer in the same review says:—

Buddhism is the only great religion in which the injurious distinctions between the sexes are entirely absent; and where, as in Burma, that religion is thoroughly practised and lived up to, women are in every respect as free as men—free in the holding of property, free to claim divorce on the same grounds as men, having an equal claim with men upon their children—freer by far in all essential points than are their sisters of the Western Nations.

THE GREATEST OF NATIONS.

Perhaps it is on account of this that "true Burmans hold ourselves the greatest of all the nations of the earth, because, we think, we enjoy life the best."

The Burmese lady, writing on the condition of her sisters, says:—

There are but few Burmese women, even in the villages, who are unable to read and write, and this is indeed essential in a land where a large proportion of the retail trade of the country is in women's hands. Buddhism, and Buddhism alone, has formed the character of the Burmese woman, and has made her life happy, busy, and intellectual. I say happy, busy, and intellectual in this order, because if there is anything one can say without fear of criticism it is that the Burmese maiden is happy, that the Burmese wife is busy, taking full share in the up-keep of her home; and that the old lady is intellectual, finding her chief delight in discussing the intricacies of the Buddhist Philosophy.

Marriage, in Burma, is not a religious, but a secular function,—it is a compact on the part of husband and wife, which is made before the elders of the village, and which, for proper cause shown, can be terminated by either party. And the causes sufficient for the breaking of the marriage tie are very different from, and much more numerous than, those which prevail in the Western lands. Drunkenness, the opium habit (worst of all follies in Burmese eyes), spendthrift ways, or

differences of temperament, are all, if proved, a sufficient cause for the elders to grant a divorce; and yet, in spite of this freedom, or perhaps because the very ease of it makes the marriage bond more easy, the proportion of divorced to married couples is very small in Burma—which is the best proof of all of the loving and faithful nature of the Burmese, men and women alike.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR ON FEMINISM.

IN the *Strand Magazine* Mlle. Hélène Vacaresco gives some interesting reminiscences of the German Emperor. At her first meeting with him, the Emperor deplored the fact that he had "enjoyed almost all the sight-seeing worth the trouble, but have never seen Victor Hugo nor any literary genius." She gives two remarkable descriptions of the sternness of his face. When arriving on a Royal visit, Mlle. Vacaresco notes that—

No smile parted his lips as he threw his eyes upon the multitude gathered in his honour, and whose repeated and joyful exclamations seemed to leave him quite unmoved; but that look as it lingered and plunged to the very depths of the assembled people made every nerve thrill, like the muscles of the Arabian steed who feels its master's fingers creep lazily through its mane.

And again, when the Emperor was leading a cavalry regiment, she says:—

That set, resolute expression hardened his visage, again his eyes looked far into the darkness of the forest with an awe-inspiring light in their dilated pupils. Like a statue of stone, like an image of Fate, he passed on, heedless of our presence, without casting a glance on the carriages and their occupants.

But the most interesting portion of the article relates to a conversation in which the Emperor explained his views on feminism:—

To me a woman who writes is a ridiculous being.

Clever women are dangerous women, one and all, who ought to be muzzled before they can bite. But do you believe it is necessary to be a clever woman in order to be a woman who writes? On the contrary, women's cleverness consists in avoiding ridicule, and clever women care for their good looks. Now, can a woman who writes remain pretty? The gestures, the attitude of a woman scrawling away with all her might, rouse every aesthetical effort on her part. Can a woman remain pretty when she is obliged to put on that particularly stern frown with which one pursues an idea or studies any serious and important subject?

I am going to concede one or two points to you, though you do not seem to care whether I esteem pushing women or not. Music and painting may render a woman's existence very happy and beneficial to her family, and—well, I will allow that a woman is not quite unsexed by being a poet. Women are unreasonable, so are poets. Women are born to comfort and to enhance the joy of living; so are poets.

THE speciality of the Christmas number of the *Treasury* is a presentation coloured plate of Monsieur Tissot's last great picture. There are slight sketches of Tissot, Dr. Knox, the new Bishop of Manchester, and "the great adventurer," John Law, whom Mr. Andrew Lang describes as a combination of Cobden, Chamberlain, Carnegie and Claverhouse. Francis Gribble brings to light R. S. Hawker, the author of "And Shall Trelawney Die?" and gives some idea of his work both as parish priest and as poet. Mr. A. G. B. West gives a brief sketch of Christmas Day in Australia. The illustrated supplement gives an account of John Keble as a leader in the Church by Canon Knox-Little, and as a poet by Dr. Lock.

THE FUTURE OF THE MOTOR.

IN the *Badminton Magazine* Major C. G. Matson writes well upon "the modest motor," and includes in his article some prophecies. Firstly, he thinks we can contemplate the possibility within a few years of there being "100,000 road vehicles propelled by machinery." The general interest evinced by business men in the motor he ascribes to the rise in rents near town, and the corresponding increase in expenses and cutting down of accommodation:—

Now, he says, eligible building sites on the outskirts of a good town will fetch £1,000 an acre, whereas three miles away along a good road a house can be rented at about half the amount of one giving similar accommodation in the town, to say nothing of the absence of those borough rates and assessments.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE MOTOR.

Here, I think, the motor car will come in. A man who pays £150 per annum for a house in the town can get a very similar one out in the country three or four miles distant for £80. He can even now buy a motor car, which can be kept going for, say, £20 a year at the outside, and a smart youth for £40 more; total, £60. "Yes; but," an objector may urge, "where is the advantage of saving £70 on rent if you are to spend £60 on motor driving?" I say there is every advantage. To begin with, the owner himself of the new purchase, instead of an excited rush every morning on foot to the station, has an exhilarating ride thither of fifteen minutes, and he loses his dyspepsia in consequence. Tradesmen nowadays, on account of the competition, will deliver goods to any distance, but if anything is omitted, "James," the chauffeur, can and does fetch it on the way home. Children can be, and are, daily sent to school and fetched home in it; and the lady of the house, instead of the usual dawdle into town and back on foot, now has a carriage of her own in which she takes out her less fortunate friends who have it not, and exchanges visits with those who have. One may imagine, perhaps, how dull, all out in the country. Well, everyone knows that the country is impossible to live in without abundant vehicular communication, and country houses have in this respect been served heretofore by horses, and horses only, and at a grievous expense. The motor car, that can be bought at the cost price of a carriage and pair well turned out, will do six times the work of the carriage at about a tenth of the cost, will do it equally comfortably, and far quicker. In the time to come, not very far distant, everybody at all comfortably off will have a motor car of some sort, and then, I take it, the charm of country life will be greater than ever.

THE NEW ACT.

Mr. Henry Norman in the *World's Work*, has an illuminating article on the new Motor Car Act, which comes into force in January, 1904. Why, he asks, should a motor car pay to the revenue £4 7s., while a four-wheeled carriage pays only £2 17s.? He also finds fault with the regulations with regard to the number plates, and quotes French examples to prove his argument in favour of smaller plates. He answers the question as to why motorists go in for cars of such high horse-power, capable of forty, fifty, or sixty miles an hour, by explaining the great gain it affords in maintaining an even speed up hills without discomfort. Mr. Norman replies at length to Mr. Briton Rivière's letter to the *Times*, with which he disagrees on almost every point. On the score of safety from accident he recalls the figures collected by the *Auto-car* with regard to the dangers of horse traffic. This demonstrated that in one year in the United Kingdom there have been 3,991 accidents, with 411 persons killed and 2,991 injured.

IF I WERE A MILLIONAIRE.

IN the *Lady's Realm* for December there are two interesting articles by well-known ladies on the way in which they consider great wealth could best be utilised.

I.—BY THE COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY.

After reviewing all the many fields of philanthropic endeavour, the Countess of Malmesbury considers that there is still one left practically untouched:—

This is the hereditary improvement of man, physically, mentally, and morally, by carefully selecting the best specimens, enabling them to live and bring up their families under the best hygienic conditions which money and common sense combined could procure.

All her endeavours would be directed towards discouraging "the peopling of this beautiful earth with ugly, unhealthy, and immoral inhabitants." Near some large town she would select land, which she would people with carefully selected young persons, to be employed in market gardening, stock-rearing, and trades (not unhealthy ones). They would be paid specially high wages, and should enjoy privileges and leisure not usually possible to those in their class. She would particularly attend to the welfare of the women, and in every way encourage them to have large families, controlling the amount of work they did after marriage, although not putting a stop to some light field labour, "which is undoubtedly good for their health." She would make it worth the while of her employes to remain in her service, and to keep sober and honest by giving them pensions and good cottages near their work, if they married. No one with bad heredity could possibly be admitted into such a village; and all children should be brought up total abstainers. This the Countess considers (in italics) "no Utopian scheme, but one which could really be carried out" by the right kind of millionaire.

II.—BY LADY JEUNE.

Lady Jeune considers that with so much already spent on charity, that door is virtually closed to the millionaire. We are thrown back to try to discover among the well-born and gently nurtured pauper of the better and upper classes some means of mitigating the dreariness and bareness of their lives. Dowering undowered girls is hopeless; they are too numerous. "The sorrows of the distressed gentlewoman are best left to be relieved by the charitable." No; Lady Jeune's pity is for "the young men we meet in ballrooms," for A. Briefless, Esq., eating dinners and dreaming of the Woolsack; for the younger sons of poor, well-born families with extravagant habits, who cannot live without getting into debt—who have no money for cabs, and yet could not do anything so low as ride in an omnibus; who have not the moral courage to put up with a second-rate tailor until they can meet the bills of a first-rate one. It is these young men to whom she would give the money necessary for cabs, tailors, etc. Another object of compassion is the young girl without money enough to dress up to her rank in life, and she is to have her allowance augmented; and there are devoted lovers who cannot marry for want of means.

"THE HOUSE" AND ITS INMATES.

WHAT OLD AGE MEANS IN ENGLAND.

THERE is a painful but impressive picture of the fate of our aged poor in the article contributed by Miss Edith Sellers to the *Nineteenth Century* for December. If the "rural workhouses" which Miss Sellers has been visiting are typical of their kind, there can be no doubt that the workhouse system is the most cruel and extravagant means of providing for the aged poor that has ever been devised. Miss Sellers has been making a tour through workhouses in the country; and everywhere she has seen the same thing; honest, hard-working men and women lodged together with idiots and criminals; and a universal sentiment that the extremest poverty compatible with life was preferable to existence even in the most comfortable workhouses.

HOW THE POOR REGARD THE HOUSE.

And many workhouses, judged merely by their material provision, are extremely comfortable. Miss Sellers again and again saw paupers eating food and wearing clothes infinitely superior to anything they could have been accustomed to. Yet among these people the complaint was universal; they hated the house, and avoided it as long as there was the least hope of keeping life together by work outside:—

A poor, half-starved old creature assured me one day that she was "getting along quite nicely." She had half-a-crown a week out-relief—she was too old to work, and in her life she had never begged. Yet when I ventured to suggest that she would be more comfortable in the union, she was quite shocked. "Go to the workhouse!" she cried indignantly. "No, indeed; I would rather die."

Miss Sellers gives some graphic glimpses of the kinds of people found in workhouses. In one of the most comfortable workhouses she had ever been in:—

The very first of the twelve to whom I spoke seemed to have but one wish on earth—to shake the dust of the place from off his feet with all possible speed. As soon as ever he could get back a bit of his strength he should betake himself off, he said gruffly. And he was seventy-seven years old, and penniless, of course, otherwise he would never have come to the House.

"COMFORTABLE—BUT NOT HAPPY."

In another workhouse she found two half-imbecile murderers, living among honest, hardworking people, whose only offence was that their strength had at last given way. "We are very comfortable, but not happy at all" was the verdict of an old woman in a "model workhouse."

Among the inmates there was an old termagant, a harridan of the worst sort—she was known throughout the district as the Tigress—and she practically ruled the roast there so far as the old women's ward was concerned. She cared no more for the Guardians than she did for the fish in the sea, she drove the master and the matron to their wits' end, and rendered the lives of her fellow-inmates a burden to them. Meanwhile she herself was as happy as the day is long: in the House she had found a real home, she said, and nothing would induce her to leave it.

Here is a picture of what the respectable aged poor have to put up with:—

No attempt is made to keep the insane apart from the sane, or even from the invalids—there is not a single nurse or attendant in the place, only the master and matron, and they are both well advanced in years. In one of the wards I saw a quite pitiable

sight one day. There were thirteen men there, old and feeble for the most part, and they all with three exceptions had a troubled, anxious look on their faces, and were positively cowering before a great strong fellow—he and two hopeless idiots were the only able-bodied men in the place—who was lolling back in the most comfortable seat, keenly enjoying, evidently, the fear he excited. He was a dangerous lunatic, and all these poor helpless people knew it, and were sitting there in dread of what would happen next—he had threatened to "knife" them more than once. Already, some little time before my visit, an old man, although he had nowhere on earth to go to, had left the workhouse because, as he said, "that fellow will do for us all some day," and he did not wish to be done for.

THE LAST RESOURCE OF OLD AGE.

In all workhouses men and women are to be found who have struggled on to the last, and only entered the "house" through extreme old age and infirmity:—

In one workhouse there is a worthy old dame who earned her own living until she was seventy by hawking, and yet looks on herself as a social failure because she gave up the fight so soon. In another there is a village dressmaker, "a lone woman," who, although she struggled on unaided until she was sixty-seven, is harassed by the thought that she might have struggled on a little longer had she but tried hard enough. In another there is a widow who worked as a servant until she was seventy-four, and who would have scorned to go into the house even then, she declared, had not her legs failed her. In another, again, there is a master-miller's widow who, although she stinted herself of everything, found that the few pounds her husband had left her were all spent before her days were ended. And in yet another there is an old spinster who lived in all comfort until she was nearly seventy, when owing to some fraud she found herself without a penny. All these poor old women—and there are many more of their kind—are either alone in the world or have relatives only of the order of those of whom a man once said he had "a gay few, but I wadna thank ye for one out o' the lot."

WHAT THE SYSTEM COSTS.

The maintenance of all these victims costs nearly £28 a head per annum, yet Miss Sellers gives an instance of a woman who preferred to live on 2s. 6d. a week rather than enter the workhouse. Most of the money goes in waste and the maintenance of officials. In Denmark all who become paupers, old and young alike, have their past gone into, and are sifted and sorted according to their merits. Miss Sellers, who has examined this system, says that all the paupers in England could be thus classified in the course of a single winter. There is no other remedy, for "nothing will ever make up to respectable old men and women for being placed on a par with ex-criminals, and forced to go with them share and share alike."

Nigeria.

In the *Magazine of Commerce*, Mr. R. C. Nicholaus writes of Nigeria as a future market. He takes a very hopeful view of the country, as may be judged from the following quotation:—

It can scarcely be many decades now before Northern Nigeria will be a solvent and prosperous branch of our great Empire, with exports of cotton, coffee, cocoa and tobacco, for which the soil is so eminently adapted, along with the present-day produce of oils, nuts, gums and rubber. Apart from these exports, the wealth of the country lies in the unbounded scope for agriculture, cattle and horse-breeding on the two to three-thousand-feet-high salubrious plateaux, amongst the hill ranges of which that forerunner of commercial enterprise, mining, has already auspiciously begun.

"CASH ON DELIVERY."

MR. J. HENNIKER HEATON, M.P., contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* a brief but important article under this title, in which he discusses the system whereby any article ordered from a shop by post is paid for direct to the postman, the price being remitted by the Post Office to the vendor. This system is already in force in many Continental countries, and is largely patronised. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has undertaken now to adopt the system. It is stated, however—an exceptional thing—that in this instance the Post Office is in advance of, and not, as usual, behind, public opinion.

THE GAIN OF THE PUBLIC—

The threat of opposition does not come from the public at large:—

Every lady will appreciate the convenience of being able to "shop by post." Of course such critical matters as the choice of silks, the matching of colours and jewels and the like, can hardly be transacted through the clumsy agency of the postman. But why should personal attendance at a shop be required in order to obtain a well-known book, a pound of listed tea, sugar, or other of the countless items in the domestic economy? She may, it is true, send for a postal order, but that is as troublesome as going to the grocer direct, and there is the added cost of a letter enclosing it, which is only too frequently stolen *en route*.

In Germany or Switzerland the housewife simply despatches a card, goes about more important business, and, with a speed that seems magical, the required commodity—anything, from the latest novel to a case of champagne—appears at her door.

—AND THE CITY SHOPKEEPER.

But not only buyers are concerned; the sellers are also having their say. The larger shopkeepers in cities favour the system; and Mr. Heaton quotes a letter from a firm in Piccadilly which estimates that the reform would save them £1,000 a year:—

The great retail shopkeepers of our principal cities would be considerable gainers by the change. They would be saved the cost and trouble of maintaining convoys of carts, troops of horses, and regiments of drivers; they would receive the bulk of their orders early in the day; and they would be enabled to do business with every part of the country. But the grand advantage which the Continental tradesman enjoys under the C.O.D. system over his English *confrère* is (not to speak of fraud and mistake) that to him bad debts are unknown. How much anxiety, private inquiry, bookkeeping, and county court work are thus saved, who shall compute? How real is the benefit of the consequent reduction of prices, and the abolition of the credit system, none will deny.

THE PLAINT OF THE COUNTRY SHOPKEEPER.

On the other hand, the country shopkeepers resist the change, as they fear it would lead people who now deal with them to carry on their shopping by post with the traders in big towns. These good people also urge that it would lead to fraudulent advertising. Mr. Henniker Heaton does not agree. He says:—

It is probable that some squires and parsons would prefer to deal with London. But it is also probable that the bulk of his customers would be faithful to the local tradesman (given equal prices and equal quality of goods), simply because they would get their purchases delivered at least twelve hours sooner.

Accordingly, on my last visit to Australia, I was assured by the Postmaster-General that the "up-country" tradesmen, who had deprecated the introduction of the system on grounds practically identical with those above given, had profited so much by it that they were now its most enthusiastic supporters.

If I thought there was any risk of the extinction of the country shopkeeper under the plan before us, I would go so far as to advocate a reduction on postal commission on local (say within ten miles) V.P. business. But in no country that has adopted the system has it been found necessary to protect the country shopkeeper, who, in the competition for business, has the decisive advantage of being on the spot. *Les absents ont toujours tort.*

So presumably we shall have our Cash on Delivery system.

A FRENCH DENUNCIATION OF THE INCOME TAX.

M. ROCHE, a French Deputy, makes in the second November number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* a vigorous attack upon the scheme for imposing an income tax which M. Combes has announced. He enumerates fourteen similar schemes by name—and even that is not an exhaustive list—which have been presented to the Chambers since 1871, and he says roundly that this, the latest of them all, is destined to follow them "into that Parliamentary sepulchre where false ideas go to rot." The argument derived from the example of other nations—such as England and Germany—he rejects with scorn, declaring that the income tax does not exist in those countries under the conditions in which it would be administered in France. He begins by distinguishing the idea of a tax on the revenue of the individual from a tax on revenues in the plural; and in connection with the latter he warmly recommends the 4 per cent. duty which is at this moment imposed upon all dividends in France. This tax is automatic, being deducted from the coupons before they are received by the owner, and varying precisely with the amount of the coupons. So, too, with the tax of 3 per cent. on the rent of houses. This, also, is not in its essence a personal tax, but is levied on the house, regardless of who the owner is, or how many other houses he may possess. It is any consideration of the personal income of the citizen which seems to M. Roche so dangerous. He endeavours to state it in the form of a dilemma. The State can only proceed by arbitrary taxation of the citizen—that is, deciding in a sort of *à priori* way what it thinks his income is; or by declaration, which involves an inquisition into the citizen's private affairs which is particularly horrible and odious to the French character.

In an interesting historical retrospect M. Roche traces the idea of a personal income tax back to the Constitution of Servius Tullius, which is 2,458 years old. He gives a moving description of the ancient Roman, subject to the penalty of death if he made a false return of his income. Later in French history he shows us the same conception as a potent instrument of tyranny in the hands of kings. All this is interesting enough, but M. Roche does not appear to deal—in spite of the length of his article—with the chief justification of a personal income tax, namely, that it is the only method which permits of a graduated impost, the amount of which varies according to the amount of each income.

HOW THE GREATEST SHOP IN THE WORLD IS RUN.

In the *Woman at Home* Mr. David Williamson writes of the wonderful business built up by Marshall Field and Co. in Chicago. This great business has grown to its present magnitude practically within fifteen years. The ideals of the firm are thus expressed in their own words:—

To do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way; to do some things better than they were ever done before; to eliminate errors; to know both sides of the question; to be courteous; to be an example; to work for love of the work; to anticipate requirements; to develop resources; to recognise no impediments; to master circumstances; to act from reason rather than rule; to be satisfied with nothing short of perfection.

Every encouragement is given to *employés* of both sexes to rise, and it is a remarkable fact that, of the 150 managers in the Chicago house, only two have not graduated in the business:—

Mr. H. G. Selfridge, the managing director of this vast organisation, is a living embodiment of the principles which have developed the business so extraordinarily. He entered the firm's employment about twenty years ago, at a salary, as he told me with a smile, of about ten shillings a week.

TAKE TROUBLE.

Asked for an explanation of his methods, Mr. Selfridge replied:—

If you asked me to give you our keynote, I should say it was "Take trouble." Success does not come unearned to anyone; it has to be worked for. We have never rested content with our achievements, but have always been striving to overcome some defect in our machinery or add to our efficiency. Another point I should like to emphasise is that we believe in being happy in business. Personally, I enjoy thoroughly my work, and I believe everyone in our employment does. They can afford to feel happy. They have security of tenure, for they know that they will never be dismissed except for gravest reasons. They have access to the manager for any suggestion or complaint; and they have the encouragement of knowing that promotion goes by merit.

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

"We believe in pushing responsibility as far as it will go," said Mr. Selfridge to me. "It is fatal in a great house to concentrate the control too much. The managing director trusts the section managers with as much power as possible; they, in their turn, devote trust on their staff, right down to the youngest member. In this way all are made to feel that the success of the business depends on individual energy and skill. The system acts excellently, and, as a result, we are always able to promote to the best positions those who have served for years in the lower places."

ATTENTION TO DETAIL.

In one of the private letters of instruction which the manager sends at intervals to the staff, I read something like this: "Pay particular attention to the small customer. It is a matter of more importance to him or her as to whether the purchase is satisfactory than it is to a wealthy customer. If a poor woman, for instance, buys a bonnet, it will be probably her only new bonnet for at least a year. See that she buys a bonnet which suits her and is what she desires. To her that purchase is 'an event,' and you must take all possible trouble to satisfy her." There is a fine spirit of consideration underlying that instruction, but every business man will admit that there is also a sound principle for the extension of trade. In such a store as Marshall Field's the small customer outnumbers the well-to-do buyer by thousands, and it is by satisfying the small purchaser that big businesses have been built.

COURTESY AN OBLIGATION.

Assistants are not allowed to urge customers to buy. The firm recognises, what some of our shops have yet to learn, that

people have a perfect right to see goods without spending a penny. Strict civility is the order of the day. "Courtesy is an obligation, a necessity, an introduction, a recommendation, a passport, a lesson, an influence, an opportunity, an investment, a peacemaker, and a pleasure," are the words on one of the "friendly councils" circulated among the *employés*.

THE NEEDS OF THE WORKPEOPLE.

Every attention is paid to the well-being of those employed in the store. They are not neglected in the endeavours to attract the purchaser.

There are two fine gymnasias, as well as bathrooms, "rest rooms," dining-rooms, and reading rooms. The "cash boys" and younger lads have to attend a school for at least two hours twice a week, where useful education is given. A hospital ward exists on the premises for the treatment of sudden accidents, and a doctor is always ready to render help in any emergency. It would indeed be difficult to suggest any reasonable addition to the marvellous completeness of the store.

THE MING TOMBS NEAR PEKING.

The Leisure Hour contains an article by Antoinette Duthoit describing a visit paid to the Great Wall of China and the Ming Tombs in 1900. The Ming dynasty was the last Chinese dynasty to hold sway over the empire, being followed by the present Manchu dynasty:—

The justly celebrated and beautiful Ming Tombs near Peking are the mausolea of thirteen of the Ming Emperors. They are approached by a remarkable avenue of great stone figures, all monoliths. Elephants, lions, camels and fabulous animals, placed at regular intervals, form the longer part, and at the end near the tombs are four pairs of gigantic statues of civil and military mandarins; the presence of all these strange figures being supposed to secure their existence in the spirit world, in the service of the dead monarchs. The avenue is entered through a magnificent marble "pai'lou," or memorial arch. A little beyond this entrance is a red, golden-roofed pavilion with open archways on the four sides, in which stands a colossal tortoise cenotaph of marble, bearing inscriptions in Chinese and Mongolian, eulogies of Yung Lo, third Emperor, whose tomb is generally understood to be the finest of the thirteen. Close by stand some curiously-winged marble columns covered with mythical carvings, and then begin the long lines of monoliths, guarded by hills on either side. A paved way of at least half a mile in length, leading across a fine but ruinous marble bridge, lay between the end of the avenue and the Tombs; the long intermediate distance being indicative of the highest possible rank.

The "Tomb" includes several acres of land, enclosed within high walls and divided into a series of courts lying one beyond the other, with porcelain-roofed halls, gateways, pavilions, and porcelain pagodas; for as if in pursuance of the idea already suggested with regard to the stone figures, the Royal Tomb is constructed on the same plan as the Palace.

The Great Hall standing between the second and third courts is a magnificent building, and opens upon either court by three large doorways exactly similar and opposite to each other. It contains the entombed monarch's "spiritual tablet," set upon a canopied throne, richly carved and gilded, a table with various sacred emblems standing before it. The ceiling is composed of hundreds of decorative square panels, showing gold dragons on a blue ground; but in every other respect this vast interior impresses one with its dignified simplicity, and the numerous pillars which support the massive roof are simple trunks of teak, each six feet in diameter and fifty feet high. It took many years to bring these enormous trunks by sea, in junks, from Siam, and to float them on rafts up the Grand Canal and the Peiho to Peking, from whence they had still to be carried with immense labour over nearly fifty miles of the plain of Chi-li, before the Emperor's tomb was reached.

THE BOOK CRISIS IN FRANCE.

FOR some time past it has been said that French books have been selling badly: the trade in them has been in a parlous state. Into the truth or the falsity of these assertions the editor of *La Revue* has sent M. Max Leclerc to enquire, and the result is a most interesting symposium in the October 15th number. The French Customs showed for French books exported in 1900 £413,520, against £565,200 in 1899; and in 1901 things were but slightly better.

The replies of the great Paris publishing houses are singularly unanimous. They one and all deplore the fact that as few French journals criticise new books, descriptive advertisements—more or less misleading, because they are advertisements—are all that most of them insert as a guide to current literature. Almost with one accord they admit a crisis in the book trade, and attribute it to over-production. M. Flammarion, in particular, deplores the excessive production. Twenty new books a day is his average. It is especially the sale of novels that is affected; serious books, especially works of science and philosophy, are generally admitted to be as much in demand as ever. It is the novel of pure imagination and the over-elaborated psychological romance which are losing favour, while French taste, according to M. Fasquelle, demands works such as those of Urbain Gohier and Clemenceau, treating of great social problems; and even in novels those in chief demand tend to be such as are debating some social principle, or marshalling historic facts (M. Bourget, for instance, MM. Paul and Victor Margueritte). M. Fasquelle also deplores the American pirated editions of French works, and urges an international treaty protecting French copyright. Time was when authors wrote for pleasure, witness Daudet and Maupassant; now they are book-making machines. Talent now abounds, *court les rues*, in fact; the difficulty is the selection. One reason urged for less reading, and consequently less book-buying, is, as in England, *le sport*.

The replies of the newspapers as to why they do not publish more criticisms of new books are generally—that they do. *L'Éclair*, however, says—first, there must be time to read a book before criticising it; and secondly, after advertisements, which are virtually criticisms, naturally always laudatory, what can the critic do? We cannot, they say, publish a eulogium of a book on one page and a depreciation of it on another. *Le Gaulois* remarks that it published six critical articles on “L'Étape,” by M. Bourget, a book which MM. Pion-Nourrit said had sold up to 60,000 copies already. *Le Gil Blas* considers that what is most injurious to book, and especially to novel sales, is the competition of newspapers and magazines. The public reads fiction in the form of *feuilletons* and serials. “Moreover” (it continues, in the person of M. Ollendorff), “abroad French literature, which used to have almost all the triumphs, has encountered the competition of various recently-made national reputa-

tions: Rudyard Kipling and Thomas Hardy in England, Sudermann in Germany, D'Annunzio and Matilde Serao in Italy, have disputed with our writers for the intellectual market.”

M. Schwarz, one of the chief publishers of illustrated periodicals, remarks that, in his opinion, the harm done to booksellers is done by their “frantic and sometimes cynical competition with one another.” “You cannot have an idea in the publishing trade without twenty imitators immediately seizing on it.” He published *Le Frou-Frou*. Result: Seventeen imitations one after the other. *Le Pile-Mile* succeeds. Result: Nine imitations, and so forth. And the remedy? There is only one. “The author of a new idea in the way of a publication should take out a patent.”

In the November 1st number this discussion is continued and concluded. The powerful firm of Hachette et Cie. do not consider that books in general sell less in France, but merely that, since there are so many more publishers, no individual one sells so many; of novels, however, fewer are sold, largely because of the good daily papers publishing fiction. One practical suggestion is made by several firms, and that is that booksellers should receive a technical education, for lack of which they often fail to recommend to customers the books they really require. Abroad, said the representative of the Librairie Larousse, this is more or less done; and this is why, in Belgium, they still do five or six times more business in proportion to the population than in France.

The President of the French Booksellers' Syndicate, M. Baranger, is very strong on this point:—

For a long time past I have advocated the creation of a booksellers' school (Ecole de Librairies) similar to those working in Germany, and in particular at Leipzig. Booksellers' apprentices would there receive lessons in general literature, in French, German, and English, and in bibliography. They would learn everything more directly concerning the practice of their trade—how to draw up a catalogue, how to judge of a book without reading it thoroughly, and thus know to what kind of public it would appeal.

M. Baranger, be it noted, agrees with the great publishers in saying that, after all, it is chiefly books without literary value and immoral novels which are prejudicially affected.

UNDER a delightful portrait of Lord Kelvin, *Pearson's* tells this pretty story of his lordship's second marriage. “In the early seventies he was studying methods of signalling at sea; and once, when with a friend in Madeira, he explained his system. No one present seemed to understand it, with the exception of his host's daughter. He was greatly struck by the way in which she grasped his points. She declared that she would be able to read a signal. It was arranged that she should be put to the test, and on returning to his yacht the scientist sent a message, which the lady not only succeeded in reading, but in answering. The question was: ‘Will you marry me?’ and the answer was: ‘Yes.’”

SNAKES.

MR. A. W. ROLKER contributes to the *Windsor Magazine* an interesting article upon snakes and their habits, chiefly relating to their life in captivity.

THE CANNIBAL COBRA.

The most atrocious cannibal among all the snakes is the king cobra. The sight of this snake feeding is not one for sensitive nerves. In its natural state this monarch of reptiles contents himself with lizards when nothing better offers; but when captive he declines to touch food unless tempted by the morsel of a squirming six-foot snake. The spectacle of a frightened "black-racer" being introduced into the cage would be more pitiful were it not that he himself is a cannibal. For an instant the dread brown head peers around a corner of the water tank at the doomed one, who has not a chance in a thousand in his favour. But he makes a single frantic attempt for his life. His motion is lightning. Cornered hopelessly as he is, he whips out like a streak of light in one mighty effort to coil about the enemy's throat to choke him. But the cobra is quicker still. One dart—too quick for the human eye to follow—and the black head is between the relentless jaws, which, with their back-set teeth and alternate outward and inward motion, steadily draw the fighting, squirming thing inward.

A FASTIDIOUS SNAKE.

Among the most interesting specimens in respect to their food and their habits while eating is the great American viper—the rattlesnake. At large, the splendid brownish-black reptile—there never was a fairer in a fight—roams the corn and the wheat fields of the farmer, hunting rats that threaten crops. Quick and fearless in attack in his natural haunts, when in captivity he develops a dignity which, if interfered with, would lead even to starvation, for few full-grown rattlers will deign to eat with more than a single companion in the cage.

When fed on rats in a small cage it is necessary to kill the victims before placing them in the cage, because the little brown animal with his activity presents no mean adversary to the huge viper, and might succeed in landing on the neck of his foe, biting the backbone, and thus destroy the valuable snake.

FEEDING SNAKES.

Frequently snakes in confinement refuse to be fed, and then the keepers have to use strategy or force to induce them to partake of a meal:—

A most famous instance of snake-feeding happened a year ago in the New York Zoological Park, when Czarina, a twenty-foot regal python, one of the largest specimens in captivity, and known to very many naturalists, was fed against her will. Like all big pythons in captivity, she was trying to starve herself to death. Imagine a creature in length the height of a two-storey house; in weight 280 lb.; girth measure bigger than a large man's thigh; possessing within its tremendous frame the strength of twelve men; of a brown and purple coloured skin; with a head big as a wolf's; eyes like russet shoe-buckles, and a pair of jaws capable of swallowing a full-sized Newfoundland dog.

It required the full force of twelve grown men to control the python and stretch it out to receive a repast of thirty pounds of rabbits, which was pushed down its throat with a bamboo rod. At times, during the initial struggle, it seemed as if the reptile would gain the upper hand, and in that event the lives of some of the keepers would have been almost assuredly sacrificed.

A SNAKE EXTERMINATOR.

Besides the universal animosity of mankind and beasts and birds, the snakes of the world have to put

up with the enmity of one of their own race, who attacks and kills snakes, not to eat them, as do the cobra and other cannibal species, but simply to destroy them:—

The most relentless exterminator of reptiles is a member of the family itself—the beautiful, lithe, yellow and black king-snake, the friend of man and the avowed enemy of anything that creeps or crawls, regardless of size or poison-fang. A native of South America, the kingsnake is between five and eight feet long, and no thicker around than a man's thumb. Built in every muscle and bone for speed and tremendous constricting power, there is not another snake on earth that can withstand his assault. He is immune to the poison of the cobra and of the rattler alike, and the strength of a thirty-foot python has no terrors for him. Within five minutes from the opening of the fight, the kingsnake could kill the biggest python that ever lived. Ferocious as the little constrictor is towards his own kind, towards man he is friendly, and rarely tries to escape when met afield. If picked up in the hand, he will coil about his captor's arm, evidently pleased at the exhibition of friendliness.

THE EXTRACTION OF SNAKE VENOM.

The extraction of the venom from live specimens for experimental purposes is a process of much interest. For the larger snakes a special apparatus has been devised; but in the handling of the smaller sized vipers, like the moccasin, the experts use little ceremony. They work boldly and quickly, and think little more of handling a wicked viper with the sting of death in its head than of capturing a vicious cat.

A moccasin, for example, lies in the diminutive swamp of his cage, all thoughtless of trouble, when suddenly the door of his cage is thrown open. A hand holding a stout stick intrudes. In an instant the viper has coiled and struck cut at the nearest object threatening—the stick. Almost before he can withdraw his fangs, the stick comes down across his back, right behind the head, pinning him to the floor of the cage, while the hand reaches in, grasps the neck, and bears the snake to the operating-room. To a casual observer it seems ridiculously simple and easy, but the snake-man takes no chances.

To collect the venom, an ordinary sheet of writing paper is used. This is folded once upon itself, cylinder fashion, and approached to the mouth of the reptile. At first it refuses to bite. It is necessary to nag it with the bait. Then the mouth opens, like the mouth of a cat, showing the long, thin poison-fangs and the back-set teeth in a setting of sickly pink. As the jaws come together, there is a pricking of the paper, and later only these punctures show on the exterior of the roll. But when the sheet is unwrapped, the venom is found—canary yellow in colour, viscous as milk—enough to fill a tablespoon and to kill three strong men.

An interesting statement is made as to the constituency of the venom in the varying snakes. In the case of the cobra the poison contains about 95 per cent. of nerve-destroying and 5 per cent. of blood-destroying elements. Rattlesnake poison contains, on the other hand, about 95 per cent. of blood-destroying and about 5 per cent. of nerve-destroying elements. The results of a cobra bite are a painless death or else a possible total recovery, while a rattlesnake inflicts excruciating tortures, and where life is saved long suffering from blood diseases.

THE new number of the *Rivista Musicale Italiana* contains several interesting articles. Music in Shakespeare is dealt with by H. G. Conrat; J. G. Prod'homme writes on the Forquerays; the setting of Dante's "Vita Nuova," by E. Wolf-Ferrari, is noticed at length by L. Torchi; and there are several other interesting articles which go to make up an excellent number.

A GLOOMY VIEW OF UGANDA.

IN the *Sunday at Home* Mr. Charles W. Hattersley writes in a pessimistic vein regarding that most expensive protectorate, Uganda.

There are no seasons in Uganda, roughly speaking. It is always hot, and it has been said that the heat penetrates into the ground six feet all the year round, as against one foot in England in July and August. There are what are called rainy seasons, commencing about March and September, but they are very uncertain, and, even in the rainy seasons, rain rarely falls continuously for more than a few hours. Rain is plentiful most of the year. June and December being the only really dry months. Hailstorms are frequent and sometimes severe. Thunderstorms are frequent and sometimes terrific, houses being constantly struck by lightning and destroyed. It does not seem as though Uganda proper is a country for settlers, but probably the heat is not the greatest barrier to this. The elevation is high, over 4,400 feet above sea-level, and probably the rarity of the atmosphere has something to do with the feeling of depression which one constantly feels, after four years' residence in the country without a furlough. When the atmosphere is so rare the lungs cannot perform their full amount of work, and the liver is called on to help, with the result that it cannot perform its own functions properly, and indigestion and dyspepsia are the result. Malaria is a great enemy and source of danger to life, the natives suffering a great deal from it, much more so in proportion than Europeans. No doubt it is conveyed from natives to Europeans by mosquitoes.

These are not the only difficulties in the way of colonisation. Insect enemies to plant life and cultivation of cereals are very numerous. Many experiments have ended disastrously, but the British Administration is making every effort to find out what productions can most suitably be grown. It seems at present as though the country called East Africa, that is, east of the lake, is most suitable for colonisation by Europeans, both from a health point of view, and that of remuneration for their labours as planters. Though on the highlands of the Mau escarpment, 7,000 feet, we have heard of cases of mountain sickness.

The disease called sleeping sickness, which has of late wrought such havoc amongst the natives, is of a most distressing character. It has been found that a parasite carried by a fly which attacks human beings is responsible for the disease. The parasite was first found in the fluid surrounding the spinal cord, hence the brain is the first vital organ attacked.

A Christmas Gift to the Lonely.

THE Correspondence Club has proved itself helpful to those who live lonely lives at home and abroad, and who seek friends and friendships. By means of its membership correspondents in all civilised parts of the world can be found, ladies and gentlemen interested in various languages, arts and sciences, sports and pastimes, topics of the day, etc. Indeed, membership of the Correspondence Club is an education in itself, as it enables those interested to keep in touch with intellectual people of all sorts and conditions. As a Christmas and New Year's Gift to those who seek interest in their lives I offer Membership at a reduced rate between the dates of December 15th to January 15th inclusive. To save time, those living abroad should send a remittance of 13s., which will entitle them to a year's membership and to a monthly copy of *Round-About*, the post-bag of the members. The Club was founded in 1897 in order to bridge the gulf that exists between the sexes, the classes of society, and the nations of humanity, to bring the peoples together into intellectual touch with each other, and to create that cosmopolitan interest which should exist among the English-speaking races. All particulars will be forwarded by the Conductor, Mowbray House, Norfolk Street, W.C.

MORE ABOUT RADIUM.

IN the *World's Work* Dr. J. A. Harker writes on "The Mystery of Radium," an article which will help many to understand better the properties of this rare substance. The value of radium is very high:—

The first radium sold commercially in this country realised about £1 per milligramme (1 mg. = $\frac{1}{1000}$ part of an ounce). In order to comprehend the meaning of this price it may be compared with that of the largest diamonds of the first water, such as the celebrated "Hope" diamond, which weighs 44 carats, or about 8,800 milligrammes, and last changed hands for about, it is understood, £25,000, or nearly £3 a milligramme. For the very finest stones of more ordinary size £10 a carat, or 1s. a milligramme, is a high price, while the price of pure radium chloride five months ago was still 7s. a milligramme, and even at this figure the demand was far in excess of the supply.

The discovery of radium has upset chemistry—there are as yet no scientifically known bounds as to its possibilities. An extract from the *Times* of July 17th, dealing with two important points of utility, may be quoted:—

A case of Mr. Mackenzie Davidson at the Charing Cross Hospital may be cited as illustrating the work of English medical men in this field. A rodent cancer of the nose which had recurred after operation and had been treated unsuccessfully with X rays, was subjected to a short exposure to radium. Four exposures, aggregating about an hour, were given at intervals of a few days. In three weeks the diseased part was healing well, and in six weeks, after two further exposures, the cancer had disappeared completely—almost miraculously, as it seemed—not leaving even a visible scar.

A small fraction of an ounce of radium, properly employed, would probably provide a good light sufficient for several rooms, which, at any rate during the present century, would never need renewal.

A Collection which left Carnegie Penniless.

THE December number of the *Quiver* heralds the holidays by an article on Santa Claus by Sarah A. Tooley, which gives an account of aspects of Christmas in the various countries. The secret of Mr. Carnegie's success is tabletted by Bruce Low, M.A. It is rather a threadbare subject, but one of his stories of Mr. Carnegie is fresh. It is told by Carnegie himself, with a laugh at his own expense, of his visit along with another American millionaire to hear one of London's famous preachers. After an eloquent sermon came an appeal for contributions to some charitable object. At first the two strangers smiled at each other, thinking that such matters are common to both sides of the Atlantic, and selected a modest coin to meet the case. As the speaker proceeded, however, the appeal struck such a responsive chord in Mr. Carnegie's heart that he emptied the contents of his purse into the collection plate. On reaching the street, after the conclusion of the service, he was about to call a cab when he turned to his friend to inform him that he would have to pay the fare, as he himself was penniless. "What, did you give him your last dollar?" said the friend. "So did I." They determined to conceal their poverty and excess of charity by walking the distance, some miles, to their hotel. "The Charities of Children," by E. S. Curry, gives a good account of the work done in this direction and its growth.

THOSE interested in our French neighbours will enjoy a pleasantly written account of "Restaurant-keeping in Paris," from the pen of Miss Betham-Edwards, in *Longman's Magazine* for December.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE AUSTRALASIAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

THE *Australasian Review of Reviews* for October is as full as usual of matter which no one interested in Colonial affairs can afford to miss. The editor publishes a map of the site of the new Federal capital Tumut, which consists of a ribbon of land nearly one hundred miles long by ten broad. Mr. Fitchett regards the disputes over the site as evidence of how imperfectly Federal ideas have as yet overcome State jealousies. Miss Constance Barnicoat contributes an interesting and well-illustrated paper on "Travelling in New Zealand." Miss Barnicoat says that it is possible to travel in New Zealand less expensively than elsewhere; the difficulty is that if you are going anywhere more than two hundred or three hundred miles, you must go by steamer, which is expensive. Railway rates are reasonable, and a ticket over all the South Island Railways, available for four weeks, costs only £6. The number also contains plenty of caricatures, and the usual "Literary Gossip."

THE AMERICAN MONTHLY REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

"THE Progress of the World" in the *American Review of Reviews* is, as might be expected, largely devoted to the Panama revolution, and all that it entails for the United States. Dr. Shaw says that it has been evident for years that the Isthmus would be some time delivered from Colombian rule. The special articles in the number are numerous and varied. There is a Character Sketch of Mr. Cannon, the new Speaker of the House of Representatives, who is described as a "character," and his portrait bears out the description. Mr. Henry Hale writes briefly about M. Bunau-Varilla, the French engineer, who seems to have engineered a good deal of history into existence of late. There are two art papers, one describing the treasures at the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg, which contains, among other things, Whistler's portrait of Sarasate; and a paper by Mr. Frank Fowler on "The Portrait Exhibition at New York." The Rev. C. S. Bateman describes "Progress among the Philippine Moros," who, he says, have profited largely by the works instituted by the Americans.

English Illustrated Magazine.

THE Christmas number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* is of exceptional interest. It is beautifully illustrated, and the contents are very varied. The opening paper describes "Moated Houses of England," by Mr. Oscar Parker, with charming drawings by Mr. Herbert Railton; it is followed by a dainty paper entitled "Frost-Flowers," by Mr. Henry Lee, illustrated by photographs which bring out the beautifully varied forms of frost crystals and frost flowers. There is an art paper entitled "The Medici as Magi"; and another, written and illustrated by a Japanese artist, Yoshio Markino, tells "The True Story of the Geisha." Mrs. Sarah Tooley describes "Old English Customs in the Counties." Mr. Frost tells all about the mystery of Christmas crackers. The birthday papers are devoted to Mr. Morley, Dr. Samuel Smiles and Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The rest of the magazine is illustrated fiction.

THE NEW LIBERAL REVIEW.

THE *New Liberal* for December is a varied number, and resembles the other reviews this month by giving the fiscal articles a secondary place.

JEWISH LANGUAGES.

Mr. Zangwill writes on "Language and Jewish Life." In England and America, he says, there is practically no specific Jewish language; but Yiddish is the most alive of languages, and its literary and journalistic activity exceeds even that of Hebrew. In American Jewry the tendency to exclude all traces of Jewish nomenclature has been pushed so far that even words like *kosher* have disappeared.

A TUNNEL TO IRELAND.

Mr. R. P. Croom Johnson has an interesting paper on the project for a tunnel between Great Britain and Ireland. The route most favoured by engineers is that between Port Patrick in Wigtonshire and Donaghadee, a distance of only 22 miles, with a maximum depth of 900 feet below sea level. Between Holyhead and Howth, near Dublin, the depth is only 432 feet, but the distance is 52 miles, and the length of tunnelling required 75 miles. This scheme, if practicable, would be, of course, the best, and the former route would be a convenience chiefly to Scotland and the North of Ireland. In spite of the much greater length, the cost would not be proportionately increased. The Scotch route represents great engineering difficulties, whereas the great length is the only difficulty in the Welsh route. Either tunnel would have to be 150 feet below the sea-floor.

THE L.C.C. AND EDUCATION.

Mr. F. Dolman, L.C.C., writing on the new London Education Act, approves of Dr. Macnamara's proposal that the numerical strength of the Council must be increased by one-third:—

In municipal administration the size of an undertaking by no means governs the time and toil entailed in its management; the Highways Committee of the Council, for example, could doubtless control the working of the whole of the London tramways. Like added to like increases the official staff, but not necessarily the labours of the responsible Committee. Elementary education, however, is a new subject to the general body of the members. In dealing with it they will be navigating an unknown sea. With the exception, to a limited degree, of some of the members who have taken an active part in the affairs of the Technical Education Department, there is a danger that they will for a time have to place themselves too much in the hands either of the present School Board officials or of the non-elected minority of the Education Committee, who have no direct responsibility to the ratepayers. To free themselves from such dependence, Councillors on the Education Committee will have to devote themselves almost entirely, for a time at least, to obtaining a mastery over its work. The services of such members—and they must necessarily include some of the ablest Councillors—will thus be practically lost to their present work in the administration of the ordinary municipal services.

OTHER ARTICLES.

There are several other articles of interest in the number. Dr. Macnamara shows the parallel between South Africa and the Crimea as regards Army inefficiency. I have dealt elsewhere with the fiscal articles.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE *National Review* for December is a bulky number. It contains sixty-two pages of the supplement "The Economics of Empire," by the Assistant-Editor, which was begun in an earlier number, and it is to be hoped is finished in this. I have quoted from it elsewhere, briefly. I have also made a special article of Sir Leslie Stephen's "Early Impressions." Some of the other papers are of considerable value, but space is of more value still, so I must limit myself.

CAUSES OF GERMAN SOCIALISM.

Herr Georg von Vollmar, a member of the German Reichstag, describes the causes of German Social Democracy, which he urges are not all to be found in the taxation of food. He gives a gloomy account of the mediaevalism and despotism still existing in the Empire. There is really no protection for workers; the right of combination is limited. In some States it is legal to inflict "moderate" corporal punishment on employés; and domestic and agricultural servants are criminally punished in most of the States for leaving their work, and even sent back forcibly to their employers. Constitutional Government is a semblance and a pretence; and the Press is fettered by the law of *lèse-majesté* and by the obligation of editors to disclose the names of contributors. In short:—

The position of affairs in the Empire is, politically, one of extreme seriousness. It is impossible for Germany to endure any longer the existence of the contradiction presented by her external development and her internal backwardness, and of the harsh discord presented by the striving for power and material gain of the ruling classes on the one hand, and, on the other hand, by the educational development, the increased sense of power, the general feeling of discontent, and the straining effort of the nation to put an end to the period of tutelage, and to attain at last its political majority. The future of Germany depends on her path being swept clear of the hindering rubbish which encumbers it and can no longer be tolerated, and on her transformation into a State of modern democratic type, in which all the forces of political and social progress can develop themselves unhindered, and freer conditions can obtain.

AMERICA AND RUSSIA.

Mr. A. M. Low tries to make out that America is immensely excited over events in China:—

It is not inevitable that Russia and America should clash over Manchuria, but it is not improbable. Whatever the future may bring, one thing is absolutely certain: Russia can no more carry on things with a high hand in Manchuria without considering the United States than she can attempt the Russianisation of Corea without running foul of Japan. Russian diplomacy has placed a red-hot poker on top of a barrel of gunpowder.

AMERICA AT HOME.

But it is quite plain from another portion of his chronicle that the United States has plenty to do at home:—

Once again a Southern State has shown that killing is no murder, and that it is the privilege of every Southern gentleman to shoot down from behind the unarmed man who has offended him. The acquittal of former Lieutenant-Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, for the murder of N. G. Gonzales, the editor of a South Carolina newspaper, is quite in accordance with the best traditions of the South and its own code of morals. Never was there a fouler or more wanton murder than this. Tillman, a man of coarse habits, loose character, and violent temper, left the Senate-chamber, over which as Lieutenant-Governor of the State he had presided, and in the public street shot down Gonzales from behind; Gonzales, a man of high character, who had incurred Tillman's malignant enmity because he had criticised his public acts. Gonzales was unarmed. The facts were incon-

trovertible. Tillman had committed unprovoked murder, and in any civilised community he would have expiated his crime with his life. Tillman, next to the Governor, the highest representative of the law in his State, had shown his contempt for the law by taking the law into his own hand to avenge a fancied wrong, and further, to make a travesty of the law, he was subjected to a farcical trial and acquitted. When the verdict was announced, we are told, "Tillman's friends crowded around him and shook his hand. He was pleased with this demonstration. He shook hands with Judge Gary and the jurymen, and walked out of the court-house." Nobody thinks any worse of the murderer, and the judge and jurymen evidently feel themselves honoured in having their hands shaken by a cowardly murderer.

Mr. Low says that "there is a fine field in the Southern States for men and women of English birth who feel it their duty to labour in uncivilised countries as missionaries." Murder seems to be the particular god at present worshipped:—

In Kentucky in the last five years, according to a writer in the *New York Independent*, there have been 798 homicides and only nine legal executions. "The murderer may be fairly snowed with sympathising letters," to quote this writer, "and women crowd the court-rooms and admire the assassin, telling their children how brave and handsome he looked."

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

FISCALISM and feminism are the questions which dominate the December number. Mr. W. M. Lightbody writes on taxing the foreigner, and while opposing Protectionist proposals, grants "the whole question is involved in obscurity. The incidence of taxation is a chapter of economics yet to be written, and the most we could say is that it is not altogether impossible that the foreigner might be forced to bear a part." Mr. J. G. Godard continues his discussion of Commercialism and Imperialism, and exposes the vicious circle which would extend Empire to find markets for our trade, and would then fetter trade to consolidate Empire. "Imperialism does not pay," is his contention. Mr. L. M. Burrell pleads for an Imperial Parliament, representing all Parliaments within the Empire, to arrange a fiscal system intended to encourage the retention of our foreign markets while ousting the foreigner from the supply of markets within the Empire. The Free Trade within the Empire which he aims at is advocated by him as a step to his ultimate goal—universal Free Trade.

The Essential Equality of Man and Woman is the theme of Mr. W. K. Hill's article. He lays stress on the rapidity of feminine development in all spheres recently opened to her.

Miss Annie L. Diggs calls attention to the fact that "co-education from kindergarten to university is very nearly universal in the United States." With the experience thus acquired, she opposes most of the arguments advanced against youths and maidens being educated together. Far from marriage and domesticity suffering in consequence, she reports "a predominance of congenial marriages, well-ordered households, exceptional motherhood, and high record of social usefulness" among co-educated college women. Perhaps under the same heading may be entered L. E. Tiddeman's study of Charlotte Brontë's novels.

Mr. Hugh H. L. Bellot reviews Mr. Morley's great biography, and pronounces the moral, not the religious, to have been the dominant factor in Mr. Gladstone's life. Mr. Lloyd applauds Esperanto as a suitable international vehicle of thought.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE *Nineteenth Century* for December is an exceptionally varied and interesting number. It opens with Mr. Edward Dicey at his best—and Mr. Dicey at his best is inimitable. The articles on Korea, workhouse life, the proposed Post Office "Cash on Delivery" system, and Mr. Cunynghame's paper on "The Carlsbad Cure" are all quoted from elsewhere.

MORE ABOUT ARMY REFORM.

The Hon. J. W. Fortescue, writing on "History and War Office Reform," makes a number of suggestions worth noting:—

A Commander-in-Chief, then, there must be; but his title might with advantage be changed to that of Captain-General; and he should be the effective head of the military government of the army, and nothing more. As the senior officer of the army he should have a seat in the Secretary of State's council, of which presently; but he should not be the sole military adviser of the Secretary of State. His duties should consist in the maintenance of discipline and instruction, of expending the moneys allotted to him by the Secretary of State for current services of the army; and he should be responsible for keeping the army up to the strength fixed by the Cabinet for the maintenance of its military policy. The Captain-General should be assisted in his duties by a Staff organised upon the lines of that for an army in the field; and through this Staff all military material should be supplied to the army, as is now the case in war. In a word, the army should be organised in peace as it is in war.

Mr. Fortescue says that this would abolish in great measure the civil side of the War Office; and that this policy is right, as the whole progress of military reform for two and a half centuries has been towards the substitution of military for civil organisation.

WHY FRUIT-GROWING FAILS.

Mr. Sampson Morgan has a long article somewhat overcrowded with detail on "The Foreign Fruit Trade in Britain." He says that the growing foreign imports are the result of the failure of the British fruit-grower to efficiently satisfy the wants of the public:—

To a very great extent this increase is attributable to there being in many English orchards millions of worn-out, unprofitable, and unsaleable varieties of fruit trees which ought, in the interest of the whole industry, to be removed. I am satisfied that the foreign fruit exporter in California, New York, the Canaries, and various produce centres in France, Italy, Spain, Germany and Holland, knows more about the wants of the fruit salesmen and dealers of Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow and Dublin than do the majority of English fruit growers. One instance will suffice. In December last choice Blenheim orange apples were advertised in a Herefordshire paper to be sold and despatched in sacks! And at that very time choice apples from California were sent to Covent Garden put up in one-layer strawboard boxes, with divisions, so that each apple was packed separately, as new-laid eggs often are. Each of these boxes contained eighteen fruits, and were eventually retailed in the City of London at 2s. a dozen, or 3s. for each box. We may expect to see the foreign fruit bill of the nation growing larger every year.

A TALE OF THE MAGPIE'S NEST.

Mr. Bosworth Smith, who writes another of his admirable bird articles, tells the following legend as explaining the apparent clumsiness of the magpie's nest:—

When the world was still young, so runs the story, the magpie, though she was sharp enough—too sharp, perhaps, in other things—found herself, I suppose by way of compensation, quite unable to construct her own nest, and called in other birds to help her. "Place this stick thus," said the blackbird. "Ah," said the magpie, "I knew that afore." Other birds followed with other suggestions, and to all of them she made the same

reply. Their patience was at last exhausted by her conceit, and they left her in a body, saying with one consent, "Well, Mistress Mag, as you seem to know all about it, you may e'en finish the nest yourself"; and so, with its dome unfinished and unable to keep out the wind and rain, it has, in consequence, remained to this very day.

Mr. Smith, however, declares that in reality the magpie displays great constructive art.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Charles Eastlake, late Keeper of the National Gallery, opposes the introduction of artificial light and the opening of the gallery after dusk. Lord Hindlip has a brief paper on British East Africa, and Mrs. Frederic Harrison retails the unpleasant revelations made in Miss Von Voorst's book "The Woman Who Toils."

THE MONTHLY REVIEW.

THE *Monthly Review* for December is an average number. The best contribution is the opening "Second Voyage to Laputa," which is done in the style of the former Swiftian papers on fiscalitis which everyone has read. I have noticed elsewhere Mr. W. P. Reeves' article, "The Daughters of the House," also the highly critical paper on the late Professor Mommsen. "Eques" contributes some severe criticism of the War Office's action in abolishing the cavalry lance. He argues that the substitution of firearms does not, as is believed, mean the abolition of shock tactics, but merely substitutes being charged for charging. In the later stages of the Boer War, the Boers, armed only with rifles, charged our men. "Eques" declares that not a single cavalry leader of distinction supports the War Office's action. Another service matter is dealt with in Mr. Julian Corbett's paper on "The Report of the Fleet Manœuvres."

MACEDONIA.

Messrs. Noel Buxton and Charles Roden Buxton contribute a paper on "Public Opinion and Macedonia," in which they plead for direct British intervention. If the present reform scheme proves a failure we must substitute a plan of European control of our own. They urge that it is unlikely that Russia would withhold her consent, and that it is absurd to think that Russia would go to war over the matter. If not, it is highly probable that Bulgaria herself will undertake a war.

OTHER ARTICLES.

There is an interesting paper describing the efforts of Charles II. to bring about a reunion with Rome. In 1662 the King sent an Irishman named Bellings on a secret mission to Rome, which did not succeed; and if it had succeeded would have cost him his throne, for Charles appears to have had no idea of the strength of anti-Catholic feeling in England. Mr. Innes Shand takes "A Ramble in Clubland." He thinks that clubs have a beneficial influence, especially in restraining young men from extravagances.

Temple Bar for December consists entirely of fiction.

In *Macmillan's* for December Mr. J. C. Tarver calls attention to the inadequate remuneration of schoolmasters and assistant masters in our secondary schools. He suggests the need of more *esprit de corps* amongst headmasters, that the profession may be more compact, and the cultivation of a more generous ideal of the teacher's craft.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE *Contemporary Review* for December is a good number; and I have noticed all its more important contributions among the Leading Articles.

LONDON'S UNIVERSITY.

Sir A. W. Rücker has an elaborate article on the changes which are needed to bring the University of London up to a level which will make it worthy of its position as the central university of the Empire. He says that a sum of £300,000 is urgently needed for three objects. The first is the incorporation of University College; the second, the foundation of an institute of preliminary medical studies; and the third, the organisation of the higher technical education of London, around a great college of technology on the South Kensington site. Each of these schemes would require about £100,000 to carry out. Prof. Rücker passes a very favourable judgment on the work already being done by the University.

A GREAT PRÉLATE'S WISDOM.

Archdeacon Boutflower contributes an interesting paper of "Sayings of Bishop Westcott." The following is some of the Bishop's wisdom:—

"The only man I despair of is the man who thinks all things are easy. I have no hope of him at all—none—none."

The Bishop hopes that one effect of the "special" War prayers and services recently issued will be "to persuade people how incomparably better the Prayer Book is than anything we can do."

The Bishop says, "It constantly fell to my lot to read the Book of Jeremiah during my residence at Peterborough, and it made a deep impression on me. I could not help applying it to England now—that wilful and spurious patriotism which refuses to recognise that the way to the best for a nation that has sinned may have to lie through submitting to suffering."

The Bishop did not approve of the Church Hymnal:—

"Do you think so of Hymns Ancient and Modern, my Lord?" asked —. "I think Hymns Ancient and Modern have done more harm to popular English theology than any other book—except Milton's poetry," said the Bishop.

OF THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS:—

The Bishop's pet aversion is the idea of a REVIEW OF REVIEWS, as illustrating the spirit of the age. A review is bad enough as a substitute for knowledge: a REVIEW OF REVIEWS the quintessence of mental abomination. Imagine, then, his horror on reading a letter inviting him "to lend his powerful support" to a "*Church Review of Reviews* much needed and about to be started."

A NATIVITY LEGEND.

Mr. Austin West contributes an extremely interesting article on the origin of the legend of the Ox and Ass at the birth of Christ. Probably even many people fairly familiar with the Gospels think they could easily turn up the reference. But the first mention of the Ox and Ass as present when the infant Christ was "laid in the manger" occurs in Origen. The first materialisation of the legend is found in the pseudo-Matthew Gospel in the fifth century, wherein the Ox and Ass are made to adore the Saviour.

On the third day after the birth of the Lord, the Blessed Mary went forth from the cave and entered into the stable; and there she laid her Infant in the stall; and the Ox and the Ass adored Him. Then was fulfilled what was spoken by Isaiah the Prophet, saying, "The Ox knoweth his owner, and the Ass his master's crib." And these animals having the Child in their midst unceasingly adored Him. Then was fulfilled what was spoken by Kabam (Habakkuk) the Prophet, saying, "In the midst of two animals thou shalt be known."

By the thirteenth century there was even an explanation of how the two animals came to be present at the Nativity,

the story being that Mary went to Bethlehem riding on the Ass, and that Joseph led the Ox to sell to meet current expenses. St. Bonaventure even related that:—

The Ox and the Ass on bended knees placed their mouths upon the manger, breathing through their nostrils, and as though endowed with reason were aware that the Child so scantily protected was in need of warmth at a time when the cold was so intense.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Sir Robert Hunter contributes "Reminiscences of Sir Joshua Fitch," and Lieut.-Col. James reviews Lord Wolseley's Memoirs.

THE INDEPENDENT REVIEW.

THE *Independent Review* for December is a good number, but most of its contents come under the heading of leading articles. Mr. Belloc continues his political satire "Mr. Burden," and his description of the birth of Imperialism in "M'Koria," and "Mr. Barnett's" adroit capture of the Jingo Press, is intensely amusing.

INSECTS AND DISEASE.

Mr. A. E. Shipley writes on the various diseases propagated by flies, of which malaria is the best known. Yellow fever, the "sleeping sickness," and "nagana" or the disease caused by the "tse-tse" fly, are all caused by different flies. The ravages of sleeping sickness are so deadly that whole districts have been depopulated. Flies do not cause disease by the poison of their bites, as used to be believed, but because they themselves are the victims of various kinds of bacteria.

THE IRISH LAND ACTS.

Judge Overend contributes a useful but somewhat dry summary of the various Irish Land Purchase Acts, the effect of which he sums up as follows:—

As to the moral and social effect of these Acts upon the tenants, there can be no two opinions. They brought a sense of contentment and security into the remotest cabin. They stimulated small improvements of every kind. They increased the desire for agricultural knowledge, and produced improved methods of farming. The tenant's power of borrowing money at cheaper rates has been greatly increased.

THE TURKS AND MACEDONIA.

There are two interesting articles dealing with Turkey and Macedonia. Victoria Buxton describes her travels in Mesopotamia, and the purport of her article is that here the Kurd is the villain of the piece. Miss Buxton travelled in these distant parts with another lady, and she gives a very favourable picture of the way in which she was treated by all, though it appears that fear, not love, was the mainspring of the protection and hospitality which she enjoyed. Mr. E. Hilton Young deals with the Macedonian question. He sees no solution save in a Christian governor appointed by the Powers and irremovable by the Sultan, a representative administrative council charged with the supervision of finance, and a complete system of local self-government by religious committees.

The School World.

THE Corresponding Club for the study of pedagogics is explained fully, and so is the scheme of the University of London for the "study of the humanities." Mr. C. W. Bailey gives information about "The Reformation of the Offender," schoolboy sinners being meant in this case, and Lord Avebury contributes "A Study of Nature."

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

THE *Fortnightly* this month contains only two articles on the Protectionist issue—a sign of declining interest, which is the best proof of the unsubstantiality of that ogre. I have noticed these as leading articles, also the articles on Tammany and on Continental politics.

A BOARD OF WAR.

Lieut.-Col. Alsager Pollock's proposal for the reform of the War Office, is that both the Navy and the Army should be placed under one "Board of War," at the head of which should be placed a genuine "Minister of War." The other members would be the "Secretary of State for the Navy," the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and the "Secretary of State for the Army." The Naval Office and Army Office would each be divided into two branches—the combatant and the financial: each would have its own board. Colonel Pollock supplements this by declaring that it must be worked on a system of individual responsibility, every official being considered guilty of any deficiency unless he can prove that he has done his part faultlessly.

MR. MORLEY'S "GLADSTONE."

Judge O'Connor Morris contributes a paper on Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone," which is not very sympathetic either to Mr. Gladstone or to Mr. Morley. He says that the book is rather an elaborate panegyric than a really correct biography. Judge Morris sees nothing good in Mr. Gladstone save his love of liberty. He condemns him as a writer and a speaker:—

Impartial history will hardly place Gladstone among the great masters of British statesmanship. His best achievements were in the province of finance, and even these have been much censured. He was a failure in the conduct of our foreign affairs; he committed enormous mistakes in domestic politics, especially in his vehement advocacy of Home Rule; he was not a cautious or a far-seeing pilot of the State. And his career was too erratic, too inconsistent, too often marked with questionable acts, too much a display of an ambition by no means scrupulous, and seeking in politics personal ends, to deserve the high praise due to our truest patriots; his emotional nature was wanting in sagacity, in judgment, in plain common-sense; few public men have provoked such distrust.

BUDDHISM.

SELDOM has a stranger periodical challenged the attention of the magazine-reading world than the yellow-covered quarterly which reaches me from Rangoon. It is called *Buddhism*, and its declared object is to do what it can to convert us of the West to the Buddhist faith. It is printed and published—and very well printed—and excellently illustrated by the International Buddhist Society at the Hanthawaddy Printing Works, Pagoda Road, Rangoon. Buddhism, says the editor, quiescent for a thousand years, is stirring into a new awakening. This quarterly is to be the organ of that Buddhist revival. The following is a summary of the threefold programme of the magazine:—

Firstly, to set before the world the true principles of our Religion, believing, as we do, that these need only to be better known to meet with a wide-spread acceptance amongst the peoples of the West,—an acceptance which, if manifested in practice, would in our opinion do much to promote the general happiness:—*Secondly*, to promote, as far as lies in our power, those humanitarian activities referred to in the latter portion of THE FAITH OF THE FUTURE:—and, *Thirdly*, to unite by our Journal, as by a common bond of mutual interest and brotherhood, the many Associations with Buddhist aims which now exist.

The first of these objects we shall hope in some measure to achieve by the matter which will occupy the larger portion of

each number of our Review. This will consist of (a) an Editorial dealing with the general aspects of our Religion, and their applications; (b) Essays on the doctrines of Buddhism, written by Oriental and Occidental students of the Religion; (c) Articles and Notes on Buddhist History and Archaeology, and on obscure points in Pali philology; (d) Tales and sketches illustrative of the effects of applied Buddhism; and (e) Poetry.

The second portion of *Buddhism* will be devoted to the exposition of such humanitarian movements as the abolition of warfare, capital punishment, the slaughter of animals for food, and other relics of barbarism; temperance; the removal of injurious distinctions, legal and other, between the sexes; the promotion of the higher education, etc.

The third and last portion of our Journal will consist of a review of the position and progress of the Religion; and will consist of (a) Reviews of works on Buddhism and kindred subjects; (b) News and Notes of general interest to Buddhists; (c) Correspondence; and (d) Notices of all Buddhist Activities, Societies, Periodicals, and similar Buddhist works.

The first number opens with a poem by Sir Edwin Arnold which has as its text the founding of the Temple in Rangoon, in which are preserved some shining golden hairs from the head of Buddha. The story is one which bears some resemblance to the mediæval legend of the wanderings of the body of St. Cuthbert. Professor Rhys Davis is another contributor, but the more important articles are anonymous. I quote elsewhere from the impeachment of Western Civilisation, and also from the charming account of Womanhood in Burma.

The review is edited with vigour and zeal. Whether it will succeed in winning the Western world to adopt the faith of the East is a matter upon which opinions will differ, but there can be no doubt as to the sincerity and zeal with which these apostles of the Buddhistic revival plead the cause of their faith.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE *North American Review* for November contains only one article which calls for lengthy quotation. That is "Anglo-American's" "Indictment of the British Monarchy." I have also quoted briefly elsewhere from Mr. Roblin's paper, "How Western Canada Regards the Chamberlain Scheme;" and from the article entitled "A Mahomedan View of the Macedonian Problem."

THE COMPOSITION OF CONGRESS.

Mr. S. J. Barrows has an interesting article entitled "Is Our National Congress Representative?" from which it appears that the two branches of the American Parliament are mainly composed of lawyers. Out of 357 members of the House of Representatives, 236 are lawyers; and out of 85 members of the Senate, 61 are lawyers. The average age of the Senators is sixty, and that of the Representatives only forty-eight. Mr. Barrows says that—

Of 357 members (actually 352) of the Fifty-seventh Congress, but 89 were new members, 79 were serving their second term, and 76 their third; 108 members, or thirty per cent., were serving four terms and upwards; 69 members, or nineteen per cent., served in Congress ten years.

LORD SALISBURY.

Mr. M. W. Hazeltine writes on "The United States and the late Lord Salisbury," of whom he says:—

Lord Salisbury personified, as no other man could personify, the remarkable change that has taken place during the last fifty years in the attitude of England's governing class toward the American people. He was a typical British aristocrat, and the ultimate transformation of his posture toward the United States must be regarded as a triumph of enlightenment and conviction over social and political prejudice.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

THE Christmas number of the *Century* has many brightly coloured illustrations, notably those of scenes near Sienna, and of sacred themes. There are numbers of other pictures, tinted and in black and white. Maeterlinck's rhapsody on chrysanthemums is noticed elsewhere. Thackeray's hitherto unpublished letters to an American family are noticeable for the poetic effusions of the old man to an American girl, which are characteristically humorous, for the pictorial embroidery by the author, and for his reference to Mrs. Henry Beecher Stowe. He says that he was very agreeably disappointed in her:—

In place of the woman I had imagined to myself after the hideous daguerrotype, I found a gentle, almost pretty person, with a very great sweetness in her eyes and smile. I am sure she must be good and truth-telling from her face and behaviour; and when I get a country place and a leisure hour, shall buckle to "Uncle Tom" and really try to read it.

Mr. Franklin Clarkin's sketches of the daily walk of the Walking Delegate, or, as he is now called, the "Business Agent," the American counterpart to our Trade Union secretary, is noticeable for showing that the example of corruption set by municipal chiefs in American cities is only too well followed by the Trade Union "boss." The contrast with the purity of British Trade Union officials is gratifying to British patriotism. Andre Saglio sketches the Bigoudines, the old-world folk who live in the extreme west of Brittany, whom he regards as the first wave of westward immigration from the Asiatic plateaux—the petrified survival of a race that is barbarian and Mongolian. Dr. James Buckley subjects fanaticism in the United States to analysis and rebuke. The three dangers of the Republic are, he says, immorality, indifference and fanaticism. Three articles deal with ameliorative efforts among the poor of great cities. Miss A. K. Fallows tells of what she describes as "Temptations to be Good," more ordinarily known as boys' clubs, settlements, play-spaces and Boys' Brigades. Mr. J. Riis, under the title of "Children of the People," tells how a preacher in a Pennsylvanian country church twenty-seven years ago, appealing to the farmers to receive children from the slums of New York, originated the Fresh Air Holidays that are now well-nigh universal. Miss Fuller tells of Phillips Brooks' intense interest in a Girls' Club which he frequented and favoured with lantern lectures.

Munsey's Magazine for December is very much of a Christmas number; that is to say, it has more fiction and less general articles than usual. The only paper requiring mention is that on "The Street Car Kings," which is illustrated with portraits of pioneers of electric traction.

MR. S. R. CROCKETT'S "Adventurer in Spain" comes to an end in this month's *Good Words*. Mr. G. S. Layard contributes an amusing paper on "Jokes that Have Miscarried"—that is, drawings in comic papers that have failed to tell their story. There is a well-illustrated paper on "American Memorials in London."

ONE of the most interesting papers in the *Pall Mall Magazine* is that by Lady Sarah Wilson on "Six Weeks in North-Western Rhodesia," a British territory only since 1897, with a capital called Kalonio, and a British resident administrator (Mr. R. T. Coryndon). The article is well illustrated. Other articles are Mr. Begbie's sketch of Mr. Morley as "a master worker"; a well-illustrated account of Lansdowne House; and Lady Edgumbe's account of her visit to St. Vincent and La Soufrière.

THE EMPIRE REVIEW.

THE *Empire Review* this month is very interesting. Brief abstracts of the fiscal articles appear elsewhere.

The paper read to the Colonial Institute by Major Ronald Ross, of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, on "Malaria in India and the Colonies," is reproduced here.

Mr. O. T. J. Alpers has an amusing article on "The Humours of Antipodean (*i.e.*, New Zealand) Politics"; and Miss Ella Hart-Bennett's account of life in the little-known and desperately-lonely Falkland Islands is very interesting.

Retired Judge D. W. Prowse tells the story of the French Newfoundland difficulty, and offers as a solution, that the Newfoundlanders should allow the French free bait, and anchorage for their ships. Then, he thinks, France would probably give up the shore or all claim to exclusive rights, together with granting other highly desirable concessions.

Mr. Theobald Douglas, writing from Wiesbaden, on "How to increase Britain's Agricultural Production," says that the great thing is to teach the British farmer to use those different artificial manures already used with so much benefit in Germany and France. Germany, for instance, uses seven times as much basic slag as Great Britain. With proper manuring of the soil (a subject specially investigated and popularised throughout Germany), the writer believes that Great Britain could be made to become almost self-sufficing.

MARION LESLIE, in the *Woman at Home*, paints a most attractive picture of the Winter Holiday Resorts in Switzerland. Now that the changing seasons seem to preclude the possibility of snow and ice in England, jaded Londoners might very easily do worse than take their holiday in the winter, and be braced up in the keen dry air of St. Moritz or Grindelwald.

"IRISH Viceroy's of Two Centuries" provide Mr. Escott with a theme in the *Leisure Hour* upon which to build an interesting and instructive article. He deals at greater length with the earlier Viceroy's, commencing with Lord Clarendon, who was Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland on the occasion of King Edward's (then Prince of Wales) first visit to that country in 1849.

IN the *Young Man* for December "A Professional Writer" gives his experiences of journalistic free-lancing, but, as he admits, when he began competition on the whole was less severe than now. Engaged as he was in another profession, he made £65 the first year, £92 the second, and £175 the third. Then he gave up his profession, which he did not like, for journalism, which he did like. His conclusions are that:—

You have to be exceptionally alert, exceptionally vivacious, exceptionally well-informed on all "live" matters to make way with the new journalism. If I were asked to say whether, in my opinion, free-lancing is a desirable profession, I should answer No. It is very arduous work, it keeps your mind continually on the stretch. You have to be eternally thinking of subjects for "copy." Moreover, it is precarious. You may make a handsome income this year; next year you may not make half as much. A war may quite upset your calculations; even the present fiscal policy discussion is lightening the purse of many a poor free-lance who detests politics and has not made a "line" of it. Stick to your hundred a year as a clerk or a mechanic, and try to make it two hundred by the practice of the pen.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

THE *Nouvelle Revue* for November, though containing nothing striking, is nevertheless of average interest. We have noticed elsewhere M. Montclavel's paper on the curious reminiscences of bygone cannibalism, afforded by the rites of certain Indians of Vancouver Island.

FRANCO-ITALIAN RELATIONS.

M. Georges Villiers, in a paper which traces the modern history of Franco-Italian relations, naturally dates their improvement from 1896, the fall of Crispi and the definite condemnation of his policy. He is careful to distinguish the three main questions—tariffs, the Mediterranean, and the Triple Alliance—and he shows how Bismarck utilised Italian Gallophobia to the great advantage of Germany. There is, however, nothing in the Franco-Italian accord which need give umbrage to the Triple Alliance. Rather is it to be likened to the accord established long ago between Russia and Austria, and to both nations it brings equal benefit, for it is based on reason and is sealed with the seal of popular approbation.

AN EARLY JOKE OF SHELLEY'S.

M. Savine describes with humorous appreciation that ludicrous mystification which Shelley played on the public when he was an undergraduate at Oxford. His friend Hogg inspired his jest, which consisted in publishing some posthumous fragments of one Margaret Nicholson, who attempted to murder George III. in 1786, in the name of a supposed nephew. Poor Peg Nicholson, as a matter of fact, was not dead, but was confined in Bedlam. The book had an extraordinary success, as well it might, for it contained the epithalamium of Ravallac and Charlotte Corday, two tyrannicides, whose marriage, of course, existed only in Shelley's vivid imagination, as well as "Despair," and Peg's lamentations from the madhouse.

OPIUM.

The terrible curse of opium is described in a moving article by M. Coquiôt, who says that the governor of French Cochinchina recently requested his officials to abstain from the use of the drug. This circular letter, M. Coquiôt prophesies, will remain a dead letter. French officials in the East, it seems, would not know what to do with their time if they did not smoke opium, and M. Coquiôt is inclined to take their side in the matter, arguing that the dangers of the drug are less grave than those of alcohol. Naval and military officers have brought home this vice from the East, and you can smoke opium as comfortably at Toulon as at Hong Kong. In London there are dens kept by Chinamen, and in Paris there are some in the neighbourhood of the Arc de Triomphe. Hashish seems to be less popular, but it is significant that the paternal Egyptian Government has forbidden its sale, at any rate in the interior of the country.

THE REVUE DE PARIS.

THE *Revue de Paris* for November is hardly equal to its usual standard of interest.

FRANCE'S PLACE IN THE WORLD.

An anonymous writer, discussing France's present position among the nations, observes that a certain pride in herself takes so great a place in France's national character that any renunciation of it would be, so to speak, the beginning of the end. It is easy for this writer to dispose of the fallacy involved in contrasting the France of to-day with the France of Louis XIV. or Napoleon. He sees clearly how France missed her opportunities in Egypt, and with what extraordinary lack of preparation, both diplomatic and military, the Mar-

chand expedition to Fashoda was planned. The idea of a Franco-German understanding against England by way of revenge for Fashoda he rejects as impossible, and points out that already much progress has been made with the peaceful settlement of various outstanding questions with England. But he lays most stress on the Franco-Italian understanding, as affording the possibility of a pacific regulation of Mediterranean problems. In a general survey the writer is able to claim that France has largely reconquered her ancient place in the world not by war but by peace. "We have not wasted our time since Sedan and Fashoda."

THE PORT OF HAVRE.

M. de Rousiers contributes a study, reinforced with statistics, of the position and progress of the great port of Havre. The only danger he perceives as threatening its prosperity is the danger of isolation, and he urges that every effort should be made to link up Havre as closely as possible to the great consuming region which lies at the back of it.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

THERE is but little that is topical in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for November. We have noticed elsewhere M. de Marten's important article on the neutralisation of Denmark as a preliminary to universal peace; M. Roche's on the proposed income tax in France; and M. Benoist's paper on the conditions of the glass industry in France.

LETTERS OF SAINTE BEUVE.

Two more instalments are given of the hitherto unpublished correspondence between Sainte Beuve and M. and Mme. Juste Olivier. They cover the period from July, 1838, to the end of 1839, and are full of interesting sidelights on the literary and political movements of that stirring time. In one letter addressed to both his friends the great critic seems to regret for a moment that he had played no part up to that time, January, 1839, in politics. But, as a matter of fact, there is reason to believe that he did not really feel any permanent regret. He had no permanent political ambition, and when he afterwards became a Senator it was more for the sake of freeing himself from his money troubles than from any desire to play a part in politics. The whole correspondence shows a most charming and delightful friendship. Sainte Beuve is much interested in the Olivier children, to whom he refers by their pet names.

A FRENCHMAN IN MANDALAY.

M. Chevrillon gives a most vivid description of the Buddhist Fête of Death in Mandalay. He was fortunate enough to see the funeral rites of a Buddhist Archbishop, the highest ecclesiastical dignity of the whole of Burmah. He describes in exquisite French the strange and picturesque ceremonies of the curious patriarchal life of the Burmese.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Among other articles may be mentioned an anonymous one on the position of the French Government, which is, of course, a vigorous attack upon the authors of the Associations Law. Its interest for English readers, however, lies in the suggestion that M. Combes and his colleagues are docile mediocrities, whose performances are dictated and inspired by some mysterious personages remaining in the background. A study by M. Mézières of certain recent attempts to whitewash the reputation of General Dupont, the author of the capitulation of Baylen; and a paper by M. Bellaigue on the musical ideas of Aristotle may be noted.

LA REVUE.

THE *Novembre* numbers of *La Revue* are both full of interest. The articles on the book crisis in France and the Anglo-French rapprochement are separately noticed.

M. Philippe Berger devotes a long article to his recollections of Renan in his Breton home, not far from Lannion Station.

M. Jules Sageret has two long and interesting articles on Paul Bourget, the first of a series on "Great Converts," converts, it seems, to the Catholic faith.

M. Emile Faguet, of the French Academy, publishes for the first time some letters of Mme. de Staël. They are mostly to Meister, a Swiss *habitué* of the Necker salon, and Schlegel, written from London and Stockholm.

M. Lefèvre, discussing the question of "How to regain beauty, strength, and health," answers uncompromisingly, "Give up meat." It is a very able plea on behalf more of fruit-eating than of vegetarianism.

BACKWARD AND DEFICIENT CHILDREN: WHAT TO DO WITH THEM.

M. Paul Strauss discusses the difficult question of what to do with children, who from hereditary disease or some deficiency such as deafness, come into the world quite unfitted to make their way in it, and, consequently, frequently swell the ranks of the criminal.

THE ENGLISH IN MODERN FRENCH NOVELS.

M. Leblond discusses the treatment of Englishmen and women at the hands of the modern French novelist, maintaining that on the whole the English have nothing to complain of on that score. Edmond de Goncourt has done much to correct wrong impressions of the English.

Daudet, on the other hand, drew impossible English people, outrageously and insufferably English. Maupassant, in "Miss Harriet," shed tears over the distressful story of the old maid in England. M. Bourget's Englishwomen are exquisite creations. "Perhaps no Englishman can appreciate so keenly as a Frenchman the poetry of a pretty Englishwoman." J. H. Rosny, who lived a long time in London, has most sympathetically depicted the life of a lower, middle, or rather artisan class girl, "Nell Horn," who marries a Frenchman. Anatole France and the brothers Marguerite are among other modern French novelists who have sympathetically depicted the English character, especially women's character. It would be interesting to know if an equally good case could be made out for the sympathetic treatment by modern English novelists of French men and women.

From the "Positivist" Point of View.

THE *Positivist Review* for December contains two articles upon contemporary politics, one by Mr. Frederic Harrison, entitled the "British Tammany Hall," the other by Professor Beesly. The two Positivist Pundits differ. Professor Beesly says of the Panama Revolution, "Nothing need be said but that President Roosevelt has successfully played the game that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain played unsuccessfully at the Jameson Raid. Mexico and the Central American Republics now know what they have to expect from this unscrupulous Imperialist; also Canada. If he would only spare the world his preachments." To him Frederic Harrison replies as follows:—"Imputations on the United States Government in respect to Columbia, Mexico and Canada rest on unsupported suspicions, which we have no right to assume. Nor would unscrupulous statesmen have made such efforts to defend the Negro, to suppress corruption and the anti-social action of Trusts." The Editor makes no

attempt to harmonise the conflicting opinions of his eminent contributors. Professor Beesly, in another paragraph, declares that we are now about to undertake the conquest of Tibet in order to satisfy the thirst of British officers for promotion, decorations, and appointments. History does not record any invasion of India by way of Tibet.

Pearson's.

THE chief feature of the double Christmas number is Mr. H. G. Wells' comical pseudo-scientific romance, "The Food of the Gods," noticed elsewhere. The frontispiece is a gallery of portraits of public men, half life-size, the finest of which is perhaps that of Lord Kelvin. Marcus Woodward tells how Norwich has become a canary-bird city. A ship, in the seventeenth century, laden with green singing-birds, was wrecked in the Mediterranean, and the birds escaped to the island of Elba. Then they were taken to Italy, spread to Germany and to Flanders. They were driven out by Alva's persecution, and the Flemings took with them their canaries to the eastern counties, and made Norwich the chief breeding centre. In their European habitat the birds developed from green to yellow. Bailey Millard gives a photograph-illustrated sketch of his experience of flying down a fifty-mile flume, as the wooden canals down which lumber is carried by aid of water are called in the West. There is any amount of oddities, humours, and beautiful portraits, along with the inevitable fiction.

Three Pioneers in Illustration.

The *Century*, *Harper's*, and *Scribner's*, always in the van of the progress of illustration, this month add to their laurels. To illustrate Mrs. Edith Wharton's description of "Italian Villas and Their Gardens," the *Century* reproduces in colours a series of striking pictures by Mr. Maxfield Parrish. The frontispiece of *Scribner's*, too, is a drawing by the same artist, also reproduced in colours, and employed, by an odd coincidence, to illustrate another bit of Mrs. Wharton's writing—in this case an amusing story of "A Venetian Night's Entertainment."

In *Harper's*, the place of honour is granted to Mr. Howard Pyle, four of whose paintings illustrate Miss Olivia Howard Dunbar's "Peire Vidal—Troubadour," one of the four serving as the frontispiece of the number. Other fine examples of colour-printing in the December *Harper's*—meeting the requirements of a wholly different form of illustration—are Mr. W. T. Smedley's paintings accompanying Mark Twain's capital sketch of "A Dog's Tale."

To revert to the more purely imaginative and allegorical in magazine pictures, Mr. Albert Sterner contributes several notable drawings for Mildred McNeal's "Ride of the Valkyries," in the *Century*, and in the same magazine Violet Oakley's two Christmas pictures are decidedly effective. Two beautiful series of child-pictures are Jessie Willcox Smith's "The Child in a Garden," in *Scribner's*, and Elizabeth Shippen Green's paintings in *Harper's* accompanying verses entitled "The Little Past," by Josephine Preston Peabody.

Among the most successful travel pictures of the month are Mr. Edward Penfield's colour sketches of "Holland from the Stern of a Boeier," in *Scribner's*. In *Harper's*, several paintings by André Castaigne have been reproduced in tint to illustrate Guy Wetmore Carryl's "Playground of Paris." In plain black and white, Mr. E. C. Peixotto has done some capital drawings to go with Frederick Palmer's description of "Buda and Pest," in *Scribner's*.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

THE fiscal controversy in England is naturally enough exciting considerable interest in Italy, where economic science is the subject of far more serious study than here. One of the editors of the *Riforma Sociale*, Professor Luigi Einandi of Turin, who stands in the first rank among Italian economists, summarises for his readers both Mr. Balfour's pamphlet and many tables of statistics from the recent Board of Trade Report, and comes to the conclusion that so far the Protectionists have not proved their case. Of Mr. Chamberlain's utterances he complains that they are clothed "in an artificial obscurity of language which renders it difficult to follow his thought." The well-known deputy, Luigi Luzzatti, is somewhat less emphatic in the *Nuova Antologia* (November 1st), for though he cordially condemns Mr. Chamberlain's proposal, he seems to regard those of Mr. Balfour with an open mind. He concludes an interesting article with two suggestions. As a change in English fiscal policy will necessarily affect the economic position of every country in Europe, he proposes that fiscal treaties between any countries should be "hung up" until such time as England has decided on the principles of her future policy. Secondly, he suggests that England and Russia should combine at the earliest possible date to summon a great international fiscal congress, at which agreement on certain fundamental principles might be arrived at.

The same number of the *Antologia* publishes a selection of poems from D'Annunzio's record volume of "Laudi," each one being descriptive of some old Italian city—Bergamo, Ferrara, Ravenna and others. Full of rhythmical beauty, they are at the same time so overlaid with historical allusions that the majority of non-Italian readers will find themselves hopelessly at sea. The mid-November number is largely taken up with the visit of the King and Queen to England, described by an anonymous writer as "The most popular of all the foreign journeys of the King." The whole article is very pleasant reading in its sincere and cordial tone of friendship for England. An illustrated article by G. Chiesi, describing the Guildhall and the position of the Lord Mayor, is evidently intended to prepare Italian readers for the Royal journey. The Italian authoress, well-known under her pseudonym of "Neera," writes a sensible warning to her sex to abstain from rushing foolishly into authorship from wholly inadequate motives. In Italy, where journalism is still practically a closed profession to women, their chances of pecuniary success would appear to be even smaller than in other countries. The struggle is hard even for able and qualified writers: for the mere *dilettante* there is no room at all.

L'Italia Moderna publishes a most appreciative article on Mr. Arthur Symonds as a poet, his work as the translator of D'Annunzio's plays having made his name well-known in Italian literary circles.

An anonymous contribution on Leo XIII. and biblical criticism in the *Rassegna Nazionale*, November 1st, sums up very ably the attitude of intelligent Catholics towards biblical exegesis—an attitude of far greater freedom than that of orthodox Protestants—and traces the development of Leo's interest in the subject culminating in the appointment of the Biblical Commission, one of the most far-reaching acts of his pontificate. Papal policy is still apparently the dominating interest in the peninsula, and the mid-November issue leads off with a very laudatory article on Pius X. by the senator, Tancredo Canonico. The *Rassegna*, owing to its views on the Temporal Power, is so persistently accused of "Liberal Catholicism" that it is anxious, whenever possible, to testify to its fundamental orthodoxy.

THE DUTCH MAGAZINES.

Elzevier opens with an article on an artist and his work, giving reproductions of pictures by Evert Pieters, some of them rather quaint. It follows this with a sketch of the Papal Palace of Avignon, the residence of the Sovereign Pontiffs during the greater part of the fourteenth century. The edifice was begun by Pope John XXII., who amassed a large fortune while within its walls; his successor, Benedictus XII., enlarged and altered the building, which became practically a fortress. This striking edifice had a striking history, and the writer tells us of the trial of the Bishop of Cahors, and the dreadful punishment inflicted upon him, among other interesting details. The palace is one of the sights of this ancient town, which is so full of churches that Rabelais called it *la ville sonnante* (or the city of bells); there are still churches in plenty in the old city of Southern France, although that of the Cordeliers, with the tomb of Petrarch's Laura, was demolished in 1791. The next article is equally interesting, as it deals with what the writer calls the smallest republic in the world; this is the neutral territory, Moeresnet, between Holland, Belgium, and Germany, in extent about seventy acres, with 3,000 inhabitants. It originated in the early part of the nineteenth century and has managed to retain its neutrality for nearly a hundred years. International troubles brought it into existence, and it is sometimes facetiously termed a "republic by mistake."

As a matter of course, the fiscal campaign in the United Kingdom is exciting the keenest interest abroad, with the natural result of a goodly crop of essays on the general subject. *Onze Eeuw* contains one of these; it is called "Free Trade and Prosperity," and treats of the conditions as they exist in Holland. The conclusion arrived at appears to be that the prosperity of the Dutch people is not a result of extreme protectionist measures, but of the more liberal treatment of imports from 1862 to the present time, and that the welfare of the people will not be increased by heavy protectionist duties. At the head of his article the writer places a phrase which may be freely translated: "By their fruits you shall know them." There is, in the same review, an article on the necessity for propagating instruction in sanitary science and curative and preventive measures and medicine in the Indian colonies of Holland. Things seem to be in a bad way out there. For thirty years the writer has played the part of one crying in the wilderness, and with very little result, in his attempts to attract attention to this state of things. Public opinion is now being aroused, and good may come at last. "The Lamentation of Faust" is a thoughtful essay on the cry, "I see that we can know nothing," to which is added another quotation, "I know much, but I would fain know all." This article is a weighty sermon in reality.

Space prevents me from dealing at length with *De Gids* and *Vragen des Tijds* this month. The former has a good rendering of some Roumanian folk songs and ballads, the originals of which bear the name of Hélène Vacaresco. There are also articles on Socialistic Instruction and on Idealists. *Vragen des Tijds* has two articles, the second of which will be the more generally interesting, as it is on Class Struggles and Public Welfare.

THE *Girl's Realm* for December is an excellent Christmas number. Among the varied and very fully illustrated papers are articles on "How I Began," by Ethel Turner; the Goldsmiths' Institute School, in the City of London; and Nursing as a Profession, by Miss Frances Low.

INDEX TO PERIODICALS, 1902.*

THE new volume of the "Annual Index to Periodicals," which has now been completed, does for the periodicals of 1902 what the previous twelve volumes of the "Annual Index" have done for the years 1890-1901 inclusive.

There is a story told of the writer of a recent famous biography to the effect that he found the already existing literature of his subject so voluminous that he began his task of perusing it by rejecting all the books and biographies which contained no index. Now an index has been aptly described as "the bag and baggage of a book, of more use than honour; even such who seemingly slight it, secretly using it, if not for need, for speed of what they desire to find." If this be true of the index to a book, how much more true must it be of an index which arranges and classifies for permanent reference all the articles of any importance which have been published throughout the year in the pages of nearly two hundred files of reviews and magazines?

The compilation of a catalogue is invariably looked upon as an extraordinary piece of labour. To say the least, the compilation of a catalogue does not usually represent more work than an index of similar dimensions; and very often a catalogue is nothing more than a mechanical alphabetical arrangement of the books by author and title, without any reference to the subject matter at all, except, perhaps, where the subject happens to be indicated in the title. When, however, any classification is attempted, it is only a very general one as a rule, and the titles of books are rarely repeated more than once or twice in the catalogue. To compile a catalogue on a more extensive scale would no doubt represent an enormous labour for each library, but it might be worth while to do something of the kind once for all for use in all libraries, and have it kept up to date by supplements issued at regular intervals. Under the present system each library publishes its own catalogue to much the same class of books, and the labour is done over and over again.

What a good classified catalogue might do for books, the "Annual Index to Periodicals" seeks to do year by year for our periodical literature. When the REVIEW OF REVIEWS was projected in 1890, the periodicals—that is, monthlies and quarterlies—did not amount to more than about one-third of similar periodical literature of to-day; and yet, fourteen years ago, the REVIEW OF REVIEWS was immediately welcomed, and found absolutely indispensable to the busy man who desired to keep abreast with the best contemporary thought of the day. In fact, it was inconceivable that such a review could have been done without so long. Now our periodical literature has more than trebled itself, for we have not only three times as many periodicals to cope with, but, in addition, must take into account the fact that almost all the older reviews have been considerably enlarged, and contain, in many cases, nearly twice as many articles as before.

To keep pace with this enormous development in periodical literature the REVIEW OF REVIEWS has been greatly enlarged, and yet it becomes more and more impossible each month to refer to more than a small proportion of the articles of interest and value about which the serious reader would like to know something. A selection of a few dealing with a comparatively limited number of subjects is the most that can be attained, and for the rest the reader must make shift with the monthly Table of Contents appended in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS

till the "Annual Index" can be completed and the articles suitably indexed and classified by subject in more convenient form.

Thus the "Annual Index" is the necessary complement of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. In place of a selection of the best, it includes practically all the articles, a few which are of little value amongst the number being unavoidable; it arranges and classifies them under suitable headings and sub-headings, and brings the whole together under one alphabet of authors and subjects; and to make the volume still more useful the references to the notices which have appeared in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS have been added. When an article is illustrated or accompanied by a map, it is mentioned in the Index; also, when the same article has been published in two reviews, sometimes under different titles, or when part of an article appears in a second review, the fact is stated in the Index. Dates, too, have been inserted. Fiction and sermons are not indexed, and it is a small drawback that the author-index, owing to exigencies of space, is not quite complete. Still, a large number of better-known writers and poets have been included, and the biographical and critical articles relating to them in the periodicals, as well as the articles which they themselves have contributed, are all tabulated under the authors' names in their proper place in the alphabet.

And as the number of periodicals has increased, so also has the "Annual Index" gradually increased in size, and each year it has become more and more difficult to cope with the number of items; the leading headings have had to be broken up, and numerous sub-headings have had to be introduced, so as to make reference not merely to a subject, but to a particular branch of a subject easy and sure. The great advantage of the arrangement is that, taken in connection with the cross-references, which are made as full as possible, the whole work supplies complete bibliographies of every subject which has been discussed in the periodicals during the year.

To give a general idea of the amount of space devoted to each periodical, it may be explained that 194 files published in the year 1902 have been indexed, and allowing about 250 pages for the index proper, it will be seen that each file occupies over 1½ pages in the Index. Further, if it is taken that each article requires two lines, we get in round numbers, say 24,000 entries. Some articles need to be entered only once, others several times, but allowing that on an average each is entered twice, it will not be an unfair computation to say that 12,000 articles have been indexed and classified in the present volume.

It is much to be regretted that the libraries in this country do not make a greater feature of periodical literature in the reference departments. At present the reader who consults the "Annual Index" in the library must procure for himself many of the reviews he wishes to see, even for only one article in each; and if the numbers date back several years, as they are very likely to do, he may find that what he wants is out of print. Surely a special library of periodicals is an object which might appeal to some millionaire; and there is the additional interesting object of a library of bound volumes of articles on selected subjects, which ought to be made up from the periodicals, and which would prove to be anything but ephemeral in character.

THE *Woman at Home* contains a specially printed supplement, entitled "Some Beautiful Englishwomen," to which the Duchess of Sutherland forms the frontispiece.

* "Index to Periodicals, 1902." Cloth, 15s. net. REVIEW OF REVIEWS Office, Mowbray House, Temple.

Learning Languages by Letter-Writing.

BEFORE this Review is published the International List of Teachers will be ready. This list, as most of our readers know, consists of teachers in several countries who have found the exchange of letters between their pupils admirable as a means of education. The lists are published in the *Modern Language Quarterly*, the organ of the Modern Language Association, and will be renewed twice a year. All language teachers can have the lists upon application at Mowbray House; a few pence will probably be charged to cover printing costs. With these lists language professors will be enabled to correspond direct with their *confrères*. Hitherto they have known only the schools to which their pupils write; henceforward they can make acquaintance with the professor, and thus, we hope, many good purposes will be served. Has a master a promising boy who would be benefited by a residence abroad? It is almost certain that one or the other of the professors will know of a similarly situated boy; and in many cases a profitable exchange of homes may thus be made. I need not enlarge upon the greater value of these exchanges for any student than the merely being sent to a foreign school; any mother will understand the difference between home chatter and either a solitary and forlorn boarder or a clique of Britishers speaking as little of the foreign tongue as possible. Suppose a teacher himself needs to pass a holiday in another country? Or, perhaps, he only wants to ask a professional question. Well, I can assure him, from personal experience, that he may be certain of the utmost courtesy and kindness. However, the primal use of the lists is to forward the Scholars' Correspondence. It is said that our teachers will not take the trouble to write and pair their pupils themselves. I simply do not believe it. I can well understand an overburdened teacher, with a hundred pupils wanting correspondents, finding it impossible to write a hundred cards; but this would not often happen, and I am always ready in a case of need to do the work as usual; perhaps if a hundred such names were sent to me I might ask for postage stamps to send with, but I cannot too emphatically declare that in every way I will arrange as hitherto when necessary, and that I earnestly hope all teachers will keep me in touch with them in this work. A note of triumph must be scudded. In December, 1896, when the idea was first mooted, only three English teachers, four Scotch, and one Irish approved. The present list contains the names of seventy-one British teachers. This list, not the full international one, was published in the *Revue Universitaire* of November, and it is quite likely that instead of having to write for names, teachers will have simply to receive requests.

STUDENT TEACHERS.

The *Revue Universitaire* for October contains an interesting article by M. Sebert, of the College of Mauriac. He recounts the experiment of appointing a young German as a sort of reader. His duties were to spend the recreation hour with the boys, speaking German, of course, and to read aloud, for about ten minutes, occasionally from some German book. In no way were the boys compelled to be with Mr. Henning, yet the results were very remarkable. The least eager profited little, but about twenty-five boys made great progress in their knowledge of German, their fluency in conversation and in pronunciation. Several boys entered the modern language side who would not otherwise have done so, and the classes as a whole received a great impetus. One noticeable fact was this: The younger boys began to

talk much sooner than those who had nearly finished their course; these appeared much more timid of making attempts, a natural result of the old grammatical method of teaching in the one case, and the new method only lately introduced in the other. I must not forget to mention here that several colleges now receive educated young *Englishmen* in the same way—an invaluable boon to those who intend to become language teachers.

SOME LETTERS FROM MY BAG.

Intermediate School for Boys.

October 15th, 1903.

Dear Sir,—I am a firm believer in the new method of language teaching, and I think that it has been a great success in our school. Last Summer Vacation I took two of my boys for a walking tour from Le Havre to Paris, via Caudebec and Rouen, and am pleased to find that they profited greatly by the experiment, which I hope to repeat in the future. One of my pupils spent his holidays with his French correspondent, this being the reverse of last year, when his correspondent came to him. The English boy's parents were included in the invitation, and his mother accepted it and enjoyed her stay in France very much.

M. G.

October 24th, 1903.

Dear Sir,—Allow me to express my best thanks for your kind help in putting me into communication with Miss O. We are progressing very nicely now, after several delays which were caused by holidays, and a letter returned by the Post Office. It is a very great help to both of us, and I am quite sure creates an interest in the study of languages, which is very uphill work.

H. S.

Dear Secretary,—I am much obliged to you for recommending *Les Annales Politiques*. I find much interesting reading, and I also notice that I read much more, receiving it as I do regularly once a week. The reprint of the blind man's dog is full of pathos; the blind man's loss, his search in the building where homeless dogs are taken and destroyed, and his final recovery of Bourriquet, are described in a lifelike way. One sentence puzzled me, "*Chercheur de pain par métier*," etc. Does this mean that blind men outside Paris are permitted by law to beg?—Yours faithfully,

S. L.

NOTICES.

A chemist in Bangalore is very anxious to correspond with an Englishman interested in medicine.

The heads of two French colleges would take well-educated Englishmen *au pair*. The duties would take about two and a half hours daily; they would be free of all the classes and receive board and lodging.

The Free International Employment Agency is greatly extending its work. The only condition is a fee of one shilling towards the postage costs. Address, with full particulars, M. Pujol, *Concordia*, 77, Rue Denfert Rochereau, Paris. This is a matter of importance for the heads of business houses.

Adults desiring foreign correspondents should state age and tastes, and send one shilling towards cost of search.

I learn from the *School World* that Mr. Simmons's Teachers' Correspondence Club, has formed one group and that another will be arranged so soon as a few more teachers co-operate. The Teachers Guild is making a new departure, and is arranging a holiday course for foreigners in the Christmas vacation. Unfortunately we go to press too early to give full information. It is earnestly to be hoped that all will co-operate to make this course a success, and to make our foreign visitors feel "at home." In summer teachers are absent from town, and thus do not meet the foreign teachers who come over. Please write at once for particulars to H. B. Garrod, Esq., 74, Gower Street, E.C.

Esperanto: The International Key Language.

THERE have been one or two interesting communications about the Esperanto Grammar in Braille.

In America the subject is awakening interest, and here are the reasons given for promoting Esperanto amongst the educated blind. Borne with all courage as their misfortune may be, still it is a great deprivation, and for this amongst many other reasons: Given an ordinary invalid, reading is a necessity of life, travelling in reality is often impossible, but in imagination, by the help of books, it is a great resource. Now this kind of travelling is not easy for the blind on account of the great cost of Braille literature, and more especially is this the case with foreign books; few, indeed, are published. It would be interesting to have a catalogue of the Braille books in all languages. But with Esperanto there are no limits; books of general interest translated into Esperanto would command the readers of many nations, instead of one, and thus make Braille copies possible. But whilst waiting for this development one progressive step could be taken at once. Every blind person who knows Esperanto can exchange letters with blind people in at least four countries, and this means a new interest. Therefore, I beg those of my readers who can, to tell about Esperanto to the friends of the blind, and also to buy the Braille grammar and give it away. Its cost is four shillings; but M. Cart assures me that the full charge will not be demanded in cases of need. He has sent a certain number of copies to Mowbray House, and the little corresponding book for sighted people we have also. The list of Esperanto books in Braille sent me numbers forty works.

"LA LUMO."

I have so little space that rarely have I been able to do more than mention this spirited Canadian magazine and its enthusiastic editor, Mr. Saint-Martin. If I may so say, *L'Esperantiste* is the Conservative journal, with the steady-going thoroughness which such a term theoretically covers, whilst *La Lumo* is the Radical fighter, who "wants to know." Last month *La Lumo* insisted that capitals at the beginning of a sentence were a nuisance; a little before it started a most interesting discussion about names of places. I may add that the ladies of the Virina Klubo Progreso, No. 79, Rue St. Christophe, Montreal, will gratefully welcome postcards and send return ones.

VISITS.

It has sometimes been said, "Ah! well, Esperanto may be all very well for strangers coming to this country, but I never heard of an Englishman finding it useful abroad." Here is a testimony from a young Englishman, the whole of whose letter I may give another time. It recounts his journeys amongst Esperantists, and the help he found Esperanto to be. "I certainly find Esperanto more plastic than any national idiom; it is remarkable how readily it may be moulded to one's thought. In Paris I had a unique experience—to wit, a meeting of the representatives of four nations in the Place St. Michel: two French editors, a technical student from Prague, an Italian engineer, and yours truly from the grimy Midlands. We passed a very interesting afternoon, comparing views and things, with Esperanto as a medium."

In "La Histoire de la Langues Universelle," of which a much fuller account is given on another page, the answers of Esperantists to their various objectors are

given at length. I have only space here to notice several points. Regarding the objective case, it is pointed out that Esperanto is used by nations such as the Germans, their construction of sentences being so different to ours the objective is absolutely necessary in their case; also that for scientific purposes it gives precision, and that even in English the objective is imperative for pronouns; thus, Esperanto being logical, cannot have any exceptions, and the rule for cases of nouns and pronouns must be alike. The value of the *j* as a plural is given, and it is pointed out that for the Czechs, Poles, Slavs, Magyars and Roumanians the accented "g," "c," and "s," are all important. As for the accented "h"—that is given up to the objectors with the remark that in most cases "k" would replace it well. For telegraphy the accented letters can always replace the accent by adding "h" to the letter. There is a list of words given with the reasons for their choice, such as why "monat" was selected for month instead of the Latin "mens." This being that "mens" in Latin means "spirit," whilst "mensa" is table, and "mensis" month; therefore, to avoid the infraction of the rule, one word one idea, it is much better to take the word "monat" as the root and so avoid all chance of misapprehension.

For these and all such questions it is pointed out that it would scarcely be possible either for private people or governments to decide authoritatively. There must necessarily be some international congress, such as that of the electricians, which, gathering in 1881, decided authoritatively upon certain subjects in dispute. Such a congress, gathering adequate representatives from every European nationality, would be enabled to decide not only on the subject of an auxiliary language, but also from time to time to settle any points in dispute. Volapuk failed not only because of inherent defects, but largely because of the differing wants of diverse countries. Those interested in the idea of a congress should write to M. Leau, 6, Rue Vavin, Paris.

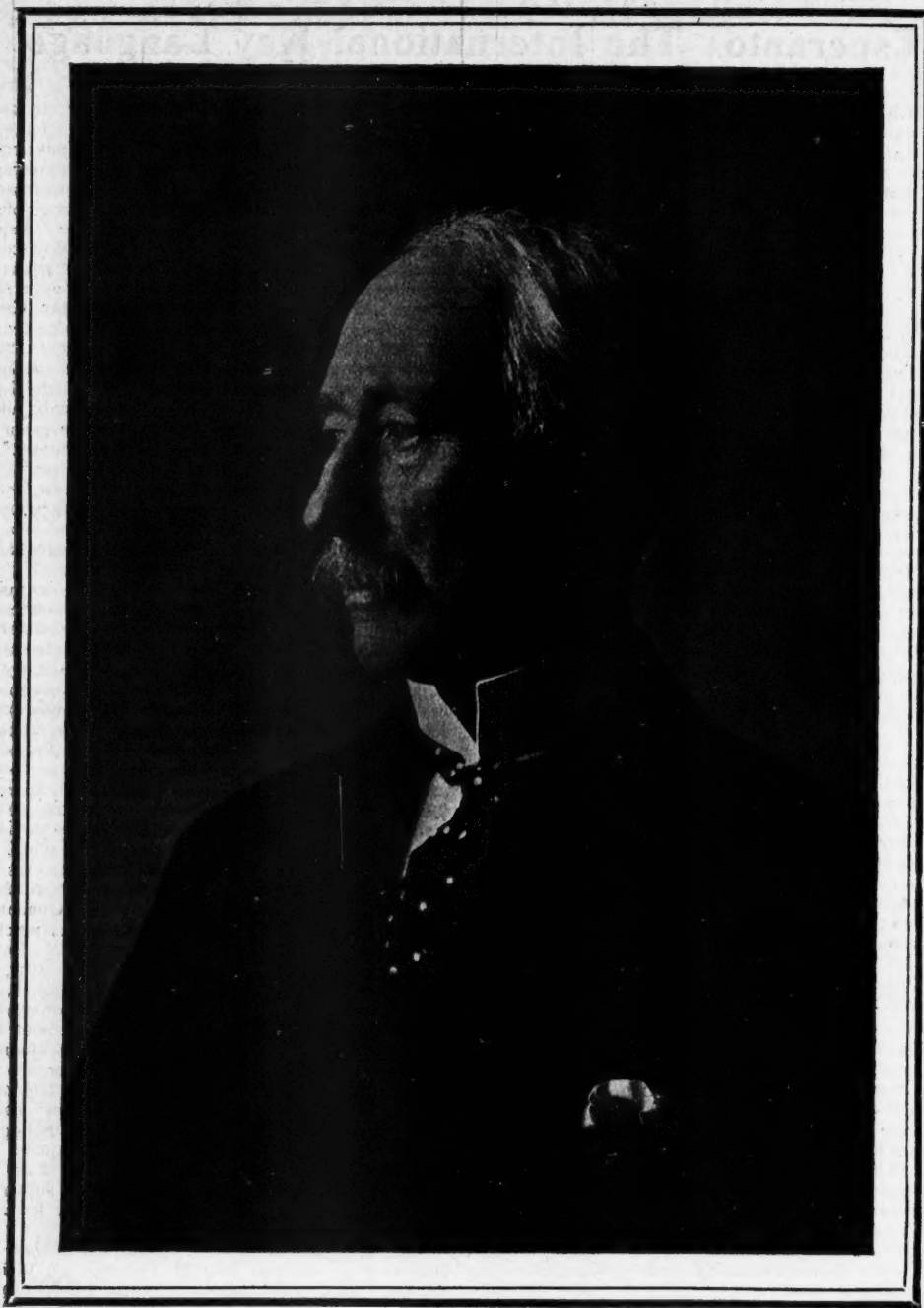
A new Esperanto directory, to include adherents in all countries, is being compiled by M. Menil, 46, Boulevard Magenta, Paris. Esperantists are earnestly entreated to send their names and addresses. There is no charge for insertion.

LONDON FREE LESSONS.—Monday, 6.45, at 34, Harrington Road, South Kensington. Thursday, 6.30, at 16, Finsbury Circus. Friday, 7.30, at 48, Swanage Road. For Forest Gate write to Mr. Beal, 74, Claremont Road.

The Reading Circle meets at Mowbray House the second Monday of each month at 6.30. For the many other meetings readers are referred to *The Esperantist*, the British Esperanto organ. A single copy costs 4d., yearly subscription 3s. Its editor is H. Bolingbroke Mudie, Esq., 67, Kensington Gardens Square. We earnestly appeal to all who favour the idea of an international key-language to send in a yearly subscription to Mr. Mudie, who willingly gives his whole leisure and infinite pains to our great work.

The first number of the *Internacia Medicina Revuo* can now be obtained from M. Fruictier, 27, Boulevard Arago, Paris. This Esperanto journal has doctors in all countries as contributors. "The Esperanto Sintakso," 1s. 6d.; and "Tourists' Phrase Book," 6d., can also be had from him.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS' Office: O'Connor's "Complete Manual," 1s. 6d.; Cart's Grammar, 6d.; in Braille, 4s.



Photograph by

[E. H. Mills.]

A NEW PORTRAIT OF VISCOUNT WOLSELEY.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

THE STORY OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE.*

THIS is a charming book. It is the story of part of a soldier's life, for it breaks off when Lord Wolseley was still a young man in the seventies. It is the story of a young soldier's life told by an old Field-Marshal in retirement, who has renewed his youth by jotting down his reminiscences of the adventurous scenes of his earlier days. We have only the first half of the book in these two volumes. In the second instalment, for which I hope we shall not have long to wait, we shall have the story of the occupation of Cyprus, of the Egyptian Expedition, and his career as Commander-in-Chief, culminating in the story of the South African War. The first instalment includes the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Chinese War of 1860, the Red River Expedition, the Ashanti War, and the reform of the British Army carried out by Lord Cardwell and the Army reformers, of whom Lord Wolseley was the chief.

AN OLD BOY STILL.

It is a book full of stirring adventure, and of the kind of story with which Othello won the heart of Desdemona. Lord Wolseley seems to have had a charmed life; both on sea and land he was often face to face with death, and, although he is scarred with the wounds received in many battlefields, he emerged safe and sound to become Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, and to retire in hale old age to delight his fellow-countrymen by the simple, boyish glee with which he recounts many picturesque incidents of his varied career. Boyish is the exact word for the book. Lord Wolseley is still an old boy with a boy's heart despite his grey hairs, and the book is pitched throughout in the note of a high-spirited schoolboy, to whom the perils of the tented field are but a gorgeous lark. There is also a great charm in the unconscious self-revelation of his own character given us in these two volumes.

AN ENGLISH IRISHMAN.

Lord Wolseley is an Irishman born and bred, but it would be difficult to find any book in which the salient characteristics of the typical Englishman are more faithfully set forth. There is throughout assumed, rather than asserted, a sense of the superiority of our race which sometimes finds somewhat naive impression. There is together with that the most serene complacency in his race. Simplicity of religious faith has distinguished many famous English Generals in our day. General Gordon was the most conspicuous example of these warrior saints in our time, as Cromwell was in the seventeenth century. Lord Wolseley lays no claim to the halo of the saint, yet repeatedly expresses himself in phrases which remind us of Havelock and betray a childlike con-

fidence in the sense of his being in a special manner a *protégé* of the Almighty.

A BLEND OF AMBITION AND PIETY.

There is a curious blend in him of personal ambition which jars somewhat with this pietistic strain. We are all familiar with the saintly soul which, having forsaken the world and trodden self under foot, feels that it is in some special manner the instrument of the Almighty in the working out of His designs. But that is not Lord Wolseley's note; no man can be more frankly assertive of intense personal ambition, and yet at the same time no one could more confidently assert his conviction that the Almighty was in working partnership with him to enable him to attain his intense self-seeking end. Take, for instance, the following passage in the first volume:—

I can honestly say the one dread I had—and it ate into my soul—was that, if killed, I should die without having made the name for myself which I always hoped a kind and merciful God might permit me to win. All through my life—sinner though I have been—I trusted implicitly in God's providence, I believed He watched specially over me and intended me for some important work. My numerous hair-breadth escapes in action confirmed me all the more in what perhaps others may deem my presumptuous belief.

Providence has often been invoked for the achievement of many objects, but it is seldom that the doctrine of special providence has been invoked for the achievement of personal ambition.

A COMFORTING BELIEF.

Another curious note that we meet at times in these pages is the comforting conviction he has that politicians who have neglected the British Army are now being punished in the next world for their high crimes and misdemeanours in this. Speaking of the Ministers who were responsible for the Crimean war, he says:—

I trust that in the next world they may be the slaves of the noble spirits who died of want before Sebastopol through their ignorance of war, of its wants, and of its stupendous difficulties.

But he expresses the same belief again. He says:—

If the curses of brave men affect the future life of those who have injured them, many of the Members of the Cabinet who sent us to the Crimea must have found some warm quarters somewhere.

WHERE ALL GOOD SOLDIERS GO.

But Lord Wolseley is equally certain of the destination of good soldiers who die for their country. Of his great friend Barnston, who died in the Mutiny, he says:—

He died of his wounds soon after, and without doubt he went to the right abode that is surely reserved for all good soldiers who die in action.

The same conviction leads him to indulge in a curious observation about another friend of his, Major

* "The Story of a Soldier's Life." By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley. Two volumes. (Constable, Westminster.)

Olpherts, of whom he speaks with great enthusiasm, for at the end of the chapter he says :—

Would that he were alive to read these pages : I wonder if there be a lending library in heaven!

Lord Wolseley has frankly confessed that his ambition as a soldier knew no limits. He is the only author known who is not content with a circulation limited to this side of the grave.

A PAGAN KIND OF A CHRISTIAN

Lord Wolseley tells us :—

The Old Testament had always and still has a deep, a holy charm for me. It is so human, and its heroes come so near in character and in faith to those of early Christianity.

But the heroes of early Christianity are very little to his taste ; he is of the Berserker breed, and his ethical conceptions are much more those of the old Norse believers in Odin and in Thor than those of the early Christians. Over and over again he sings the praises of war :—

For surely war, with all its horrors, exercises a healthy influence on all classes of society.

The drastic medicine of war can alone revive its former manliness and restore the virility that had made its sons renowned. Storms, we are told, drive away noxious vapours injurious to bodily health.

War, though it may mean a hard struggle for national existence, is the greatest purifier to the race or nation that has reached the verge of over-refinement or excessive cultivation.

And again he says :—

That "war is a horrible thing" is a very nice heading for a schoolgirl's copybook ; but I confess candidly that in my heart I always enjoyed it. Surely it has a glorious side to it. You find man at his best and at his worst there.

WOLSELEY : BERSERKER.

There was in him at all times a passion for the excitement of the battlefield. For instance, he tells us :—

It is only through experience of the sensation that we learn how intense, even in anticipation, is the rapture-giving delight which the attack upon an enemy affords. I cannot analyse nor weigh, nor can I justify the feeling. But once really experienced, all other subsequent sensations are but as the tinkling of a door-bell in comparison with the throbbing toll of Big Ben.—(P. 25.)

When he went off to the Crimea, he says :—

Our whole battalion was composed of young men full of life and spirit, and impressed with the one idea that the world was especially created for their own wild pleasures, of which, to most of us, war with all its sudden changes, and at times its maddening excitement, was the greatest.—(P. 229.)

Yet although he thus revels in the frenzy of battle, he tells us :—

The sight of raw meat even to this day gives me nausea, and to pass a butcher's shop is always a trial.—(P. 110.)

GENERAL GORDON.

As might be expected, he is full of enthusiasm for General Gordon—"God's friend," as he calls him. He was in many ways the most remarkable man he ever met :—

In a conversation I had with him the year he left England, never to return, he told me he prayed daily for two men, of whom I was one. I believe the other was Colonel J. F. Brocks, C.V.O., C.B., then commanding the Royal Horse Guards, and of whom I know he was very fond and of whom he had the highest opinion.

He absolutely ignored self in all he did, and only took in hand what he conceived to be God's work. Life was to him but a Pilgrim's Progress between the years of early manhood and the Heaven he now dwells in, the Home he always longed for.

When in any difficulty his first thought was, "What would my Master do were He now in my place?" It was this constant reliance upon his Maker, this spiritual communing with his Saviour, upon every daily occurrence in life, that enabled him absolutely to ignore self and to take no heed for what tomorrow might bring forth.—(P. 147.)

His absolute single-mindedness of purpose startled me at times, for it made me feel how inferior I was to him in all the higher qualities of character, and how inferior were all my aims in life to his.—(P. 148.)

He does not seem to have cared so much for General Havelock, but he is full of admiration for Sir Hope Grant, who read few books excepting the Bible. He says :—

His religion was of the simplest kind, an implicit trust in God, whom he knew to be his helper in all he did.—(P. 344.)

STONEWALL JACKSON.

He was also immensely attracted to Stonewall Jackson, whom he met in the early days of the American War. Stonewall Jackson, like General Lee, was deeply religious ; but although both were great soldiers, neither had any Goth-like delight in war, wherein they differed somewhat from Lord Wolseley. He speaks enthusiastically of the intense benignity which his Maker had stamped upon the countenance of John Jackson. He records a curious remark made to him by the great Confederate General who, it appears, had once paid a visit to England :—

I asked him which of all the recollections he had carried away with him from England was that upon which his memory loved most to dwell. He thought for a couple of minutes, and then, turning upon me those remarkable eyes, lit up for the moment with a look of real enthusiasm, he answered, "The seven lancet windows in York Minster."

In the midst of a bloody war, in which his life was to be eventually given for his country, his thoughts were at least sometimes fixed upon peace as its blessed quiet appeals to most of us when in any of our Gothic cathedrals.—(P. 141.)

A SOLDIER'S BOYHOOD.

What a rollicking broth of a boy was Lord Wolseley ! When he made his first sea voyage, he tells us : "I usually took my place with the reefers on the mizzen-topsail yard, and enjoyed the fun and excitement immensely."

As he was at sea, so he was on land. He was in the thick of every *mêlée*, in the heart of every fight. In the Indian Mutiny on one occasion, he tells us, "I had nearly a hundred good men behind me, whom I trusted and who I believe trusted me. What more could any young captain of four-and-twenty wish for?"

It is perhaps, characteristic of the schoolboy in him that he never took kindly to the Greek heroes and the Greek mythology :—

But, from boyhood to this day, I have always had the poorest opinions of Homer's heroes as fighting men. My servant, Private Andrews, of I Company 90th Light Infantry, was in every way worth a dozen of them, though he never found a great poet to record his deeds. But he died for his country.—(Vol. I, p. 13.)

And thoroughly characteristic of the schoolboy is his reference to his mother. He says :—

As a boy I always thought hers the fairest and sweetest face in the world, and she still looms before my memory a beautiful, gracious, tall, and stately woman, full of love and tenderness for all about her.—(Vol. 1, p. 2.)

Poets imagine that men say to themselves the night after a battle, "What will they say in England?" I believe that by far the largest proportion of men think of their mother, and of her valued love for them.—(Vol. 1, p. 15.)

His pages bristle with anecdotes and episodes, just such for the most part as a schoolboy would remember, which give vivid, Plutarch-like glimpses of warriors dead and gone and of battles almost forgotten. An officer tells him, for instance, that on the evening of the battle of Chillianwallah the dead bodies of thirteen of his brother officers lay on the dining-table in their mess tent. He says :—

There was an heroic grandeur about it that recalled to memory my badly learned stories of fights before Troy. I was barbarian enough to feel more enthusiastic over this wounded officer's matter-of-fact narrative than I ever felt when poring over Homer's heroic verse, trying to learn and doing my best to appreciate it. I confess that this Englishman with his arm in a sling was to me a far greater hero than either Hector or Achilles.—(Vol. 1, pp. 12, 13.)

SOME SOLDIER STORIES.

Take another instance. He is writing of Sir John Pennyfather, the swearing General, at the battle of Meeanee. Addressing the thinned ranks of his officers when the battle was won—

with tears coursing down his cheeks, he said to them : "I can't make you a speech, my lads, but by —, you are all gentlemen." Never I believe in classical or in modern times has a more effective speech been made by a leader to his men after a battle.—(Vol. 1, p. 14.)

Here is another story of a terrible martinet, Colonel Franks :—

Just before the battalion moved into action the day of Sobraon, the colonel said to his men : "I understand you mean to shoot me to-day, but I want you to do me a favour; don't kill me until the battle is well over." It was quite true. They had meant to shoot him, but the coolness with which the request was made so won their admiration that they allowed him to live.—(Vol. 1, p. 17.)

Here is a curious little dig at Sir Charles Napier, whose kit consisted merely of a spare shirt, a towel, a piece of soap, and some few other necessary articles : "Those who knew him, even by sight, thought he might have omitted the soap."—(Vol. 1, p. 263.)

These extracts will help to explain something of the charm of the book. It is the book of a first-class gossip who has the stores of half a century to draw upon for his stories.

GRIM TALES FROM INDIA.

Some of his anecdotes are somewhat gruesome, others grotesque. When the Sikh Rajah of Kuppertola came to Sir Hope Grant's camp near Lucknow, he found the English were much troubled by thieves. The young Prince, "a nice young fellow" who spoke English well, calmly and seriously advised the British commander to adopt his father's methods of dealing with the pest :—

The father had with much difficulty succeeded in catching

one of these thieves. He had him profusely anointed with sulphur and brimstone, and then set fire to him, everyone in camp being obliged to watch the burning operation.—(Vol. 1, p. 357.)

At a successful engagement in pursuit of the rebels on June 13th, 1858, Lord Wolseley came upon the place where the surgeon was patching up the wounded :—

A young lieutenant who had been hit in the foot had just had one of his toes amputated, which the surgeon threw from him as he finished the operation. Almost before the toe had reached the ground a big kite—of which many were then flying about—swooped down, and the young officer, had the excitement of seeing his toe carried away into the air to be devoured at the kite's leisure.—(Vol. 1, p. 374.)

A TALE OF A TIGER AND A SNAKE.

Once, when marching up country, the bullocks stampeded when a tiger had suddenly jumped in among the wagons. It missed its spring and took up a position under a tree not fifty yards distant. Lord Wolseley saw it plainly in the clear Indian moonlight. He was sorely tempted to fire at it, his gunner wished to open fire with canister, but he remembered Lucknow's hard-pressed garrison, and forebore. Collecting the bullocks, he resumed the march :—

As we did so, I could see the silhouette of the tiger as it stood out distinctly in the clear Eastern moonlight, with the forest as a dark background. He looked imposing, and I was glad to get so safely out of this unpleasant meeting with a lord of the Bengal jungles.—(Vol. 1, p. 267.)

On another occasion, when bathing in a tank, "a yellow snake put his head up over the surface close to my face, and shook his tongue at me as he did so." Lord Wolseley fled as if he were pursued by a whole zoological garden full of hostile and man-devouring beasts and reptiles :—

I have never been able to get over this horror of reptiles, and still fly even from the harmless toad.—(Vol. 1, p. 353.)

A TEST OF VALOUR.

The adventure that gives me the best impression of the bravery of Lord Wolseley was that which he encountered when shipwrecked in the Straits of Banca. His company was on the lower deck, "a horrible quarter below the water level, lit only by one solitary candle-lantern." The ship struck upon a rock and began to fill with water. Lord Wolseley ran down to his company :—

I fell the men in, half on one side, the other half on the opposite side of the deck. I told them there was no danger—an allowable fib—adding that no man upon any account was to open his lips unless I spoke to him. There we stood in deadly silence, and I know not for how long. The abominable candle in the lantern sputtered and went out. We were in almost absolute darkness. The ship began to sink by the stern, so it was evident to all thinking minds that we hung on a rock somewhere forward. The angle of our deck with the sea level above us became gradually greater, until at last we all had to hold on to the sides of our dark submarine prison. My predominant feeling was of horrid repugnance at the possibility, which at last became the probability, of being drowned in the dark like a rat in a trap.

How long they remained there he does not know, every minute seemed an hour. "At last a face appeared at the aperture ordering us on deck." They all reached land safely, but the ordeal was surely

more trying than that which tested the discipline of the men on board the *Birkenhead*. Well may Lord Wolseley say :—

What a boon to man is discipline! If I could afford it, I would erect a monument to that most admirable of soldierly virtues.—(Vol. 1, p. 242.)

IN PRAISE OF TOMMY ATKINS.

But not less admirable and monument deserving are the rank and file of the British army :—

If ever I became rich, I would erect a splendid monument to the memory of the private soldiers, who in their thousands have fought round the world to make England the great Empire she is now.—(Vol. 1, p. 351.)

He is full of admiration for their brave and uncomplaining valour. He watched them drop exhausted on one of the terrible marches ordered by Sir Hope Grant in the hot season in Oudh. He says :—

I had a good helmet with an unusually long turban wound round it, yet the sun seemed to gimlet a hole through it into my brain. My very hair seemed to crackle from the burning heat, and the nails of one's fingers became as if made of some brittle material that must soon break.—(Vol. 1, p. 364.)

The men fell out by dozens and perished by the way. But they never complained. No wonder Lord Wolseley is so enthusiastic over his men. Well led, they will go anywhere. Whoever is to blame, it is never the private soldier. But there are others to blame, and Lord Wolseley does not stint his censure.

IN DISPRAISE OF BRITISH OFFICERS.

The vials of his wrath are emptied upon the politicians who starve the Army—that was to be expected; but we were hardly prepared for the savage fashion in which he handles the British officer. Of course, the most of his censures were directed against the British officer at the time of the Crimean War. But there is some of it left, even for the British officer of the seventies who, ninety-nine out of every hundred, "liked to do little," and never studied his profession. Our old generals and their following understood next to nothing of the science of war or of its recent practice in Europe, and had a horror of those who, having studied the matter, set any store by it. His account of the British officer of 1871 as an indolent ignoramus may seem severe, but about the officers in the Crimea he has much worse things to say. For instance, he says :—

It is difficult, even after the lapse of time, to write in moderate terms of those commissioned creatures who, able to fight and work, crowded into our hospital ships, and, when they could do so, sneaked home to England, leaving others to do their duty.—(Vol. 1, p. 91.)

And again :—

The great bulk of the staff at home, and most of those who had been selected for staff work with the army sent to Turkey, were chosen for family reasons. . . . And they were not men whom I would have entrusted with a subaltern's picket in the field. Had they been private soldiers, I don't think any colonel would have made them corporals.—(P. 100.)

The most striking examples of military ignorance were the great majority of those who had been selected to be our generals and our brigadiers, and for the staff of the Army generally.—(P. 106.)

No new light, no useful gleam of imagination or originality ever illuminated whatever may have been their reasoning powers.—(P. 137.)

The Battle of Inkerman could never have taken place had any ordinary care and intelligence been shown by those who

selected the positions for our outposts, whose purpose it was to watch the enemy's movements, to ferret out his intentions, and so to protect us from surprise.—(P. 143.)

He does not even spare the great Duke of Wellington :—

All soldiers knew that the Duke of Wellington had to the last resisted the introduction of the rifle musket, and there could be no appeal from this decision.—(Vol. 1, p. 80.)

AND OF POLITICIANS.

As for the politicians—only the flames of Hell can adequately punish their crimes :—

We had then no military transport of any kind : and yet our Cabinet did not hesitate to declare war with one of the very greatest military nations in the world !—(Vol. 1, p. 83.)

But we are told that it was done through ignorance. Ignorance, forsooth ; and of what greater crime can a War Minister be convicted ?—(P. 92.)

The Government of the day, plunging stupidly into war with a great European Power of whose military strength it was apparently ignorant, had invaded the Crimea with little knowledge of its geography and less still of its rigorous climate.—(P. 171.)

As it was then so it is now, and so it ever will be :—

And so it will always be, until poor deluded John Bull insists upon a certificate being annually laid before Parliament by the non-political Commander-in-Chief that the whole of the military forces of the Empire can be completely and effectively equipped for war in a fortnight ; or should he be unable conscientiously to sign such a certificate, he should be obliged to specify all our military deficiencies.—(Vol. 1, p. 224.)

IN PRAISE OF THE CHINESE.

Of Lord Wolseley's political observations the most interesting are his remarks about the Chinese, of whom he has a very high opinion :—

To me they are the most remarkable race on earth, and I have always thought, and still believe them to be, the great coming rulers of the world. They only want a Chinese Peter the Great or Napoleon to make them so. They have every quality required for the good soldier and the good sailor, and in my idle speculation upon this world's future I have long selected them as the combatants on one side of the great Battle of Armageddon, the people of the United States of America being their opponents.—(Vol. 2, p. 2.)

A FEW FAULTS.

His history is occasionally at fault ; as, for instance, when he repeats this oft-exploded calumny about the Crimean war :—

The Tsar, misled by some foolish Quakers and others of the peace-at-any price party, believed their nonsense, and thought that nothing would induce us to fight. This made war inevitable.—(Vol. 1, p. 82.)

There is not a single word of truth in this, as Lord Wolseley can satisfy himself if he will but take the trouble to look at the date of the Quaker mission to St. Petersburg, and the state into which his detested politicals had got the two nations by their diplomacy before that mission was undertaken.

Even more grotesque is the confusion of thought which seems to lead him to identify the Liberal Party with Macdermott's refrain, which gave its name to the Jingoos—who then and now are the worst enemies of Liberalism.

These are, however, but spots on the sun, and it would be a mistake to find fault too seriously with so brave a gossip whose entertaining pages I have sampled rather than reviewed.

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Other Books of the Month.

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

SIR G. TREVELYAN has given us a second instalment of what promises to be a classic history of the American Revolution. It is rather difficult to see why he should have broken off the second part where he does. For the end of the second volume leaves the opposing armies still in the field, and the narrative breaks off with the story of the final settlement of the difficulties which had beset the Episcopal Church in America.

The English readers, especially those who have just passed through the prolonged and unavailing struggle waged by the pro-Boers against the South African War, will be more interested in Sir G. Trevelyan's analysis of the agitation against the American War which is to be found in his chapter on the Nation and the War. Sir George Trevelyan maintains that the war against our revolted Colonists was never popular in this country. One strong proof on which he lays great stress is the fact that the anti-war meetings were never broken up in the way peace meetings were two or three years ago. Sir George Trevelyan said all the while that our armies were fighting Washington in America the art of Constitutional agitation at home was brought to perfection and pursued with an amount of success surpassing anything that had ever been known before. At many county meetings there was a resolution; at most banquets a whole string of flowery sentiments, all of which denoted friendliness towards America, and excellent hearty wishes for immediate peace. Indeed, war meetings always took place quietly between 1776 and 1782. Not a few officers of every grade flatly refused to serve against colonists, and their scruples were accepted by their country in general, by the King and his Ministers as well. Vice-Admiral Keppel refused to serve against America, with the result that he attained an extravagant popularity in all ranks in the Navy, and when the European war broke out he was placed in charge of the Channel Fleet. Lieutenant-General Amherst absolutely refused to sail for New England in order to lead troops in the field. The King entreated him in vain, but nothing could overcome his objection; but he was retained as Commander-in-Chief, and died a Field-Marshal. Another officer, afterwards Field-Marshal Conway, declared as strongly against drawing his sword in a quarrel. But he also gained in popularity and public repute. The American War from the outset to the finish was an open question in English society. The soldier who had refused to serve against the Americans lived comfortably and pleasantly with his country neighbours. Much harder things would have been said of him if he had shot foxes, or given a piece of ground for the site of a Nonconformist Chapel.

Lord Chatham withdrew his own son from the Army rather than allow him to serve against the Americans. Earl Effingham became celebrated and vastly popular for throwing up his commission when his regiment was ordered for service in America. Public thanks were voted to him by the Corporations of London and Dublin. Lord Frederick Cavendish also refused to serve in the American War, but he was afterwards made a General by the Whigs, and a Field-Marshal by the Tories.

When Lord Howe begged Major Cartwright to join him and the American expedition, he refused outright. Lord Howe replied that opinions in politics of such national moment as differences existing between England and America should be treated like opinions in religion, wherein everyone was at liberty to regulate his conduct

by the ideas which he had adopted on due reflection and inquiry. From these and other pieces of evidence it would seem that our Jingoism at the beginning of the twentieth century are much more intolerant and violent than their ancestors in the reign of George III. It is not a comforting reflection that in one hundred and thirty years liberty of conscience and the right of private judgment should appear to have lost favour with the British public.

A UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE.

THIS French book of 570 pages is a wonderful example of patient research and logical conclusion, and is invaluable for all who desire to study the subject. The Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, of Paris, remarks that: "The scientific movement which, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, was limited to a small number of nations, extends to-day to the whole world, and, more than this, its importance in every nation has increased more than we have any idea of." He then regrets the time lost in useless research, because a scientific man may not know what has been done by a scientist of another nationality; and more, the variety of names and classifications which add to the difficulty of comparing results. The authors point out that the matter is scarcely one for Governments to decide upon; that an inquiry into the need of some one language for extranational purposes is the work of a special commission, or of a body such as the International Association of Academies.

The idea is, of course, no new one, but so many people have laughed at the idea of an International key language, that one is quite astonished to find how many attempts of the kind have been made since Latin became practically a dead language. The history of more than fifty such attempts is given in this book, together with examples of the language and a critical essay upon each. The authors in their preface point out that if in the sixteenth century such a key language was interesting, in the twentieth it has become a necessity. When every part of the world is colonised by Europeans, and the exchange of merchandise is so enormous, the frequent congresses, if they are not to become a dead letter, must be conducted in one language, and not in a variety. This remark of necessity applies to any kind of international arbitration also. Railways, telegraphy, weights and measures, and geology are fully international.

The authors point out that it will be impossible to obtain the consent of either England, France, or Germany to the choice of either of their languages as an international one. The grammars of all are cumbersome, and require years for their perfect study; whilst attempts to make either exactly phonetic or entirely simple as regards grammar would be resisted by all who love their mother tongue, and in a sense this applies to Latin also. The authors do not themselves pretend to advocate any one artificial language, and in fact they have formed a society the aim of which is to influence public opinion, so that some decision may be made. (The progress of this society will be explained to any inquirers by M. Leau, of 6 Rue Vavin, Paris.) But, whilst criticising Esperanto in its due order, the confession is made that the few imperfections are easy to correct, that the formation of Esperanto words are admirable, and that this self-governing language, with its illimitable resources, has an originality and a soul of its own, that it is as full of life, as capable of development, and as supple as any of the so-called natural languages.

* "The American Revolution." Second part, 2 vols. By Sir George O. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green and Co.) 21s. net.

* "Histoire de la Langue Universelle." By Dr. Coucutat and Dr. Leau. Hichette and Co. 10 francs.

HOW BRITAIN WENT TO WAR.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS ANNUAL this year is entitled "How Britain went to War." It is a digest and an analysis of evidence taken by the Royal Commission on the war in South Africa, compiled from the Blue Books for the information of the public. It is a substantial volume of 256 pages, of which twenty-three are devoted to a copious index. It is illustrated by portraits of the leading members of the Commission, with the portrait of Lord Esher as a frontispiece. It is dedicated "with all respect, but without permission, to His Majesty King Edward VII., to whose Ministers is entrusted the responsibility of seeing that his forces are in an adequate posture of defence, and that 'Ready, Aye Ready,' should be the watchword of his War Office as well as of his Navy." The compilation has been undertaken by the author of "The Truth about the Navy," who claims that the average citizen and British elector will probably find all that he needs to know before making up his mind on the question as to the contents of the two thousand pages of the Blue Books, which are published at 16s. 3d.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S RESPONSIBILITY.

The chapter on "Mr. Chamberlain's Responsibility" brings into clear relief the fact that Mr. Chamberlain, who has been ignorantly credited with having been the only Minister who foresaw the need for strengthening our garrison, stands convicted of having shown no appreciation of the needs of the situation. On more than one occasion he brought the Empire to the verge of war with the Powers, but all the preparation he even suggested should be made to cope with the situation which he had created was the increase of the strength of our South African garrison from 6,300 to 8,000. The author of the ANNUAL maintains that it is proved that Mr. Chamberlain, being Colonial Secretary when conducting negotiations with the Transvaal—negotiations which the British General Commander-in-Chief in South Africa warned him would certainly result in war—misled his colleagues in the Cabinet, and in particular his colleague (the Secretary of State for War), by professing a belief that peace was assured, and by stating "he saw no occasion for reinforcements;" he thereby secured the rejection of the earnest entreaty of Lord Wolsley, the Commander-in-Chief, for the immediate strengthening of the South African garrisons as late as the middle of August.

THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE GUILT.

The chapter entitled "The Distribution of the Guilt" declares that few who read the report of the Commission and the evidence upon which it is based will not be driven irresistibly to the conclusion that the one man who, above all others, must bear the responsibility for letting loose upon the Empire the innumerable evils of a war for which we were unprepared is Lord Milner, the High Commissioner. He was placed in supreme power in South Africa to act for Britain. He was our eyes and our ears. He was our brain. We trusted him absolutely to see the truth and to make it known. Unfortunately he did neither. Or rather, if he did one he did not the other. Whichever alternative is selected leaves him equally guilty. We trusted him blindly, and wilfully or unintentionally he misled us as cruelly as if he had invited us to a camp on a slumbering kraken in mid-ocean by assurances that the monster's back was *terra firma*. Upon the head of Lord Milner more than upon the head of any living man lies the burden of all the innocent blood shed in the land that was given him to rule in peace and prosperity. Lord Milner stands apart,

conspicuous and alone, as the man who, with the best of intentions, brought upon the Empire the greatest disaster that it has had to suffer in the memory of living men.

GENERAL BUTLER VINDICATED.

In striking contrast to the chief of the condemned, stands the figure of the chief of the acquitted. Of those who were accused of responsibility for the War no one has been more triumphantly vindicated by the Royal Commission than General Butler. The long series of warning despatches which he sent home would, if they had been attended to, have averted the series of disasters which have befallen us. It is now proved that General Butler knew the facts, thrust them persistently and insistently upon the Government, and as a reward was recalled, snubbed, ignored, and calumniated. To-day, however, there is no general name in the *Army List* which shines with so much of the lustre of a courageous, far-seeing statesman as that of General Sir W. F. Butler, now commanding at Devonport. He knew the truth and told it to unwilling ears. We are only beginning to realise what the refusal to listen to his faithful warnings has cost the country and the Empire.

The book contains all the more salient passages in the evidence given by the chief witnesses before the Commission.

THE CONCLUSION TO BE DRAWN.

The conclusion at which the compiler arrives is not very consolatory. He says: "We close the examination of the Report and the evidence taken by the Commission with profound uneasiness. Although we spend more money over our Army than our Continental neighbours, we have to show for the greater expenditure a smaller army, of lower intelligence and very inferior training. That is not a satisfactory result. And the worst of it is that if we doubled our military Budget and introduced conscription we should not be any stronger than we are to-day. It is brain and character that we want, and these things unfortunately can neither be improvised nor bought in the market-place."

The "Start in Life" Series.

MESSRS. HODDER AND STOUGHTON render a valuable service to all young people by their admirable new series entitled "The Start in Life," which are published at 3s. 6d., and are an indispensable investment for anyone in doubt as to what profession he will adopt. "Journalism as a Profession," by Mr. Arthur Lawrence, with a chapter by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth and a preface by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, is the first of the series. The book is full of sound, practical advice, and deals with every branch of journalism, from free-lancing to the editing of a daily newspaper and writing for monthly reviews. There is a separate chapter on "Women in Journalism." Mr. Lawrence thinks that the writing of serial fiction is one of the best openings for women. Mr. Harmsworth's chapter deals with "The Making of a Newspaper"; he declares himself in favour of a school for journalists, and laments the scarcity of competent sub-editors. The other two volumes of the series are "A Guide to the Legal Profession" and "A Guide to the Civil Service," both of which seem excellently done and very complete.

"THE WINGLESS PSYCHE." By Morley Roberts. (Elkin Mathews.) 110 pp. 2s. 6d.—An interesting little book of essays, but somewhat pretentiously intense, like Mr. Roberts's novels.

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THE LIVING WHEEL.

"THE LIVING WHEEL." A Drama in Five Acts. By T. J. Uniacke. (Philip Wellby, 6, Henrietta Street.) 3s. 6d.—This is one of the most remarkable books that I have read for many a long day. A daring book, a puzzling book, one that suggests more than it says and raises questions innumerable to which it supplies no answers. To attempt to solve the mystery of the virgin birth in a novel surely represents the very summit of audacity. Yet the writer is no irreverent blasphemer or flippant hunter after sensation. There is in every page the utmost sincerity, the most profound conviction, born, it would seem in some measure, of personal experience. And difficult as the theme undoubtedly is, it is handled with the utmost delicacy and reserve. In this remarkable and somewhat weird story, a man and a woman, who are true soul mates, meet and love and are separated. The man marries another woman whom he really loves, but who is not his soul mate. The woman remains single. After the death of the man's wife she has a strange and persistent dream, in which, half in waking and half in sleeping state, she is visited by the spirit of her lover, and in due time brings forth a spirit child, visible to clairvoyants, and subsequently visible to both his parents, although he never materialises to the sight of ordinary mortals. The parents of this spirit child meet, but agree to regard marriage in the material plane as forbidden to those who have been united on the loftier plane. They stick to their resolve until a kind flash of lightning relieves them from their mortal bodies, and enables them to join their spirit offspring in another world. The experiences of the virgin mother suggest to the author that this kind of immaculate conception may have been foreshadowed by the Incarnation. The ghostly father thus explains the theory which the book was probably written to expound :—

In all questions of the highest development of the human being we cannot do better than look to the history of the one perfect Human Being the world has known—ours is only one further step towards that goal. Christ alone, hitherto, has made the absolute and complete link, for He alone, being born through a perfect union on the higher planes, was provided with a body which would bring Him within the sense perceptions of those he came to succour. The Blessed Virgin's intense faith generated the force necessary to produce this result. No law was contradicted nor suspended, but it required far stronger exercise of faith than a birth under similar conditions on the psychic plane alone would have done. This power was provided through the amount and quality of Mary's faith, which acted then as it would act now—i.e., as true *Force*. The persistent thought which produces a physical effect, a blister or the stigmata, or a beautiful and peaceful expression of face, gives us a hint of how spirit moulds matter. The physical body of our Lord was a more perfect exposition of the same law. The psychic germ was enclosed in a physical covering through the constant action of the blessed Virgin's faith, working on the higher plane as well as on the normal one, and so our Lord's body was positively *materialised*. Now, had it been an outer materialisation only, the constituent parts would have dissolved with the force that brought them together, as you and other psychic students have often seen occur. But in this case the materialisation took place within the womb. The psychic germ was "clothed upon" by the flesh covering, as a necessary result of Mary's magnificent power of faith, which provided the appropriate conditions by which Spirit can influence and mould matter. As a rule, psychic union would result in psychic offspring, but a Messiah must appear in the body necessary for manifestation on the sphere which He redeems and lifts. Happy for the world that in one pure woman's heart was found a faith equal to the stupendous task! This is the truth of the Incarnation, the mystery and grandeur of which the angels sang in the moonlit fields of Bethlehem. *They* knew, none better, the almost

miraculous exercise of faith necessary for the superhuman task—i.e., to produce offspring under the only conditions possible to absolute purity, and yet to provide for that offspring the only type of body that could come within the consciousness of the world.

"It may be that once again the Christ will take on a physical body, for purposes of manifestation. When he comes again, we must trust that some, at least, will have reached the high-water mark of Mary's transcendent faith, and be able consciously to realise the method of His Incarnation. With advancing spiritual science the *mystery* of Christ's birth will melt away on the horizon of an advancing evolution, but the mystery of God's love which sent him will remain; a mystery to be solved only when in the rolling ages we shall come to be known even as we are known."

THE STORY OF THE ORGAN.*

THE latest addition to the "Music Story Series," edited by Mr. F. J. Crowest, is the volume entitled "The Story of the Organ," by the well-known musician and writer, Mr. C. F. Abdy Williams. The known history of the organ, beginning with the invention of the mechanically blown trumpet of Ctesibius of Alexandria in the third century B.C. to the erection of the great organ, said to be the largest in the world, in the Town Hall, Sydney, New South Wales, is here given in outline. Ctesibius is described as a barber of a mechanical turn of mind, and it was from his discovery of a wind instrument not blown by the human lungs that the organ has been developed. The writer says :—

Ctesibius observed that the counterweight of a movable mirror, used for the purposes of his trade, produced a musical sound by the force with which it drove the air out of the tube in which it moved. Experimenting with the principle thus noticed, he succeeded in making a machine consisting of a hollow vase inverted, with an opening on the top, to which was attached a trumpet producing a very powerful sound.

The idea was enlarged by Hero, Ctesibius's pupil, and since water was the motive power, the instrument was named the *Hydraulus*. This was the predecessor of our organ. The Rev. F. W. Galpin, the enthusiastic collector of ancient instruments, has succeeded in constructing a working model of this instrument by following the instructions given by Hero of Alexandria and Vitruvius, and an illustration and a description of it are included in the book. How our organ grew from this old-world instrument is told in an interesting and not too technical a manner; there are stories of interesting organs and builders, like Renatus Harris and Father Smith, who competed for the building of the organ in the Temple Church by each setting up an instrument in one of the halls of the Temple, so that the Benchers might choose that which pleased them best; and to make the history as complete as possible, lists of organ-builders, mediæval and modern; explanations of organ-stops and technical terms; a bibliography of the principal works on organ-building; and a number of specifications of interesting organs of various dates are added. Mr. Abdy Williams has given us an interesting educational work, but the index is not so satisfactory.

"FIFTY-TWO SUNDAYS WITH THE CHILDREN" is the title of the book published by H. R. Allenson at 3s. 6d. The addresses are written by the Rev. James Learmount as a series of Sunday morning talks. Mr. Learmount has the knack of interesting children; and those who have a family of youngsters will find this book a very valuable addition to their library.

* "Story of the Organ." By C. F. Abdy Williams. (Walter Scott.) Cloth. Pp. 328. 3s. 6d. nett.

SOME ART PUBLICATIONS.

THE ART JOURNAL FOR 1903.

THE bound volume for 1903 of *The Art Journal* is replete with interesting articles. The only one of really any great international interest is the discussion of the Loukmanoff cartoons, which is ably dealt with by Lady Colin Campbell: "There have been many strange surprises and discoveries in the history of art, but it is doubtful if any have ever equalled in interest the story of the series of cartoons by Raphael, known as the Loukmanoff cartoons. Their claims to be the original cartoons by Raphael for the tapestries in the Sistine Chapel (instead of those in the Kensington Museum) are supported by too great a bulk of evidence and data to allow them to be brushed aside . . . in 1515 Pope Leo X. commissioned Raphael to design cartoons in colour for the tapestries wherewith he desired to adorn the Sistine Chapel. In the memoirs of the Venetian patrician Marcantonio Michel, a contemporary of Raphael, it is left on record that the painter received one hundred ducats for each cartoon. . . . This . . . price paid to a painter already famous supports the contention that the hundred ducats paid for each cartoon only represented the *right of reproducing* the design in tapestry, and that the cartoons remained the property of Raphael." Vasari testifies that they were returned to Rome to Raphael. It is stated also in the Michel memoirs that the cartoons were sold to Cardinal Sigismond Gonzaga. His nephew, Duke Ercole Gonzaga, employed (about 1539) Nicolas Karcher, "Master Wever of Brussels," to execute tapestries from the Raphael cartoons. These were mentioned in detail in his will, and bequeathed to his nephew Guglielmo. He was a dissipated spendthrift, and had two series of tapestries, part of which he sold in Venice, and it is supposed he also sold the cartoons. The tapestries are now at Schönbrunn, near Vienna, in admirable condition, and identical with the Loukmanoff cartoons. Count Jagozinsky, Russian Minister to Vienna, bought in 1725 the Raphael cartoons. Professor Schivvreff states in 1851 "that these cartoons were brought from Rome by Count Jagozinsky in the reign of Peter the Great." At the count's death they passed into the hands of his wife, who sold them to Loukmanoff, a *bric-à-brac* dealer in Moscow. The canvas on which they are painted has been pronounced to be of the time of Raphael. The designs are painted on this porous undressed canvas in vegetable colours. They are also whole, which was necessary for the long and expensive *haute lisse* process of weaving. They contain more detail than their Kensington rivals, though of smaller dimensions, and they are of *exactly the same dimensions* as the Vatican tapestries at Rome, and the Mantuan tapestries at Schönbrunn. The Kensington cartoons, on the other hand, as every one knows, consist of strips of paper which have been gummed together by the edges. This was the method necessary for tapestries woven by the *basse lisse* process, where the design had to be in strips of paper placed beneath the warp. The Kensington cartoons are made on strips of paper, executed first in black lines and coloured afterwards, and while showing considerable discrepancies with the Vatican tapestries in size and detail, agree in every respect with the Berlin tapestries, which are known to be those given by Pope Leo X. to Henry VIII. For in 1520 Pope Leo X. desired to have a set of tapestries woven in the same subjects as those designed by Raphael to send as a present to the King. The first series, however, woven in the *haute lisse* manner, had taken four years to make and were very costly. Leo X. therefore ordered *basse lisse* tapestries, and not having

Raphael's originals—of which he had only bought the right of production—commissioned Tomaso Vincidor di Bologna, a pupil of Raphael's, to make designs from the Vatican tapestries, which Vincidor executed in black tones and took with him to Flanders, where Antoine de Hollande helped him to colour them. These tapestries were finished in 1521, the year following the Pope's order to Vincidor, and were presented by the Pope, before his death in the same year, to King Henry VIII., in recognition of his published treatise against the principles of Luther, conferring on him at the same time the title of Defender of the Faith. These tapestries, as has been said, are now in the Berlin Museum, and agree in all details with the Kensington cartoons. The strips for these drawings of Vincidor di Bologna, pricked along the edges with pins as having served for weaving the tapestries in the *basse lisse* manner, were abandoned to the Flemish weavers. In 1630 these strips were found by Rubens hanging on the doors and walls of the workshops of the weavers; and Rubens, ignorant of the fact that the original cartoons on canvas had been returned to Rome, jumped to the conclusion that these strips were the original Raphael designs, and persuaded Charles I. to purchase them for the use of a tapestry manufactory at Mortlake. On the death of Charles I., Cromwell bought the cartoons for £300. They remained for a long time in the lumber room at Whitehall, until William III. commissioned Sir Christopher Wren to erect a room for them at Hampton Court, where they remained till they were brought to the South Kensington Museum in 1865.

The appearance of so important a translation as "REMBRANDT, HIS LIFE, HIS WORK, AND HIS TIME," by Emile Michel, done into English by Florence Simmonds, and edited by Frederick Wedmore (Wm. Heinemann, £1 1s. net), hardly needs the explanation contained in the note to this third edition that the steady demand for M. Emile Michel's "Life of Rembrandt," which has definitely taken its place as the standard modern work on the great Dutch master, seems to point to the need for a popular edition of this admirable study. The present volume contains all the illustrations and the complete text of the former editions, with the author's latest corrections. Certainly this cheaper form should meet this want and place the work within the reach of a wider public. No student seriously and vividly interested in Rembrandt's life and work can expect to acquiesce absolutely with the point of view of any other student, even so careful and sound a critic as M. Michel; but certainly Rembrandt's life was so wholly given to his art that the two cannot be divorced in narrative, and all students are indebted to a work so compactly explaining the cruces of Rembrandt's biography and the secrets of his mysterious existence, and the tracing more closely of the union between the two. The illustrations are as a whole almost better than in the original French production.

In "THE DURBAR," Mortimer Menpes has added another brilliant success to his already celebrated and delightful series of "impressions." Mr. Menpes's sketches are too well known to need dissertation as to his colour and technique, but the illustrations of the Durbar are—outside their artistic merits—so clever in giving an adequate idea of that really historical event, and hold the spirit and the sentiment of that wonderful East in a way no photograph can ever do, that the book assumes the importance of an historical essay. There are a

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hundred or so full-page sketches of the Durbar and people and events relative to it—all of them full of colour and charm. The portrait of Lord Kitchener is perhaps the least artistic of them all. The text accompanying the illustrations is clever and readable. Published by Adam and Charles Black.

"HAPPY ENGLAND," as painted by Helen Allingham, R.W.S. (Adam and Charles Black), is a successful endeavour of some eighty plates to illustrate in colour an artist's impressions of a particular country—as, for instance, John Fulleylove's of the Holy Land, Talbot Kelly's of Egypt and Mortimer Menpes' of many lands. The title, it is said, brought down "the disapprobation of certain of the artist's friends," who, recognising her as a resident in Hampstead, have associated the title with that alliterative one which the northern suburbs have received at the hands of the Bank Holiday visitant, and they facetiously surmise that the work may be called "'Appy England! By a Denizen of 'Appy 'Ampstead!" In both life and landscape the work is a portrayal of youth rejoicing in youth. For the most part it represents childhood, and if we are to believe Mr. Ruskin, for the first time in modern art; for in his lecture on Mrs. Allingham at Oxford, he declared that "though long by academic art denied or resisted, at last bursting out like one of the sweet Surrey fountains and, all dazzling and pure, you have the radiance and innocence of reinstated infant divinity showered again among the flowers of English meadows of Mrs. Allingham." Certainly the book gives one a sense of England at her best—a happy England.

"JOHN CONSTABLE, R.A." By Lord Windsor. (Walter Scott Publishing Company.) 3s. 6d. net. The sixth of the series of "Makers of British Art" is one of the best that has so far appeared. Practically all that is known of this famous English artist is told in "The Memoirs of John Constable, R.A.," by C. R. Leslie, R.A., his life-long friend. This book is now only to be obtained at the second-hand booksellers, and is therefore inaccessible to the majority of readers. The present volume, therefore, is of interest.

Christmas Cards and Calendars.

IN Messrs. Raphael Tuck's Christmas cards and souvenirs, picture postcards naturally take a large place. In all, there are 150 packets to choose from, as much picture and as little writing space as possible—just what the collector likes. They are both in colours and in black and white, and as low in price as 3½d. for a packet of six. The colour-printing is very fine. Both in postcards and in other Christmas cards Messrs. Raphael Tuck are

making a special feature of reproducing the works of modern artists. The "Asti" series of reproductions from the works of the late French artist is one of the finest of these sets of "Raphotypes," as they are called.

Of postcard albums also there is great variety at prices from 1s. up to 27s. 6d. Of calendars the variety is endless, from handy little pocket and purse calendars at 1d. to beautifully coloured pictorial calendars at 6d., 1s., up to 10s. 6d. each.

I have received two volumes from Mr. T. Lake Harris, who has returned to Florida from his all too short visit to Glasgow. They are volumes of lyrics entitled "THE MARRIAGE OF HEAVEN AND EARTH" and "THE TRIUMPH OF LIFE," published by G. W. Pearce and Co., 139, West Regent Street, Glasgow. The following is the official description of their contents, to which I hesitate to add a word. "These lyrics, with their introductions, are intended to declare some methods and processes whereby the Divine One-Twain Creator transposes the natural bodies of all such as receive and embody the Redemptive Life of the Saviour-Saviour, from the separated sex-lines of the third dimension of ever-dissolving nature; to those of the re-united twain-one sex of the fourth dimension of eternal Arch-Nature whereby Sin is abolished in the flesh, and its wages, Death, abolished in and for the body."

Photograms for the Year.

ONE of the most copiously illustrated annuals of the year is "Photograms," which is published for the *Photogram* by Dawbarn and Ward at 2s. It is now in the ninth year of publication, and is quite indispensable to photographers, especially to amateur photographers. There is a reproduction of a photograph upon very nearly every one of the 172 pages, and its contents are fully as varied and as interesting as in previous years.



Reproduced from "Photograms for the Year."

SOME NOVELS OF THE SEASON.

In "THE LONG NIGHT," Mr. Stanley Weyman has produced an excellently readable book, which deals with the famous escalade of Geneva in 1602, which was the culmination of the last attempt of the House of Savoy to recapture the city. Mr. Weyman writes on a foundation of historical facts, many of his figures are drawn from characters of the period, and throughout the book he contrives to maintain an atmosphere quite suitable to the story. Intermingled with the exciting adventures of the hero, readers will catch a glimpse of that religious intolerance of the Protestants which is too often forgotten in denunciation of the Inquisition. (Longmans. 6s.)

Mr. E. F. Benson's new book carries him to America and provides him with a stick wherewith to beat the social extravagances of a certain class of American Society. The writer of "THE RELENTLESS CITY" seems to cherish the mistaken idea that the class the foibles of which he betrays so relentlessly represents the whole of American Society. That such persons as he portrays do exist is probable, but that they represent even a considerable portion of American Society is an absurd contention. The book is amusing, although the humour is often perilously near vulgarity. (Heinemann. 6s.)

Frank R. Stockton's last book must necessarily be associated in the minds of its readers with a touch of sadness, although the book itself is full of the delightful humour which always characterised this writer. Mrs. Stockton writes, in the introductory memoir, that "he had not the heart to make his stories end unhappily"—a quality which is of inestimable value in these days of depression and grey skies. The adventures of the heroine, Olive, after she has made up her mind that she ought to marry, are told with a charm and brightness which are bound to make "THE CAPTAIN'S TOLL-GATE" a popular book. (Cassell. 6s.)

"THE JEWEL OF SEVEN STARS." By Bram Stoker. (Heinemann. 6s.)—A more extraordinary story can hardly be imagined. Those who like the weird and the uncanny, a mixture of black magic with a dash of spiritualism, astral bodies of ancient Egyptian mummies committing assaults which baffle specialists and London detectives, of symbolism and mystery, of the inexplicable and unexplained of every kind, will curdle their blood and possibly addle their brains over this mystifying medley of ancient Egypt and the twentieth century of the Christian Era.

W. Carter Platts, to whom we owe the farcically humorous creation of Mr. and Mrs. Tuttlebury, breaks out this Christmas in a new phase. Messrs. Digby, Long and Co. have published a 3s. 6d. volume of his, bearing the strange title of "FLUSH TIMES AND SCIMP IN THE WILD WEST." They are a collection of five short stories of adventure in the Western States of America. They are told with a spirit that indicates that Mr. Carter Platts is capable of writing in a very different vein from that in which he first made his name and fame as a Yorkshire humourist. Some of the stories are full of exciting adventure, and the book is very good reading.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have published, in good time for Christmas, Thackeray's "BOOK OF SNOBS," and

other contributions to *Punch*. It makes a handsome volume of 472 pages, copiously illustrated with the original pictures. In addition to the "Book of Snobs," it contains "Mrs. Tickletoby's Lecture on English History," "The History of the Next French Revolution," "The Wanderings of our Fat Contributor," and miscellaneous contributions to *Punch*.

"TRAGEDY OF CHRIS." By Rosa Milholland (Lady Gilbert). (Sands and Co.)—This forceful novel treats the question of the trade in young girls with a delicate hand. The heroine, a brave young Irish girl, brought up in a workhouse and supposed to have been a deserted child, has upon her all her young days the stigma of her workhouse upbringing. Thrown upon the world by the sudden death of her protectress, she makes her way to Dublin and there is received by a young flower girl in a most friendly fashion. Later on it is Sheelia who protects Chris and her blind father. Chris has been entrapped on board a boat which sails between Dublin and London, and the tragedy of her life and the story of Sheelia's search for her is of the most intense interest.

"GUTTER TRAGEDIES," published by Treherne and Co., 6s., is a collection of short stories of low life. The author, Mr. G. Sydney Paternoster, is thoroughly at home in the description of Nile Street, Hoxton, whose vernacular, only slightly shorn of its adjectival emphasis, is reproduced in a style which will make the book the despair of the intelligent foreigner. The stories, however, are instinct with life. There is a good deal of pathos in these crime tragedies of the gutter.

"MARY OF MAGDALA" is the title of a story written by Edgar Saltus and published by Greening and Co., 3s. 6d. Mary of Magdala, of course, is the Magdalen; but one could hardly congratulate Mr. Saltus upon the success of his effort. His picture of John the Baptist, whom he calls "Iohanah," is possibly the last word of latter-day realism. "Iohanah was hideous. About his body were tattered furs, his hair was tangled, the face drawn and yellow. Vermin were visible on his person. His lips twitched, and his gums, discoloured, were as those of a camel that has travelled too far. A tooth projected, green as a fresh almond is; the chin projected too; and from it, on one side, a rill of saliva dripped upon the naked breast." Such was Iohanah as he appeared before King Herod immediately before his execution.

I congratulate Mr. Heinemann upon the production of his PORTFOLIO OF PHOTOGRAVURE reproductions of the finest works of the most famous painters from 1400 to 1800. The introduction and descriptive texts of these pictures are contributed by Sir Martin Conway, and each part contains four pictures, 15 by 20 inches. They are certainly equal to pictures which have hitherto only been purchasable at £1 is. Two parts are published every month, and each part (5s. net) contains four pictures. Part I. contains specimens of the work of Jan Steen, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hackaert. One part is published every fortnight, and the first four parts will form a very handsome Christmas or New-Year's present. It is not often that you can get twenty as good as guinea pictures for 20s. the lot.

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BOOKS ON IRELAND.

"THE GREEN REPUBLIC," by A. P. A. O'Gara. (Fisher Unwin. 244 pp. 6s.).—The title of this book, "The Green Republic," shows the quality of the writer. It is a deeply thoughtful disquisition on the Irish agrarian question by a medical man, who, having been educated in America, brought to the subject just the power of unprejudiced opinion which is almost as impossible to an Englishman as to an Irishman. His solution of the question tends to the formation of large joint-stock holdings under one competent manager—an opinion worthy of respect from all who have studied the question, as it deals with the small holdings worked by families, which in time become divided and subdivided, so that even existence, much less flourishing life, upon them becomes impossible, and with owners who are absentees or incapable. It is a book which should be carefully read as a whole.

"A SOCIAL HISTORY OF ANCIENT IRELAND." By P. W. Joyce, LL.D. (London: Longmans, Green and Co. 2 vols. Price 21s.).—This is one of those works which by both nature and bulk it is quite impossible to do justice to in a review. In its thirteen hundred pages will be found a complete picture of social Ireland before the Anglo-Norman invasion. The book is divided into three sections, the first dealing with the government, military service, and law of ancient Ireland; the second with its religion, learning and art, and the third with its social and domestic life. A book like this is absolutely essential to anyone who desires to understand the significance of the present Gaelic revival. There are several hundred illustrations, well reproduced, those illustrating Irish art being particularly attractive.

Another book about Ireland is Mr. R. J. Smith's "IRISH RENAISSANCE" (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis and Co. pp. 349. Price 4s. 2d.), the object of which is to combat what the author regards as the extravagances of Irish Nationalism and Irish Roman Catholicism. The author is much too long-winded and preachy, and there is little in his book except generalities.

Poetry.

"THE PHOENIX LYRE." By Oswald Davis. (Kegan Paul, Trench).—This small book of poems is apparently the work of a young poet who is as yet scarcely able to manipulate his materials. His metaphors are so rich and varied that they are occasionally difficult to follow. I quote the opening words of one entitled "Beethoven":—

The vision of a driven ship—no maze

Of moving spar, soft grace of clinging sail—

But bark of gaunt bare masts vexed Heavens assail

In vain; Truth's brow; a mouth whose lips might raise
Rebellion.

Chapman and Hall have published in a 7s. 6d. volume the "COLLECTED POEMS OF LORD DE TABLEY." Lord de Tabley's verse fills nearly 500 pages. About one-half of the themes deal with classical subjects, but there are many shorter pieces of a more popular character. At the same time some of his songs are very charming, but to the great public most of these poems are almost unknown.

"FACES TOWARDS THE LIGHT." A book for the devotional home and Sabbath reading. By Sylvanus Stall, D.D. (Vir Publishing Company.) 4s.—A quotation from one of these readings will best show the scope of the book:—"No one can be a man of God until he is first a true child of God."

CANADIAN WORKS.

"OLD QUEBEC." (Macmillan.) 15s.—Sir Gilbert Parker's name is bound to assure this new volume of success. He and Mr. Bryan have told the story of this most interesting of cities in a most interesting manner. The subject defies the possibility of dulness, and the authors have not failed to make the most of their opportunity. The early history of Quebec is the early history of Canada, and this makes the volume of great value at the present moment, when, with a French-Canadian at their head, the Canadians seem to be preparing to go their own ways.

"THROUGH CANADA IN HARVEST TIME" is the title of a study of life and labours in the Golden West, written by James Lumsden, and published by Fisher Unwin. (6s.) It is an illustrated write-up of the Dominion of Canada. Mr. Lumsden travelled all over the Dominion during the harvest of 1902. He sets forth with enthusiasm and eloquence the impression which Canada made upon him. Like everyone else who has been in the Western Provinces, he is full of faith in the future of the Dominion, and there is nothing that he longs for so much as a great emigration from Britain to Canada. Unfortunately, the great majority of the immigrants pouring into the country are not Britons, but Americans and Europeans. The dormant manufacturing resources of Canada are being developed by American capitalists; the farms are being largely taken up by American agriculturists. The foreigners who have settled in the country appear to take much more pains to make homes for themselves than the Britons, who, according to Mr. Lumsden, are very careless about making their homesteads comfortable and beautiful; they are not nearly so good as the Germans in this respect. Nevertheless, the drying-up of British immigration is exciting much bitterness in Canada, and Mr. Lumsden almost weeps over the thought of the vast and fertile lands which are being abandoned by the English and Scotch to the Russian and the American.

"RANCHING WITH LORDS AND COMMONS." By John R. Craig. (William Briggs, Toronto).—Mr. Craig in this book tells the story of how, in conjunction with certain well-known English "nobility and gentry," he formed a great cattle-ranching company (the Oxley Ranch Co.) in Southern Alberta, which finally turned out a dismal failure. It is altogether an extraordinary story, and Mr. Craig lets it plainly be seen that not only does he think the principle of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* may be carried much too far, but that next time he promotes a company he will have much less nobleness and gentleness and much more common honesty. The events narrated are said to have been "notorious" in Alberta and Montana some fifteen years ago. The chief value of the book is for the light it throws upon the way not to succeed in cattle-ranching, and for the information it contains about the Rocky Mountain cattle country and other parts of the North-West Territory. Anyone meditating emigration to this part of the world might do worse than read Mr. Craig's strange narrative.

TWO of the latest volumes of the well-known "Golden Treasury Series," issued by Messrs. Macmillan, are "THE GOLDEN SAYINGS OF EPICTETUS" and "THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE." "Epictetus," which is translated and arranged by Mr. Hastings Crossley, includes "The Hymn of Cleanthes." The work of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes contains as an introduction a reprint (with alterations) of Sir Leslie Stephen's chapter on Holmes from "Studies of a Biographer."

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

"THE CONSCIENCE OF ROGER TREHERN." By E. Everett Green. 420 pp., one illustration. 3s. 6d. (Religious Tract Society).—The story of a young man whose ambition has always been to become a minister; but when the time came for his ordination his conscience prevented him from entering upon such a life, as he had no spiritual call, but only earthly ambitions towards the higher life. The book is very interesting.

"RIVERTON BOYS." By K. M. Edy and R. Edy (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 1s. 6d.).—A tale of the rivalry between two schools, diversified by the merry exploits of the boys; it is not without excitement, for the incidents include rescues from fire and water. The tale ends with a description of the war on the veldt, where the former enemies are fighting side by side with a fine stalwartness.

"THE HOUSE ON THE MOOR." By Harold Avery. (Nelson's. 1s.).—A tale well suited to boys. Brief and full of incident. It deals with the adventures of some good everyday schoolboys, owing to their having forgotten to post an important registered letter.

"DONNY'S CAPTAIN." By E. Livingston Prescott. (Religious Tract Society).—A dainty little story, in which the small hero is a means of redeeming one of his elders who is on the down-grade.

"LAURA'S LEGACY." By E. H. Strain. (Fisher Unwin.) Price 6s.—"Laura's Legacy" is full of interest from first to last. Once or twice we wonder at Lady Laura's extraordinary self-delusion, and how she can possibly risk the doing a great wrong; but in the end this is explained. Her charming legacy shows the great power of environment.

"UNDER WHICH KING." By H. P. Rendel. (Nelson and Son.) Illustrated. Price 2s. 6d.—A vivid word-picture of some Paris notoriety of the year 1757, and of some details of the Seven Years' War, chiefly known to the average schoolboy on account of its uncomfortable dates.

"THE GAYTON SCHOLARSHIP." By Herbert Haynes. (Nelson and Sons.) Price 1s. 6d.—The scholarship is to be competed for by the boys of the various school boards in a certain district, and it will give free tuition for some years in a high school. The story concerns itself chiefly with three boys in the Deanery School.

"THE MARK OF CAIN." By Emily Finnemore. (S.P.C.K.).—An interesting story of a murder in English rural life, which, like other murders, eventually "would out." The end, however, is happiness and the long-delayed marriage of the two lovers whose fortunes the reader has followed with interest.

"THE WRECKER'S FARM." By Elizabeth F. Mitchell. (S.P.C.K.).—This is a brightly-written, wholesome tale of rural life telling how a wife combats, in the end victoriously, the unhappiness caused by a man's folly and obstinacy. Everything ends happily, and the right man even marries the right woman.

"CALVER CREEK." By Edith E. Cowper. (S.P.C.K.).—A story of smuggling on the south coast of England. The characters are mostly seafaring folk and coastguardsmen, and the story is full of excitement. There is some pathos, even tragedy, but the ending is happy.

"GRANNY'S BROCADE." By Helen Oxenborough. (S.P.C.K.).—A pleasantly-written story, suitable for girls of sixteen and over. There is a distinct moral, showing how personal prejudices can be lived not only through but down.

"THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL" (Religious Tract Society. 8s.).—For a gift book for girls nothing could be better than the handsomely bound annual volume of the *Girl's Own Paper*. Not only is it fully illustrated, but it contains articles on a great variety of subjects, from fields for women's work to new homes for London's girl-clerks, and, needless to say, plenty of stories by popular writers. Among the contributors to this volume are the Queen of Roumania, Mr. Douglas Sladen, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Helen Marion Burnside, Mlle. Vacaresco, and many other well-known writers.

"POPULAR NATURAL HISTORY OF THE LOWER ANIMALS." By Henry Scherren. 3s. 6d. Illustrated. (Religious Tract Society).—This copiously illustrated book, with its good paper and pleasant type, fills a gap by giving us a description of the Invertebrates in clear, simple language. It is a fine book for the collector, for most of the creatures described can be found in our ponds or round our coasts. The descriptions are charming and not hackneyed. Every boy, for instance, knows the word wampum, but we do not all know what it is made of, and Mr. Scherren tells us. One of the most fairy-like of the pictures is the metamorphoses of the gnat.

"THE HOLY LAND AND THE BIBLE." By Cunningham Geikie. (Cassell and Co.) Illustrated. Price 2s. 6d.—This most acceptable present for the Sunday-school teacher and Bible student is an abridgment of the larger book so well known. The present so well exemplifies the past in Palestine that reading Dr. Geikie's book is like walking in the footsteps of our Lord, and yet it also helps us to understand the present problem of the Zionist movement. The excellent index and Scripture references are of great value.

"THE LIFE AND WORK OF THE REDEEMER." Illustrated. Price 2s. 6d. (Cassell).—The book consists of twelve sketches by famous present-day divines, and was gathered by the editor of the *Quiver* some few years back. In its present form it is a reprint in less costly guise than the original work.

Truly Royal.

It is doubtful whether in the whole range of gift-books issued for the Christmas season any better value can be found than the "Royal Library of Reward Books," announced by Nelson and Sons. There are three series, priced at 2s., 1s. 6d., and 1s., and including many of their popular copyright tales and stories as well as a selection of the works of standard authors. All are bound in attractive cloth cases, with square backs; they are printed on thick paper, and nearly all the stories have eight illustrations executed in colours. In the 2s. series, for example, we have "The Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," nearly 500 pages, in a most attractive binding. "Salome," by Mrs. Emma Marshall, in one of the eighteen-penny series; and "The Gorilla Hunters," by Ballantyne, 224 pages, in similar binding and with coloured illustrations, is a wonderful shillingsworth. Nelson and Sons have indeed always maintained a high standard of excellence, but they seem to have surpassed themselves in their "Royal Libraries," which are irreproachable as reward books or for school libraries.

RAY STANNARD BAKER tells, in *World's Work*, of the amazing story of Sam Parks, the notorious "walking delegate" and labour "boss" of New York, and the light it shows on the labour unions in America, and on the relations between trusts and labour.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

MR. JOHN MURRAY has published, and Mr. John Wright has written, a book of 435 pages at 12s. net. It will be a very acceptable present for lads of twelve years old and upwards. It is entitled "THE HOME MECHANIC," and is written by a practical engineer who has learnt his trade for the purpose of giving boys instruction in joinery, metal-work, and all manner of turning, drilling, boring, etc. The amateur will find everything that he needs to know about tools, and the best way of using them. There is also an admirable chapter on the general repairs required within a house which the amateur ought to be able to execute. There is a good index at the end of the book, which will probably take its place as a standard work of reference for home mechanics.

To those who have practised in London law-courts, to the reporters on the London press, and, indeed, to those who have followed the reports of Law Cases heard in the City of London Court, of which he was for forty-two years a central figure, nothing will be more acceptable than Mr. Pitt-Lewis's sketch of "COMMISSIONER KER," whom he describes as "an Individuality." This is a new 10s. 6d. volume published by Messrs. Fisher Unwin. Mr. Commissioner Ker was a Scotchman, whose individuality was as marked as the thistle of his native land, and in Mr. Pitt-Lewis, K.C., he has found an appreciative biographer. It is not two years since he passed from our midst, and those whom he sentenced as well as those whom he acquitted will be glad to have Mr. Pitt-Lewis's book on their shelves.

MRS. MEREDITH was one of the philanthropic saints of our time, one who recalled, at the close of the twentieth century, memories of Mrs. Fry. Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have published in a 3s. 6d. volume a little record of her vigorous life, written by her sister. Her work in founding a mission for the relief of women after their discharge from prison brought her into contact with many of the most forlorn of her race and her sex. She was a profoundly religious woman, and displayed great common sense and inexhaustible sympathy in dealing with those to whom she ministered, and those who knew and esteemed her work will rejoice to have this record of it. Note that Mrs. Meredith, as the result of her experience, came to the conclusion that women in prison could stand monotony much worse than men. She also says that when women of a criminal or even of a vicious type reform they usually die, as they cannot stand the mortification of their animal instincts. It is perilous to differ from Mrs. Meredith on such a question, but I would not accept such a statement, even on her authority, without very careful investigation.

"MUNICIPAL TRADE," by Major Leonard Darwin (London: John Murray. pp. 464. Price 12s. net), is a very complete summary of the advantages and disadvantages resulting from the substitution of representative bodies for private proprietors in the management of industrial undertakings. It professes to be an impartial study of the question, and therefore will probably please neither of the contending schools, especially as Major Darwin's conclusions and recommendations are strongly qualified. Major Darwin's central point of view is that the advantages and disadvantages of municipalisation must be balanced against one another without regard to its effect as a step towards Socialism or on the Labour question. His solution of the question is that in moderation municipal trade has a

stimulating effect on local authorities, but if extensively undertaken it tends to lower their efficiency. That being so, he lays down rules as to what trades may, and what may not, be municipalised. For instance, he disapproves of the municipalisation of tramways, but is in favour of municipal waterworks. He claims that the probability of making a gain should never be held out as a legitimate inducement to cities to adopt municipal trade. He is against municipal house-building, and against all municipal trading in competitive enterprises. His conclusion is that local authorities are advancing too rapidly in the path of municipal trade.

Mr. Travers Buxton, the secretary of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, has written, and the Religious Tract Society have published, a 1s. 6d. illustrated book about William Wilberforce, entitled "THE STORY OF A GREAT CRUSADE." It is a famous chapter in English history that Mr. Buxton has written. It is illustrated by two portraits of Wilberforce at the age of twenty-nine and sixty-nine; it has also a very remarkable portrait of Thomas Clarkson.

Those who love historical gossip will find a pleasant dish very much to their liking in Mr. Justin McCarthy's "PORTRAITS OF THE SIXTIES." Mr. McCarthy settled in London forty years ago, and he has done well to jot down his reminiscences of the notable men and women that he met in those years. His book covers a wide range of notables from Charles Dickens to the Emperor of Brazil, from Sothorn, the actor, to Carlyle and Tennyson. Thackeray, Kinglake, O'Connell, Mazzini, Don Carlos, Lord Shaftesbury, and John Ruskin all figure in this portrait gallery, which is further illustrated by reproductions of photographs of his subjects. Of the 606, Mr. McCarthy maintains, some have a history entirely their own, and will claim to be ranked as a distinctive epoch, but questions whether any other decade produced a larger amount of original matter (Fisher Unwin).

Mrs. Creighton has edited a collection of her husband's historical letters and addresses, and Messrs. Longman have published them in a handy volume at five shillings. Several of the lectures have never before been published. Of these, one of the most notable is his inaugural lecture at Cambridge on "The Teaching of Ecclesiastical History." Two other lectures are devoted to the Congregationalists and Baptists; they were also delivered at Cambridge five years later. The reporters' notes have been utilised for reproduction of his lectures in St. Paul's on "The Coming of the Friars." There are three lectures on "Bishop Grosseteste and His Times." There is a charming lecture upon Elizabethan London; an excellent address on "The Study of a Country." Papers on "The Picturesque in History" and "St. Edward the Confessor" appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

"HISTORY OF SOCIALISM IN THE UNITED STATES." By Morris Hillquit. (Funk and Wagnalls Co.) 371 pp. 6s.—Socialism in the United States has never attained the popularity which it enjoys in Germany; but on the other hand it has developed, at least for a time, in more varied ways. This book is a careful account of all the different forms of Socialism which have been tried in America, and is the only complete and up-to-date book on the subject in English. Mr. Hillquit predicts that the Socialist movement is on the eve of great developments, which within a few years will make it a potent factor in American politics.

"A REPLY TO HARNACK ON THE ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY." By Professor Hermann Cremer. (Funk and Wagnalls.) 4s.—Is less of a reply to Harnack than a vehement counterblast to certain defects which the writer has found in Harnack's doctrine of the Person of Christ. Against Harnack's endeavour to be strictly historical according to the use of that term by unbelievers, Dr. Cremer asserts with great vigour the dogmatic position of the evangelical school. The effect would have been greater had he developed Harnack's positive teachings instead of fastening on his negative utterances, such as "Jesus does not belong to the Gospel"; and if he had borne in mind how much of his own evangelical position lay implicit in the conclusions of Harnack. The weakness of Dr. Cremer's own position is shown in the sentence "God entered, in Christ, into the ordered course of history after He had allowed the world till then to go for centuries and millenniums its own way, and only endured it that it might not perish before the time." His strength consists in his stress on the super-historical nature of Jesus' personality, and in his affirming that in the miracle of forgiveness we "experience Jesus" as a living Person, as risen therefore, as the Christ therefore, and as Divine.

"BRITISH INDUSTRIES." Edited by W. J. Ashley. (Longmans, Green and Co.) Price 5s. 6d. net.—These ten lectures, by such men as S. S. Jeans, B. Ginsburg, Sir R. Lloyd Patterson, etc., are primarily intended to supplement the instruction given to students of the Faculty of Commerce, but they will be welcomed by a far wider circle of readers. Delivered by authorities in their respective spheres, the lectures are marvels of lucidity and logical force. No fair specimens of them can be given in a few words, but amongst explanations of great interest may be mentioned those of Elijah Helm, on our paradox of more spinning machinery and less weight of cotton than the Continent or the States; what is required of a general manager, by Stephen Jeans; the great work of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce; the loss to Ireland by reason of the small amount of acreage under flax; and the use and abuse of ship-building bounties. British iron and steel industries take up two lectures.

The Unit Library has sent us two volumes. Charles Waterton's delightful "WANDERINGS IN SOUTH AMERICA," published at 8d., 1s., 1s. 9d., and 2s. At the same price is the Unit Library's edition of Thomas à Kempis' "IMITATION OF CHRIST." The only novelty in this edition is the long preface written by the Jesuit Father Tyrrell. It is rather more apologetic than might have been expected. Father Tyrrell admits the justice of some of the criticisms levelled against the Imitation on the ground that it is a kind of Christian Buddhism, supplemented and corrected, but not yet completely transformed by ethics out of an "otherworldly" supernatural life. He contends vigorously, however, against what he admits is a plausible criticism, that the "Imitation" is a manual of sacred selfishness. "For the higher self," says Father Tyrrell, "Hell and Heaven are only names for the absence and presence of God and of Divine Life." If to fear such a Hell and to long for such a Heaven is a selfishness, it is indeed a sacred selfishness for which we may well hope and pray.

THE Unit Library has published as its latest volume a copy of a very delightful book in Miss Betham-Edwards' "Reminiscences." It is one of the most interesting

volumes of the kind that have appeared in these latter days, and we are glad that Miss Edwards has undertaken such revision as was necessary to make it as perfect as possible.

"ÆTHER AND GRAVITATION" by W. G. Hooper, F.S.S. (Chapman and Hall. pp. 358. 12s. 6d.), is a fascinating book which, though on a somewhat abstruse subject, can nevertheless be understood by anyone with a smattering of physical science. Mr. Hooper propounds an entirely new theory both of the action of the æther and of gravitation. He maintains that the centrifugal force which keeps the planets from falling into the sun is nothing but repulsion exerted through the ether by light, heat, and electricity, while gravitation is nothing but electrical attraction. Mr. Hooper maintains that the æther is only ordinary matter incomparably more tenuous, and has weight, atomicity, and friction. The old theory was that the planets moved through space at an undiminished speed because there was no friction between them and the æther. Mr. Hooper, on the contrary, maintains that there is friction, or would be if the æther did not move with the planets; but that in reality the planets are kept in motion by floating in currents of æther, which circulate around the sun and are induced by the sun's rotation. If his theory is right, Mr. Hooper is the first man of science to give a physical explanation to the mathematical laws of Newton and Kepler. It will be interesting to see whether his theory is accepted or not.

"AFTER PRISON—WHAT?" by Mrs. Ballington Booth (Miss Charlesworth that was). For the last seven years Mrs. Ballington Booth has been a visitor of American prisons. The convicts, whom she calls her boys, regard her as their mother, and in a volume of nearly three hundred pages, published by Fleming, Revell and Co., of Chicago (5s.) she tells the story of her experiences in gaol. Mrs. Ballington Booth writes from a full heart with a facile pen. Her observations and recommendations are full of good sense, and I heartily commend an observation on the need of employment in gaol to those working men who are carried by passionate animosity to all prison-made goods; after all, the convict in gaol is in most cases a working man, and to deny him the opportunity of useful labour is to doom him in many cases to insanity, and in all cases to a torture much worse than that of the treadmill. The book is a valuable addition to the library of prison literature.

MESSRS. PAGE, DAVIS AND CO., who have founded a school for teaching people how to write advertisements in this country, may be regarded as the latest American importation. Their pamphlet is a very readable and interesting publication, but it would probably carry more weight if it were in a less flowery strain. It is not to be doubted that people with a natural turn for putting things effectively will profit by Messrs. Page, Davis and Co., and there is certainly ample room for improvement in the education of the writers of most English advertisements. But after a time Messrs. Page, Davis and Co. will probably find that whatever may be the case in America, the promises which they hold out to their subscribers ought to be readjusted to English standards before they can be accepted as sober fact. When the advertiser wakes up in this country no doubt he will, as on the other side, appreciate the importance of well written advertisements attractively displayed, and then will come the chance of Messrs. Page, Davis and Co.'s pupils, but at present the advertiser needs a great deal of waking up.

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LABOUR AND PROTECTION.

MR. MASSINGHAM does good service by obtaining and editing this volume of essays ("Labour and Protection: A Series of Studies." Edited by H. W. Massingham. Fisher Unwin, 323 pp., 6s.), every one of which is an unanswerable exposure of Mr. Chamberlain's pretension that increased cost of food will be compensated for by higher wages and more constant employment. Altogether there are ten essays in the book, from the pens of such well-known writers as Mr. John Burns, Mr. J. A. Hobson, Mr. Holyoake, Mr. Seebohm Rowntree, and Mr. George N. Barnes. The opening essay, by Mr. Burns, deals with "The Political Dangers of Protection," one of the greatest of which dangers is the subordination of the Legislature to capitalistic influence. Mr. Hobson points out with equal validity that the reduction of employment which would follow Protection would prevent the rise of wages. But not only would Protection lower wages, but it would weaken the ability of the workers to raise them again by combination. That is to be witnessed already in America, where the diminution of the independence of the workers is proceeding, *pari passu*, with the tightening grip of the captains of industry and finance upon the machinery of government.

Mr. G. J. Holyoake draws upon the memories of his long life to show what Protection really was. He gives a vivid picture of the misery then endured by the mass of the workers; a picture of starvation, nakedness, sickness, the slavery of the young, and the hopelessness of all. "Pawnshops were the Providence of the people." Life in the workshop and life in the household were equally repulsive and pathetic. Altogether, the book is a very instructive one, and a useful handbook for Free Trade lecturers and writers.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

(Being another sequel to the story of Piggy in the July number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS.)

THE Little Girl and the Old Gentleman both shook hands with him again, and left him standing against the pavement, his papers flapping in the bitter north-east wind. Arthur had thought before the Old Gentleman stopped and pointed him out to the Little Girl that it was really the coldest wind that ever blew; but there was something hard and warm in his palm now, that glowed right down to his heart. It was warm because the Little Girl had carried it inside her glove all the way from Kensington, but Arthur could not know that. She told him that it "was all her very own, saved up for a Christmas-box for him, for he was a friend of Aunt Mary's"—Aunt Mary being the pretty lady who had driven Arthur about in her pony-carriage what time he had camped beside the sea in that long-past summer, six months ago.

Arthur was so surprised at the appearance of the Little Girl, that he stood looking after them, and coughing softly for quite ten minutes, before he gathered courage to see what the coin was she had left in his hand. The wind came blustering round St. Paul's again and stabbed him like a sharp knife. Arthur winced, and drew back: Zephyr might have carried him away bodily, so wasted and transparent was he in the five chill, wet months since Piggy's departure. He lifted his hand and looked into it: Lo! a little golden sun, which warmed him to the core—half a sovereign!

He stood gazing at it in the centre of a shrivelled hand, scarlet and purple with the cold, a curious feeling of unreality holding him fast. Half a sovereign! ten glorious, splendid shillings! His brain fairly reeled under the enormous burden of his unexpected wealth. And what did the Old Gentleman mean by saying "Buy something warm, and remember Piggy." "Remember Piggy!" Arthur's pinched little face crinkled up in a thousand lines.

Remember! The difficulty would be to forget; he missed Piggy every night and morning and moment of the day, even more than the low-voiced Irish mother, whose heritage looked out from his burning eyes on the cold December day. Oh, if Piggy were but with him to share this wealth! Arthur looked down on the yellow coin with desolation tugging at his heartstrings.

"Hi!" called a friendly voice; "comin' to the feed ter-night, Arthur?" Arthur shook his head; to go to the Settlement Club to-night would be to realise his loneliness more than ever, for there was no Piggy to talk things over with.

"No," he replied, "I'm not."

"Catch, then!" cried the boy, who was wheeling a coster's barrow, and a paper bag shot across the pavement and fell at Arthur's feet. "I bought 'em for

yer," said the boy, jovially. "Guessed you wouldn't come," and he walked off, whistling cheerily, without calling Arthur "butter-fingers," as he had intended. He was so struck by the look in the crippled boy's eyes.

It was half-past seven, and Arthur, when he had picked up the bag, and discovered its contents to be bananas and cake, counted his *Westminsters* and found he had but three to dispose of. At nine he had only one, and that one he folded across his chest to keep out the wind, fastening his inadequate coat, his trembling fingers bungling with the little pieces of string doing duty for buttons till the flower-girl who stood on the kerb came and fastened them, giving him a little impatient shake for looking so thin. He smiled up at her and went hobbling away in a kind of blissful dream, lingering at all the confectioners' windows along the Whitechapel Road, telling himself he could buy this or that, and buying nothing nevertheless, so that when he began to climb the dark stair to his garret, he still had the half-sovereign clutched in his thin right hand. At the bottom of the second flight he stumbled, and nearly fell over some object crouching on the lowest step.

"Hullo, Tab!" he exclaimed softly. "Wot's up?"

There was a burst of piteous sobbing, and a small voice cried through the dark:—

"I'm bin an' los' me tickut!"

Arthur dropped on the step and felt blindly sympathetic. "Not the tickut for the sister's tea?" he asked.

There was another wild outcry.

"Yus!" panted Tab. "An' the man won' let me in, an' me wash me fice an' hall!"

The utter waste of this concession to conventionality completely overcame the invisible Tab, and she threw herself flat on the filthy landing and beat her head against the floor in wild and ineffectual despair. Arthur was at a loss; what could he do or say to comfort her? Alas! he knew the utter inadequacy of comfort, unless it takes the shape of another "tickut."

"An' I'm hall the sime's Polly wot never 'ad no tickut at hall!" declaimed Tab with tearful violence, sitting suddenly up against his knee. "An' Billy's got none, nor them two French kiddies, an' me 'aving Biby an' hall. Wish I wus dead, blowed hif I don't!"

Arthur did not reply; he was thinking. Thinking with a strange little glow at his heart, and the half-sovereign clutched in his hand. Half alarm, half delight, the idea sprang forth fully armed and mature. *He* would give a party.

"Tab," he began in a voice that compelled her silence, "you stop cryin'. See 'ere, I'll give a party, an' you an' Billy an' Polly an' the Biby 'll all come.

Dodger won't be 'ome till four. We'll 'ave it up in my plice."

"Eh!" panted Tab, "an' a proper Christmas tree an' hall?"

Arthur hesitated. He was not quite sure of the purchasing power of ten shillings, but it seemed illimitable; yes, he could promise a Christmas-tree.

Tab sighed herself away somewhere in the darkness, and Arthur turned on the stairs and went out again. Half-way down the street he came upon a desolate-looking bundle surmounted by a small, white face, propped against the wall and gazing up at the Christmas stars, large and bright in the strip of sapphire sky above the grimy street.

"H'low, Arfur," said the object in a melancholy pipe. "Wot cheer?"

Arthur stopped and swung his crippled leg to keep it from freezing in the frosty haze.

"Wot cheer yourself?" he inquired. "Old man bad, Tommy?"

Tommy plaintively shook his head.

"Naw," he answered, "but ole wumman's got 'em pretty bad; you 'ear 'er."

Arthur stood for a moment to listen to a low animal crying that sounded from a room in the long lobby, a sound that made the blood creep in his veins, though it only meant that old Molly Clemens had another attack of *D.T.*

"Tommy," he said in a trembling undertone, "I'm givin' a party, an' I want ye to come; cut along up to my room, an' I'll see ye soon."

Tommy regarded him with considerable anxiety in the light of the street lamp.

"Ye ain't a bit balmy, Arfur?" he asked.

Arthur laughed, and set off, shaking a fist at him as he went. It was painful to look backwards, it made him cough again, and there was a curious dry patch in his throat which troubled him terribly. But despite all this, he was wonderfully light-hearted, and strangely happy. It had occurred to him with a sense of great delight that he "was getting back on Piggy" in a manner great and glorious, such as he had never even dreamt of. He would spend every penny of the half-sovereign in food, he would gather in all the left ones, and they would rejoice together. It would be Piggy's party. Piggy would not be there it was true, but for all that Arthur, who had seen with his eyes and knew, dared to ask his friend back from the joys of Paradise to the slum where he had lived. In spite of the long stabbing breaths which kept him now and again motionless on the way, Arthur was not more than half an hour in making his purchases, and climbed upwards to his garret as if Piggy were once more there with a firm hand under the weary right arm galled by the hard crutch.

"Are ye all here?" he panted as he dropped his parcels carefully on the floor.

There was a subdued chorus from the dark. They were all there.

Arthur struck a match and lighted a candle which

he took from one of his parcels, then another, and fastened them with their own grease on the sole chair, and looked at his guests. There were nine of them. Tab explained—

"Billy 'ee tol' 'em. Will ye let 'em come too, Arfur?"

Arthur nodded, dumb with happiness, there was enough. How glad he was! He had brought a dozen of everything. They stood around and stared at him, nine gaunt little images of famine, ragged, dirty, unkempt, hollow-cheeked, their eyes blazing with excitement, as their host brought out a small toy Christmas tree, and stood it up between the candles on the chair. They sighed like a night wind as he lit the tiny candles. It was a truly magnificent illumination, all the little glass balls danced and sparkled and the pieces of tinsel glittered, it was the most splendid thing they had ever seen. The baby stuck one grimy thumb into his mouth, and pointed at it in speechless delight, the others stared in sheer fascination; all silent. Arthur spread the two pages of the *Westminster* and the party began. There were sausages, *hot*, and mashed potatoes, mince pies, a cake with a sugar top and a Merrie Christmas on it in pink letters. Apples, rosy and big, and a bag of sweets of which the peppermint odour was delicious in itself.

This was something like a party! Never, never in all their brief famished lives had they contemplated such a gorgeous spread save through shop windows; that it was there for them to eat seemed an incredible joy. The memory of the Sister's tea was clean wiped out of remembrance: they did not have sausages on scraps of paper at the Sister's feast. Nor did they sit with their eyes glued on the Christmas tree, which glowed and scintillated between its two candles like ten thousand sparkling jewels. And when they had eaten, there was ginger beer, for which Tommy and Billy departed in the middle of the feast.

There were many parties in London on Christmas Eve. Fine feasts, merry gatherings, where there was laughter and music and much mirth, but the most regally splendid of them all was the feast given by this crippled newspaper boy in his dismal garret to wipe out a debt to his dead friend. And at length it was done, Arthur had fed his guests, waited on them, and after the baby had been put to sleep, he had played all manner of queer games with them. Games unknown to the children who have nurseries and dolls and rocking horses, but none the less enjoyable because they are unknown to the outer door-mats of decent folk. Then Arthur gave each of his guests a present. A very small present, but it filled each child's heart to overflowing—not one of them had ever been possessed of a gift before.

They went as they had come, speechlessly; the magnificence of this party held them dumb. The solitary candle left spluttered out into darkness, and Arthur crept into the heap of rags that served him for bed feeling weary, but wonderfully happy. He lay

for a long time looking up at the strip of blue sky, whence one great star glowed down upon him, reminding him of the pretty lady's smile. There was a pleasant confusion in his mind when he thought of her, which was sadly disturbed by the dry spot in his throat; it had grown colder, too, and the stabbing pain fought with him across the confines of consciousness into his dreams.

It was early in the dawn of our Lord's birthday that he awoke with a cough, not violent or loud. Dodger, the cab-tout, sleeping on the floor beside him, never heard a sound. But it shook Arthur like a north-east gale for nearly five minutes. Then something seemed to give in his chest, there was a sudden salty feeling in his mouth, and an immediate sensation of delicious relief. He fell back on his rags, and something liquid and warm flowed down over his chest and arms. But Arthur never noticed it, he was filled with a heavenly feeling of perfectly delightful rest and content. His eyes were fixed on a little thin baby moon flying on a bank of fleecy cloud, flecked with all tints of rose and carmine and ruby, and in the middle of this cloud was one bright

spot which grew and grew, till it filled the sky-light, and was in the room standing beside him. Then he recognised it was Piggy. Not Piggy as he had known him, but Piggy for all that; the eyes of perfect love see through all changes. He held up his hands shakily.

"Ah, Piggy!" he whispered, "I've even wif you now? Did ye see my party, Piggy?"

And Piggy shook out his pinions, rose-tinted like the dawn, and raised his friend up.

"Come!" he said.

And Arthur, having done his part, went.

"TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT."

OUR readers who have followed with interest month by month the fortunes of the Gordon family, on which so many topical stories have been strung, will be interested to know that it is to be continued in our next issue of *The Daily Paper*, the advent of which was foreshadowed last month in the chapter "The Coming of the New Paper."

THE STORY OF HELEN KELLER.*

MARK TWAIN is reported to have said that the two most interesting characters of the nineteenth century are Napoleon and Helen Keller. Everybody has heard of Napoleon, but comparatively few English readers have heard of Helen Keller. The publication of her intensely interesting autobiography by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton affords the British public an opportunity of making her acquaintance. Helen Keller was born twenty-three years ago in Alabama. When she was nine months old she was attacked by acute congestion of the stomach and brain, and her life was despaired of, when she suddenly recovered; but when the fever left her it carried off her hearing and her sight. Blind and deaf she was then, and blind and deaf she has remained to this hour. But by patient perseverance and loving care, she has been able to surmount these almost insurmountable obstacles, and is now a well-educated woman, who has written a charming book describing her own struggles. She has learned to speak; she uses the typewriter freely, and although still deaf and sightless, she is able to take part in conversation and hold her own in company almost as well as if she had been in possession of all her senses. Since the case of Laura Bridgeman, there has been nothing quite so remarkable as the experience of Helen Keller. There is something infinitely pathetic, even tragic, in the spectacle of a human soul imprisoned in a body with two of its gates closed for ever, the ear-gate and the eye-gate. Only the greatest skill, patience, and loving tenderness on the part of thoroughly competent instructors could have enabled her to overcome the disadvantages of her lot. Strange to say, her sense of touch is not by any means so finely developed as in some other blind people. Nevertheless the highway by which she entered into the domain of literature was by the manual alphabet. As everyone knows, deaf people can learn to converse by manual letters, but that is because their eyes see the movements of the fingers. Helen Keller had to feel them,

and soon became so expert as to be able to carry on a conversation by merely feeling the fingers of the person with whom she was talking. She puts her fingers lightly over the hands of anyone talking to her, and gets the words as rapidly as they can be spelled, and how rapidly they can be spelled may be inferred from the fact that her teacher spells fast enough with her fingers to take down a slow lecture, but not fast enough to get every word of a rapid speaker:—

Anybody can learn the manual letters in a few minutes, use them slowly in a day, and in thirty days of constant use, talk to Miss Keller or any other deaf person, without realising what his fingers are doing.

The volume is intensely interesting, for it is not only a record of the triumph of mind over matter, and the ability of the human soul to communicate with the outside world, even although the ordinary channels of intercourse are closed, but from the psychological and educational point of view it is a work of the first importance, for here we have the careful analysis of the formation of abstract ideas. The chapter describing how she first made her acquaintance with the literature of the world is full of intense interest. Although she sees nothing with her outward eye, she has great visualising capacity. "Macbeth" made a great impression upon her:—

For a long time the ghosts and witches pursued me, even into dreamland. I could absolutely see the dagger within Lady Macbeth's little white hand. The dreadful stain was as real to me as to the grief-stricken Queen.

Greece had a great fascination for her:—

In my fancy the Pagan gods and goddesses still walked on earth, and talked face to face with men.

This was before she had learned to read Greek in the original.

Of Miss Keller's own personality those who know her speak in the highest praise. Charles Dudley Warner says he believes she is the purest-minded human being ever in existence. I am glad to see that she was intensely pro-Boer.

* "The Story of My Life." By Helen Keller. (London: Hodder and Stoughton.) Price 6s.

Wake Up! • John Bull.

An Illustrated Supplement to the "Review of Reviews."

No. 30.] Issued as an integral part of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS of December, 1903.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN MARKET.

AN OFFICIAL REPORT ON FOREIGN COMPETITION.

MR. HENRY BIRCHENOUGH, who was specially commissioned by the Board of Trade to visit the South African Colonies, and report on their industrial and commercial standing, has produced an extremely optimistic paper as to the South African market. The *Daily Telegraph* declares that Mr. Birchenough's comments and conclusions "form one of the most clear, straightforward, interesting, confident and stimulating volumes that have ever been issued within the official blue covers. No newspaper epitome can do justice to this mass of cheerful information."

WHERE BRITONS HOLD THEIR OWN.

In the second part of this pamphlet Mr. Birchenough deals with the question of foreign competition in South Africa, which he says is not so great as is supposed in

monopolise the trade, but in hardware and cutlery we encounter America, Germany, and Belgium. Germany and America have secured the bulk of the trade in fencing wire and wire nails. America, Germany and Belgium again are rivals in manufactures of metal, while America and Austria compete with boots and shoes, and America, Germany and Switzerland compete in supplying machinery in all its branches.

WHERE WE ARE BEATEN BY THE FOREIGNER.

In a third class we are practically beaten. Americans have beaten us in agricultural implements and in steel-frame construction, while Germany and Switzerland have the bulk of the trade in electrical engineering. The chief competitors, therefore, are America, Germany, Belgium, and Switzerland, and of these the most formidable rival, present and future, is the United States. American imports are rapidly growing, both in volume and variety. It is impossible, says Mr. Birchenough, to visit ports, warehouses, stores, or mines without being struck by the extraordinary vitality of American trade in South Africa. As for our German competitors, they are handicapped by the anti-German feeling on the part of many British buyers; but the Germans, says Mr. Birchenough, are prepared to make great sacrifices in order to effect their purpose. They are very persistent, and are not deterred by difficulties at the first outset. British manufacturers should certainly watch them very carefully, and take careful note of their business methods, which are often worthy of imitation. There is nothing in German competition to excite apprehension, though there is much to stimulate watchfulness.

WHY THE FOREIGNER SUCCEEDS.

The following summary of Mr. Birchenough's conclusions may be read with interest and profit:—

15. American competition has been materially aided by the low freights at which competing British steamship lines have carried American cargoes from New York to South Africa as compared with the freights from British ports to the same destination. There is abundant evidence to show that by this means a great impetus has been given to American-African trade, and that many American manufactures have been brought into the market which otherwise would not have found their way there for years to come.

16. German competition is to some extent assisted by lower freights, especially in the case of sailing vessels, but is appreciably helped by the low preferential charges made by German railways for the conveyance of goods for over-sea from the place of manufacture to the port of shipment. These low railway charges practically constitute a bounty upon export, and often explain the difference in price between English and German goods, quoted f.o.b. at South African ports.

17. Among particular causes of the success of foreign competition are the following:—

Superiority of some natural resources.

Experience in dealing with similar local conditions.

Greater exercise of ingenuity and inventiveness.



An Australian View of Chamberlain.

The Foremost Man of all this World.

THE NEW CÆSAR: "This invasion of England by foreign traders must be beaten off for England's sake and the Empire's."

some quarters. If the United Kingdom is taken separately, we have 64 per cent. of the trade and the rest of the world only 26 per cent. If non-competitive articles were eliminated, it would be found that we have 75 to 80 per cent. of the trade, but even 20 to 25 per cent., says Mr. Birchenough, represents very serious competition, and needs very careful examination. Foreigners are at least as much alive as we are to the importance in the future of the South African market, and are attacking it with considerable vigour and enterprise. In most of the articles connected with the person and the home we

Closer study of local requirements, resulting in the adaptation of goods to special local needs.

Greater alertness and adaptability—less conservatism.

Superiority of some business methods.

Quicker delivery and closer adherence to contract dates.

Adoption of standard types and standardisation of parts.

Better finish and make-up.

More scientific packing.

Dumping in South Africa of surplus goods from protected home markets.

In the case of the engineering trades a better system of representation.

The presence on the mines of American engineers favourably disposed to American machinery.

The practice of German mining groups in giving their orders to German makers.

18. No evidence could be obtained one way or the other to show whether foreign bounties upon products, competing with similar British products, have or have not materially assisted foreign trade in South Africa.

19. Foreign traders do not give their customers in the Colonies better terms than British traders, except in the mining industry, where they appear to be more accommodating and liberal.

20. The practice of false marking of foreign goods does not prevail to any serious extent in the Colonies, either in the form of piracy of trade-marks or false indication of origin. The sale of gross weights instead of net weights without any indication upon labels is somewhat prevalent.

21. The practical monopoly of the steamship carrying trade from Europe in the hands of the "Conference" lines has been less injurious to British trade than their action in carrying goods from America at almost nominal rates of freight.

SUMMARY OF GENERAL SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MORE EFFECTIVE MEETING OF FOREIGN COMPETITION.

1. A more careful study on the part of British manufacturers of the local conditions and special requirements of the South African market. Nothing will stimulate this so much as the personal visits of principals and directors of British firms.

2. In view of the great and increasing importance of the market, more vigour and enterprise in attacking those branches of trade in which we are weak, and less conservatism in general business methods.

3. Better and more authoritative representation, especially in Johannesburg, where direct representation is absolutely necessary. If firms cannot afford a representative of their own, members of allied trades should combine and employ a man to represent them jointly.

In the engineering trades, representatives should be men of both technical and business training, and should be given as much discretion as possible in quoting prices for large contracts.

4. A more liberal system of credit in Johannesburg involving a frank acceptance of the Mines' terms. Business should be financed from the British side and not in Johannesburg.

5. Prompter delivery and a closer adherence to contract dates.

6. Larger stocks of standard types of machinery, of fittings, and of spare parts.

7. Standardisation wherever possible.

8. Greater attention to make-up and finish.

9. More scientific packing in all branches of trade.

10. Further improvements in catalogues and advertising.

11. More information to be given, especially to the engineers and buyers of Colonial Governments and municipalities.

12. More attention to small details of all sorts.

13. The training of British engineers to take a larger share of the most important posts in the mines.

14. Maintenance in British hands of the financial control of as many undertakings as possible.

15. The cheapening of production by the better and more modern organisation and equipment of works and manufactories.

16. Uniformity of British and foreign freights.

17. Through rates and through bills of lading from the place of manufacture to destination.

A FORGOTTEN CHAPTER IN RECENT HISTORY.

It is very curious, in view of the raging and tearing propaganda which Mr. Chamberlain is making on behalf of Protection, to note the extraordinary way in which he has boxed the compass within a very few years. The cry of "Wake up! John Bull" was first raised in the columns of the REVIEW in July, 1896, when I published a review of Mr. Ernest Williams's pamphlet "Made in Germany," using it as a text from which to preach to both Houses of Parliament the duty of passing Sir John Gorst's Education Bill. My review had the immediate result of calling the attention of Lord Rosebery to the matter, and he made a speech about the subject at Epsom. Lord Rosebery said:—

A little book has been lately published called "Made in Germany," to which I think your attention ought to be called, but if that be too long to read there is an extract of the arguments of the book in the last number of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, which I do think is worth the attention of everybody who is interested in the prosperity of the country of which his prosperity is a part.

LORD ROSEBERY'S CRY OF ALARM.

Lord Rosebery then went on to summarise some of the grave and striking facts the importance of which I had emphasised, and he went on to say:—"We can see what had led to Germany's success, and we may perhaps inquire of ourselves whether there have not been internal causes among ourselves, a certain lethargy, a certain indifference, a certain haughty feeling of superiority, which has led to our decline. We have to form an educated public opinion in order to give an impulsion to Governments," and he went on to urge that a commission of inquiry might yet be instituted—which might be short, which might be practical, which might be exhaustive—into the causes of the decline of British trade and the alarming increase of our foreign rivals. "What is really wanted," he afterwards explained, "is a small commission of inquiry to present in a compact form information which already exists, and to collect the testimony of men of experience as to the causes of and remedies for the evil. They ought to be able to complete their inquiry, and to report in six, if not in three months."

NO TAMPERING WITH FREE TRADE.

I received letters on the subject from Mr. Asquith, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord George Hamilton, and other notable men, which I published in a pamphlet in the month of November, under the title of "Wake Up! John Bull." It is time to save our threatened industrial supremacy, our ruined rural districts." I issued the pamphlet in favour of a rousing campaign during the recess in favour of education. It is in the common school that the victories of the future must be won. What was wanted was an agitation directed definitely towards the aim of raising the age of attendance, and of improving instead of impairing the efficiency of our elementary schools, so as to afford a basis upon which to raise the technical schools which are so urgently needed. The idea of a return to the onions and garlic of Protection I contemptuously dismissed, merely remarking that Mr. Williams might be right or he might be wrong, but discussion of that question was as profitable as a discussion as to what would have happened if Adam had quarrelled with Eve instead of making her the mother of his children. "We are committed to Free Trade; we have taken it for better or for worse, and it involves no disloyalty to our allegiance to the true principle of Free Trade to recognise that it involves the sacrifice of

certain minor advantages which the Protectionists can claim."

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S OPTIMISM IN 1896.

Here, therefore, seven years ago we have the whole question raised, discussed, on almost exactly the same lines as those which were raised this year in Parliament, the only difference being that the rôles of the two parties have been completely reversed, and that the objective with which the question was raised in 1896 is the practical one of quickening public interest in popular education, whereas this year Mr. Chamberlain has chosen to divert the movement into the barren channels of an impossible and suicidal Protection. The same methods also were suggested by Lord Rosebery, which were afterwards adopted by the Cabinet, but the strangest and most remarkable thing is that the great opponent of the

campaign for education which we were conducting from Mowbray House, he raised a cry of anti-patriotism against those who were supporting us in the movement, and ridiculed the idea that there was any reality in the danger to which we were endeavouring to call the attention of the nation.

BOXING THE COMPASS.

Lord Rosebery last month opportunely reminded us of this extraordinary fact which had been generally forgotten. It was on July 24th, 1896, that Lord Rosebery called the special attention of the nation to the article in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS, appealing to it to wake up, to recognise that owing to lethargy and indifference to education we were falling behind in the industrial race. Speaking in Southwark on November 25th, Lord Rosebery referred to the fact that he had at one time felt gloomy concerning British commerce, and had given expression to his forebodings in the speech to which I have already referred. He then went on to say that he had been rebuked for his warning by no less a person than the late Colonial Secretary:—

At Birmingham on October 22nd, 1896, Mr. Chamberlain said:—

"It is a curious thing, and I think it accounts for some of the national prejudices to which Mr. Goschen has referred, that we as Englishmen, or some amongst us, at any rate"—I am afraid I was one of them—"take delight in depreciating ourselves and our own work, and always entertain a gloomy view of our comparative position amongst the nations of the world." I am not going to read the whole of the extract, but it continues in a vein of rebuke:—

"And I do not sympathise with the great statesman who keeps awake in the silent watches of the night, in constant fear, with a perpetual nightmare before him, lest German competition should overpower us. I have a conviction in my mind that, in spite of all our defects, we have power enough to hold the property which has come to us from our ancestors. We still have the ability to keep the trades that we have made and to hold them against all competitors. When I look back, when I see in one department alone the measure of progress that has taken place during my own lifetime, I am unable to share those pessimistic anticipations, or to suppose that we shall be worsted in the conflict that is still before us. There is room for all. I do not envy the success of our neighbours; I am glad of the competition which keeps us constantly alert; but I say that it is unworthy of our people to suppose that we are not still able to maintain a fair and reasonable position. I admit, as I have said, that there may still be much to be done, but the experience of the past ought to leave us without any serious anticipation as to the future."

These wise words proceeded from Mr. Chamberlain seven years ago. (Laughter and cheers.) They were then directed against your humble servant, and I only cite them to show how time works strange changes, and that our respective positions seem to some extent to have altered.

I had forgotten, until reminded by this speech of Lord Rosebery's, how curiously history repeats itself. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain have changed their respective rôles. The REVIEW still keeps on in the old way, turning neither to the right nor to the left. As I sounded the tocsin of alarm in 1896, so I have kept on repeating the cry, "Wake Up! John Bull," in almost every number ever since. There is need to wake up—great need—but as for Protection, that way madness lies.

As "a practical effort in educational reform" the *Magazine of Commerce* has an interesting paper on the Clayesmore School at Pangbourne, Bucks, the success of which has been so great that, though it has only just removed to larger premises, the question of additional buildings has already to be considered.



The Substance or the Shadow?

Wake-Up movement in 1896 was no other than Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. There seems to be some curious fatality by which, no matter how unintentionally, I always find myself in the opposition camp to that of the right honourable gentleman.

THE ANTI-PATRIOTS SEVEN YEARS AGO.

In 1896 I set out within the compass of twenty pages the gist of the whole case which he has of late presented for the purpose of rousing John Bull from his lethargy, by bringing before him the evidence as to the threatened loss of our industrial supremacy and the ruin of our rural districts. Looking over Mr. Chamberlain's speeches, it is difficult to see that he has advanced any facts—excepting those invented by him for the occasion—which can hardly be regarded as facts, which were not set forth succinctly in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS in 1896. But what was Mr. Chamberlain's attitude in those days? So far from sharing our alarm and assisting in the

LIST OF THE LEADING CONTENTS OF CURRENT PERIODICALS.

N.B.—The Editor of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS regrets that owing to the exigencies of space the Contents of Periodicals received after date can no longer be inserted in these columns. The following Table includes only the leading articles of the Periodicals published in England for the current month received before going to press and those of the Foreign Periodicals for the past month.

BRITISH AND AMERICAN.

American Journal of Sociology.—LUZAC. 50 cts. Nov.
The Sweat-Shop in Summer. Illus. Annie Marion Maclean.
The Genesis of a Modern Prophet.
Report of Committee on Supervision and Control of Penal Institutions.
Moot Points in Sociology. Contd. E. A. Ross.
The Treatment of Inferiors in Israel. Edward Day.
Introduction to Sociology. Contd. G. De Greef.

Antiquary.—STOCK. 6d. Dec.
Broadall Priory. Illus. G. Bailey.
Where were the Councils of "Chelsea" held? H. Peake.
The Museum of the Wiltshire Archaeological and Natural History Society at Devizes. Illus. Concl. Rev. E. H. Goddard.
Notes from the Nile, 1902. John Ward.

Architectural Record.—14, VESEY STREET, NEW YORK. 25 cts. Nov.
The Evolution of a Skyscraper. Illus. M. Schuyler.
The Architectural Refinements of St. Mark's at Venice. Illus. W. H. Goodyear.
St. Anselm's Church, Mayfair. Illus. F. H. Mansford.
New Light on Michelangelo. Illus. K. Cox.
Modern Architecture in Italy. Illus. Concl. A. Melani.

Arena.—GAY AND BIRD. 25 cts. Nov.
Is the Republic passing? B. O. Flower.
The Thought Side of the Social Order. H. W. Thomas.
The Tariff Issue in England. Prof. Edwin Masey.
Henry Thoreau. Walter Leighton.
Art and American Students. L. Scott Dabo.
Charles Francis Adams's Mistakes about Public Ownership. W. P. B. Holmes.
The Absence of Woman in Literature. Alma A. Rogers.
The Rights of Property and the Rights of Man. Rev. Owen R. Lovejoy.
The Rising Tide of Social Righteousness. Prof. J. Ward Timmon.

Art.—47, GREAT RUSSELL STREET. 1s. Nov. 15.
Faint Courtsiers. Illus. G. Eekhoud.
Saxon Porcelain and Its Imitations in the Willet-Holthuysen Museum. Illus. F. Coenen, Jun.

Art Journal.—H. VIRTUE. 1s. 6d. Dec.
Supplements:—"William Sinclair" after Raeburn; "Entertainment of Five Kings" after A. Chevallier Taylor.
Great Portrait: Sculpture through the Ages. Contd. Illus. Claude Phillips.
"Le Commencement d'Orange" attributed to Rembrandt. Illus. Thomas Bewick. Illus. D. Cral Thomson.
The Royal Academy in the Nineteenth Century. Contd. Illus. G. D. Leslie and F. A. Eaton.
J. T. Ross and T. Blacklock. Illus. G. Aikman.

Atlantic Monthly.—GAY AND BIRD. 1s. Nov.
The School. Chas. W. Eliot.
Trasimene. Arthur Colton.
Journalism. Contd. Sir Leslie Stephen.
Economic Conditions for Future Defence. Brookes Adams.
The Problem of the American Historian. William Garrett Brown.
A Great Municipal Reform in New York. B. J. Hendrick.
Walt Whitman as an Editor. Chas. M. Skinner.
On Growing Old. Norman Hapgood.
Bryce's Biographical Studies. Harriet Waters Preston.

Badminton Magazine.—EYRE AND SPOTTISWOODE. 1s. Dec.
Beauties. Illus. Hon. John Scott-Montagu.
More about the Modest Motor. Major C. G. Matson.
Curling at St. Moritz. Illus. E. H. Lawson Williams.
Touts and Touting. A Tout.
Tunny-Fishing near Syracuse. Illus. Major-Gen. D. O'Callaghan.
Shooting Accidents. Illus. Leonard Brooke Willoughby.

Bankers' Magazine.—WATERLOW. 1s. 6d. Dec.
Coining Problems and Their Treatment by the Bankers' Magazine.

Blackwood's Magazine.—BLACKWOOD. 2s. 6d. Dec.
The Duke de Ripperda. Walter B. Harris.
Oxford Revisited.
Outside Pets.
Bogtrotting, etc. Scolopax.
The Avatar of Bishwas Dass. T. Hart-Davies.
Voltaire.
Musings without Method.
A Proposal for the Irrigation of Mesopotamia. With Maps.

Booklovers' Magazine.—1323, WALNUT STREET, NEW YORK. 25 cts. Dec.

Sir Walter Scott: the Last Minstrel. Illus. T. M. Parrott.
The Poetry of W. D. Howells. Illus. R. Arthur.
The Child in Art. Illus. Estelle M. Hurll.
What Religion stands for To-day. Illus. A. H. Bradford.
The Frost King at Niagara. Illus. O. E. Dunlap.

Book Monthly.—SIMPKIN, MARSHALL. 6d. Nov. 15.
Byron and the Murrys. Illus.
The Problem of Book-Titles. J. Shaylor.
Mr. Kipling as Poet. A. Waugh.

Bookman.—HODDER AND STOUGHTON. 6d. Nov. 15.
Dante Alighieri. Illus. J. S. Carroll.
Bookman.—(America.) DODD, MEAD AND CO., NEW YORK. 25 cts. Nov.
Charles Reade's Opinion of Himself and His Opinion of George Eliot. Illus. M.
Alfieri and Louisa, Countess of Albany. Illus. F. Paronelli.
Prison Journalism. Illus. Number 1,500.

Burlington Magazine.—14, NEW BURLINGTON STREET. 2s. 6d. Nov. 15.
English Portraits of the Eighteenth Century at Birmingham. Illus.
Kikuchi Yotsi. Illus. Arthur Morrison.
Mr. J. W. Singer's Collection of English Eighteenth Century Drinking-Glasses. Illus. Concl. W. E. Wynn Penny.
The Threatened Destruction of Old Westminster. Illus. A. Fahey.
Whistler as Etcher and Lithographer. Illus. Joseph Pennell.
Sassetta, Painter of the Franciscan Legend. Concl. Illus. B. Berenson.
Ancient Weapons of the Chase. Illus. W. A. Baillie-Grohman.
Tinder-Boxes. Contd. Illus. Miller Christy.
The Invention of Wood-Engraving. Campbell Dodgson.
Supplements:—"Mrs. Taylor" after Gainsborough; "The Temptation of St. Anthony" after Sassetta.

Canadian Magazine.—ONTARIO PUBLISHING CO., TORONTO. 25 cts. Nov.
The Art of G. A. Reid. Illus. M. L. Fairbairn.
The Approaching Timber Famine. E. Stewart.
The Homes of Working Men. Illus. A. Bride.
The War of 1812. Illus. Contd. A. R. Carman.

Captain.—NEWNES. 6d. Dec.
Christmas with Alfred Pearce. Illus. A. B. Cooper.
Cassier's Magazine.—33, BEDFORD STREET, STRAND. 1s. Dec.
Recent Developments in Niagara Power. Illus. H. W. Buck.
Multi-Cylinder Locomotives. Illus. J. F. Gairns.
The Science of Steam Generation. Illus. F. J. Rowan.
Power for Large Machine Tools. Illus. Charles H. Benjamin.
Some Aspects of the Labour Problem. Dr. Robert H. Thurston.
Modern Factory Traction; Applications of the Telferage System. Illus. Clarence J. Messer.
Profit-Sharing and the Premium Plan. Kenneth Falconer.
Vickerstown; a Model Industrial Settlement. Illus. Staff Correspondent.

Catholic World.—32, PATERNOSTER ROW. 1s. Nov.
W. von Schierbrand on Leo XIII. Rev. J. J. Burke.
Missions on the Congo. Illus. Contd. A. B. Tugman.
Lourdes and the National Pilgrimage of 1903. Illus. L. R. Lynch.
Some Night Refugees in Paris. Comtesse de Comson.
Tenth Anniversary of Non-Catholic Missions. Rev. W. L. Sullivan.
An Episcopalian Demand for Christian Schools. Rev. T. McMillan.

Century Magazine.—MACMILLAN. 1s. 4d. Dec.
Siensse Villas. Illus. Edith Wharton.
Chrysanthemums. Illus. Maurice Maeterlinck.
Temptations to be Good. Illus. Alice Katharine Fallows.
Thackeray's Friendship with an American Family. Contd. Illus. W. M. Thackeray.
Fanaticism in the United States. J. M. Buckley.
Children of the People. Illus. Jacob A. Riis.
Christmas Mangers. Illus. Emma Ernestine Porter.
Phillips Brooks and the Girls' Club. Lucy Derby Fuller.
The Bigodines. Illus. A. Zaglio.
The Daily Walk of the Walking Delegate. F. Clarkin.

Chambers's Journal.—47, PATERNOSTER ROW. 1s. Dec.
How the Literary Ghost Works. Michael MacDonagh.
Some Impressions of South Africa.
Some Relics of the Past. H. Valentine Geere.
The Burns Cult in America. James Main Dixon.
Recollections of Sir Frederick Leighton. W. W. Fenn.
London Life in the Eighteenth Century.

Chautauquan.—CHAUTAUQUA PRESS, CLEVELAND, OHIO. 20 cts. Nov.
The American Negro. Illus. J. R. Commons.
Alaska and the Klondike. Illus. Sheldon Jackson.
American Sculptors. Illus. Edwin Spencer.
David Zeisberger. Illus. A. B. Hulbert.
The Making of the City. Illus. Chas. Zuehl.
The Beautifying of School Grounds. Illus. Mrs. H. J. Hall.

Christian Realm.—6, ESSEX STREET, STRAND. 3d. Dec.
Rev. W. H. Dallinger. With Portrait. Rev. W. C. Chisholm.
The Romance of Radium. Dr. A. Davidson.
Christmas in Other Lands. Illus. Rev. J. Johnston.
The *Liverpool Daily Post* and its Editor. Illus. Jesse Quail.
Dickens's Christmas Stories. Illus. F. M. Ellis.
Letters from a Naturalist. Contd. Prof. E. Ray Lankester.

Church Missionary Intelligencer.—CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY. 6d. Dec.
The Position of the C. M. S. E. S.

Connoisseur.—OTTO. 1s. Dec.
Supplements:—"Virgin and Child" after Girolamo dai Libri; "Almeida" after William Ward; "Eliza Katherine Crawley" after Sir W. C. Ross, etc.
The Goya Tapestries. Illus. Delia A. Hart.
An Old Stoneware Bellarmine Jug. Illus. D. C. Calthrop.
The Art of the Locksmith. Contd. Illus. W. E. Wynn Penny.
Thomas Chippendale. Contd. Illus. R. S. Clouston.
The Countess of Blessington. Contd. Illus. Joseph Grego.
Hatfield House Collection. Illus. T. Colt.
Two Unpublished Pictures by Fra Filippo and Filippino Lippi. Illus. A. Colasanti.
Tom Thumb. Illus. W. Carew Hazlitt.
The Wedgwood Collection at Nottingham Castle. Illus. H. Ellen Browning.
Lace-Making in Spain and Portugal. Illus. M. Jourdain.

Contemporary Review.—HORACE MARSHALL. 2s. 6d. Dec.
Canada and the New Imperialism. E. Farrer.
The Growth of German Exports. Edward Bernstein.
Some Sayings of Bishop Westcott. Archdeacon Boutflower.
Sir Joshua Fitch. Sir Robert Hunter.
The King and Queen of Italy. Ivanovitch.
The University of London. Sir A. W. Rucker.
Lord Wolseley's Memoirs. Lieut.-Col. W. H. James.
The Rhetoric of Landor. Vernon Lee.
About Theodor Mommsen. Sidney Whitman.
The Ox and Ass Legend of the Nativity. Austin West.
Foreign Affairs. Dr. E. J. Dillon.

Cornhill Magazine.—SMITH, ELDER. 1s. Dec.
Old New Zealand. Lady Broome.
Whistler the Purist. Mortimer Menpes.
Mr. Whibley's "Thackeray." Andrew Lang.
Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Rev. W. H.utton.
The Grouse and the Gun-Room. Alexander Innes Shand.
Ferments and Fermentations. W. A. Shenstone.

Cosmopolitan.—INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO. 6d. Nov.
Adventures on the Ice-Floes. Illus. P. T. McGrath.
The Apparelling of a Pretty Woman. Illus. Mrs. W. Woodrow.
The Turk as a Soldier. Illus. F. Morris.
Captains of Industry. Illus. Contd. Symposium.
The Ethics of the Subordinate. Illus. T. R. Sillor.
Jerusalem as it is To-Day. Illus. D. Hunter.
Henry Hudson. Illus. Contd. T. A. Janvier.
Japan's Wonderful Progress. Illus. Count H. Mutsu.
The Iron and Steel Corporation. Illus. J. H. Bridge.

Craftsman.—207, SOUTH STATE STREET, SYRACUSE, NEW YORK. 25 cts. Nov.
Frederick Law Olmsted. Illus. A. Spencer.
The Silversmith's Art in the Twelfth Century. Illus. J. Schopfer.
Primitive Inventions. Illus. G. W. James.
A Note of Colour. Illus. H. Ellis.
Madame de Rudder. Illus. Irene Sargent.
From Merton Abbey to Old Deerfield. Illus. Jane Pratt.

Critic.—G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK. 25 cts. Nov.
Some Religious Helps to a Literary Style. W. D. Ellwanger.
Guy de Maupassant. A. Symons.
The New Hyusmans. Illus. Katherine L. Ferris.
Women Writers of the New School in Germany. Illus. Grace Isabel Colbron.
Links with the Past. Mrs. Richmond Ritchie.

Critical Review.—WILLIAMS AND NORGATE. 1s. 6d. Nov.
Adams Brown's "The Essence of Christianity." Rev. H. R. Mackintosh.
The Norwegians and the Old Testament. Rev. J. Beveridge.
Schmidt's "Petius Akten." Rev. J. H. Wilkinson.

East and West.—21, PATERNOSTER SQUARE. 1 rupee. Nov.
Theosophy. F. C. O. Beaman.
The Caste Codes and Popular Theology of India. J. F. Hewitt.
Dumping; Facts and Theories. B. J. Padshah.
Badrikashrama. Rai Bahadur Lala Baig Nath.
The Political Upheaval in England. J. M. Maclean.
Ranade and His Times.

Empire Review.—MACMILLAN. 1s. Dec. 1
India and Preferential Tariffs. Sir Charles A. Elliott.
Imperial Fiscal Union; Trend of Colonial Opinion. The Editor.
Malaria in India and the Colonies. Major Ronald Ross.
The Humours of Antipodean Politics. O. T. J. Alpers.
The Present Position of Zionism. Albert M. Hyamson.
How to increase Britain's Agricultural Production. Theobald Douglas.
George Heriot, 1800-1816. J. G. Hendy.
Scotland at the South Pole. Ella M. Hart-Bennett.
Their Excellencies. C. de Thierry.
France and Newfoundland. D. W. Prowse.

Engineering Magazine.—222, STRAND. 1s. Dec.
Railway-Making in China. Illus. T. H. Reid.
The Water Powers of British Columbia. Illus. E. Jacobs.
The Metropolitan Railway of Paris. Illus. Paul Letteulle.
Manufacturing; Capital, Costs, Profits, and Dividends. H. Hess.
The Training of Apprentices in an Engineering Works. Illus. C. E. Dowton.
Special Features in the Design of Locomotive Boilers and Fire-boxes. Illus. C. S. Lake.
Coal-Mining in the United Kingdom. R. A. S. Redmayne.
The Systematised Operation of Isolated Plants. R. K. Moses.

Engineering Times.—P. S. KING. 6d. Nov. 15.
Raising Water with Compressed Air. Illus. P. R. Bjelling.
The Newcomen Engine. Illus. H. Davey.
Proposed Improvements for Working Deep Level Mines on the Rand. G. C. Hooper.

English Illustrated Magazine.—HUTCHINSON. 1s. Dec.
England's Moated Houses. Illus. Oscar Parker.
Lost Flowers. Illus. H. Lee.
The Medici as Magi. Illus. H. M. Twycross.
Old Christmas Customs in the Counties. Illus. Mrs. S. A. Tooley.
The True Story of the Geisha. Illus. Yoshio Markino.
Christmas Crackers. Illus. George Frost.

Expository Times.—SIMPSON, MARSHALL. 6d. Dec.
The Spiritual Discipline of Science. Rev. J. Campbell Gibson.
Scripture-Teaching in Girls' Schools. Miss H. L. Powell.
St. Luke's Passion-Narrative and the Synoptic Problem. Canon Sir John C. Hawkins.

Feldens's Magazine.—104, HIGH HOLBORN. 6d. Dec.
The Use of Sewage for Irrigation. E. O. Manson.
Foundry Core-Making Machines. Illus. J. R. Kelly.
Conditions governing the Production of Steam Metal Alloys. Illus. Contd. P. Longnuir.
Experiments with Rapid-Cutting Steel Tools.

Fortnightly Review.—CHAPEMAN AND HALL. 2s. 6d. Dec.
The Myth of the Big and Little Loaf. W. H. Mallock.
A Board of War. Lieut.-Col. Alsager Pollock.
Tammany Again. Sydney Brooks.
Hector Berlioz. Miss A. E. Keeton.
Mr. Balfour and Retaliation. G. Shaw Lefevre.
The Life of W. E. Gladstone. Judge O'Connor Morris.
The Love Songs of a Bygone Day. A. H. Garstang.
The United States of Europe. Mrs. Emily Crawford.
Mommson and Our Severance from Germany. J. S. Mann.
The Lesson of Lord Wolseley's Life. Sir George Arthur.
D'Annunzio's "Le Landi." J. C. Bailey.
The Sportsman's Library, 1903. F. G. Aftalo.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.—141, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. 10 cts. Nov.

The National Lobby at Washington. Illus. The Editors.
On the Taquamen. Illus. W. D. Hulbert.
E. H. Sothorn. Illus. Justin Humby McCarthy.
Charles F. Murphy. Illus. Walter L. Hawley.
The International Dramatic Exchange. Illus. F. E. Fyles.

Genealogical Magazine.—STOCK. 1s. Dec.
The Heraldry of Shakespeare's "Richard II." at His Majesty's Theatre. G. Ambrose Lee.
Modern English Heraldic Art. A. C. Fox-Davies.
The Baronies of Fauconberg and Darcy de Knayth.
Heraldic Illumination. J. Vinycomb.

Gentleman's Magazine.—CHATTO AND WINDUS. 1s. Dec.
Bret Harte's Tales of the Argonauts. M. S. Van de Velde.
A Chapter on Names. L. D. Dowdall.
Jamaica Wit and Wisdom. A. R. Loscombe.
History in Fiction. P. Sidney.
Abraham Cowley. John T. Curry.
Among Warwickshire Pea-Pickers. H. W. Tompkins.
The Real Francois Villon. H. S. Clapham.

Girl's Own Paper.—4, BOUVERIE STREET. 6d. Dec.
Girls and Mosaic-Work. Miss N. G. Bacon.
Seedling Trees. Illus. Mrs. Eliza Brightwen.

Girl's Realm.—10, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND. 1s. Dec.
The Coaching Christmas. Illus. Miss Alice Stronach.
Fairy Palaces formed from Ice. Illus. Elspeth Laing.
Girl Peersesses. Illus. "Corona."
The Chapel of the Ascension. Illus. Miss I. Brooke Alder.
How I began: Interview with Miss Ethel Turner. Illus. Grace Burrows.
The Goldsmiths' Institute. Illus. E. Mitford.

- Good Words.**—ISIDISTER. 6d. Dec.
The Noctes Ambrosianæ.
A Sidelight on Comic Journalism; Some Pictorial Jokes That have mis-carried. Illus. G. S. Layard.
American Memorials in London. Illus. J. K. Colford.
The Vagabond in Ireland. Seumas MacManus.
- Great Thoughts.**—4, ST. BRIDE STREET. 6d. Dec.
Dante Pictures. Illus. Contd. Honora Twycross.
W. E. Henley. With Portrait. Rev. R. P. Downes.
Mankind in the Making; Interview with H. G. Wells. Illus. R. Blathwayt.
Rev. W. L. Watkinson; Interview. Illus. W. Durban.
The Warts Naval Training School; Interview. Illus. R. Blathwayt.
- Harmsworth Magazine.**—HARMSWORTH. 6d. Nov. 15.
The Art of Ernest Meissonier. Illus. A. Anderson.
How Yuletide is spent at Sandringham. Illus. Mary Spencer Warren.
The Luck of Mr. Balfour. Illus. T. P. O'Connor.
The Life Story of the Redbreast. Illus. W. J. Wintle.
The Reversions of Fashion. Illus. Mrs. F. N. Jackson.
Smugglers' Haunts. Illus. Chas. G. Harper.
- Harper's Monthly Magazine.**—45, ALBEMARLE STREET. 1s. Dec.
Peire Vidal—Troubadour. Illus. Olivia Howard Dunbar.
The Bois de Boulogne; the Playground of Paris. Illus. Guy Wetmore Carryl.
Tennyson's Suppressed Poems. J. C. Thomson.
Beginnings of the American Navy. J. R. Spears.
Is English becoming corrupt? T. R. Lounsbury.
The Birth of a Satellite. Illus. G. H. Darwin.
The Touaregs; the Lords of the Sahara. Illus. W. J. Harding King.
The University of St. Petersburg. Illus. C. F. Thwing.
- Homiletic Review.**—44, FLEET STREET. 1s. Nov.
Mormonism. F. F. Ellinwood.
The Gospel Miracles and Modern Thought. Prof. J. B. Thomas.
Dr. B. M. Palmer as a Preacher. R. Q. Mallard.
- Independent Review.**—UNWIN. 2s. 6d. Dec.
An Educational Concordat. Contd. A. Liberal.
Colonial Ideals. W. Pember Reeves.
Soldier and Peasant in Furthest Turkey. Victoria Buxton.
Prof. Bury on History. G. M. Trevelyan.
The Free Man's Worship. Hon. Bertrand Russell.
Infinite Torment of Flies. A. E. Shipley.
From Tenant to Owner. Judge Overend.
Protection and Ship-Building. J. M. Denny.
Theodor Mommsen. The President of Trinity.
The Near East; a Plan. E. Hilton Young.
M. Ostrogor's "Democracy and the Organisation of Political Parties"; the American Analogy. Graham Wallas.
The Blowitz Memoirs. Karl Blind.
Mr. Kipling's Message. M. N.
- Irish Monthly.**—M. H. GILL, DUBLIN. 6d. Dec.
About Rings. O. Oakleaf.
Dawn. R. M. Sellard.
- Journal of the Royal United Service Institution.**—J. J. KELIHER. 2s. Nov. 15.
The Royal Naval Reserve. Commander W. F. Caborne.
The Brigade of Grenadiers of Sardinia. Lieut.-Gen. F. H. Tyrrell.
- Knowledge.**—326, HIGH HOLBORN. 6d. Dec.
The Struggle for Existence in Sociology. Contd. J. Collier.
The Markings and Rotation Period of Saturn. Illus. W. F. Denning.
The Chemistry of the Stars. Illus. A. Fowler.
The Sunspots of October, 1903. Illus. E. Walter Maunder.
- Lady's Realm.**—HUTCHINSON. 1s. Dec.
Mademoiselle Marie D'Epinaay. Illus. Tiburce Beaugard.
Christmas with the Old Masters. Illus.
Dances of the Eighteenth Century. Illus.
The Modern Servant. Illus. W. Caddy.
Celebrated Women; Their Heads, Hair, Eyes, etc. Illus. Harry Furniss.
If I were a Millionaire. Susan, Countess of Malmesbury and Lady Jeune.
Indian Trades and Industries. Illus. M. A. Rutherford.
The Mansions of Mayfair. Illus. Evelyn M. Lang.
Authentic Christmas Ghosts. Illus. E. Maude.
Reminiscences of the Court of Hanover. Illus. Countess of Munster.
- Law Magazine and Review.**—37, ESSEX STREET, STRAND. 5s. Nov. 15.
The Attitude of the British Government towards Legal Conferences. Sir Walter G. F. Phillimore.
Laws and Law-Making. H. H. Brown.
The Working of the Registration of Title Act in Ireland. R. J. Kelly.
Specific Performance. W. Donaldson Rawlins.
Lord Chancellor Loughborough. J. A. Lovat-Fraser.
Some Decisions under the Companies' Acts, 1862-1900. N. W. Sibley.
- Leisure Hour.**—4, BOUVERIE STREET. 6d. Dec.
Irish Viceroy of Two Centuries. Illus. T. H. S. Escott.
Johannes Brahms. With Portrait. Sir Chas. Villiers Stanford.
Schools for the Deaf. Illus. H. B. Philpott.
The Great Wall of China and the Ming Tombs. Illus. Antoinette Duthoit.
- Library Journal.**—KEGAN PAUL. 5s. cts. Dec.
A National Headquarters for the American Library Association; Symposium.
- Library World.**—18, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET. 6d. Nov. 15.
University Extension Lectures and Public Libraries. H. Keatley Moore.
Indexing. Contd. A. L. Clarke.
The Library in Fiction. J. D. Stewart.
- Longman's Magazine.**—LONGMANS. 6d. Dec.
Parliament in the Making. William Auld.
Restaurant-Keeping in Paris. Miss M. Betham-Edwards.
- McClure's Magazine.**—10, NORFOLK STREET, STRAND. 10 cts. Nov.
The Wonders of Radium. Illus. Cleveland Moffett.
The Labour Boss. Illus. R. S. Baker.
New York; Good Government in Danger. Illus. L. Steffens.
- Macmillan's Magazine.**—MACMILLAN. 1s. Dec.
A Chapter in Old Portuguese History. Charles Edwards.
The Scott Gallery.
School Fees and Schoolmasters. J. C. Tarver.
The Poetic Aspect of Life. H. H. Dodwell.
The War Commission—And After? Contd. Hon. J. W. Fortescue.
- Magazine of Art.**—CASSELL. 1s. Dec.
Supplements:—"Le Moulinet" after Lancret; "Church Parade" after Yoshio Marukawa.
The German Emperor's Collection of French Paintings. Contd. Illus. L. de Fourcaud.
Electric Light Fittings of To-day. Contd. Illus. F. Hamilton Jackson.
Alexander Keighley; an Impressionist in Photography. Illus. A. Horsley Hinton.
The Furnishing and Decoration of the Dining-Room. Illus. Aymer Vallance.
Jacob Alberts. Illus. Yma.
Art Forgeries and Counterfeits. Contd. Illus. M. H. Spielmann.
Pierre Roche, Sculptor. Illus. Princ. B. Kurageorgewitch.
Recent British Bookplates. Illus. J. J. Guthrie.
- Magazine of Commerce.**—75, COLEMAN STREET. 1s. Dec.
A United Empire means a United British Parliament. J. van Sommer.
Coming Commercial Architecture in London. Illus. R. W. Bradshaw-Needham.
Nigeria as a Market of the Future. Illus. R. C. Nicholas.
Typewriting by Electricity. Illus. T. Large.
The Argentine Republic. Illus.
Westinghouse Enterprise in Europe. Illus. D. N. D. Commercial Education.
The Manufacture of Mining Machinery. Illus.
- Missionary Review.**—44, FLEET STREET. 6d. Nov.
Who's Who in Missions. Belle M. Brain.
Twenty Hints to Young Missionaries. H. H. Jessup.
A Journey into Borneo. Map and Illus. Rev. B. F. West.
The Caste System of the Hindus. Rev. W. E. Hopkins.
A Great Opportunity in South Africa. Rev. C. T. Wood.
- Month.**—LONGMANS. 1s. Dec.
Religion and Work. Rev. G. Tyrrell.
The Latest Blue Book on Education. Rev. W. D. Strappini.
Rome and Lavengro. R. H. J. Steuart.
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